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A HANDBOOK
TO THE
MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART
IN THE
Art Treasures Exhibition.

By J. B. WARING, Esq.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE ARMOURY.

By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

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A YEARBOOK

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REVIEW OF ORNAMENTAL ART

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THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION

BRADBURY AND EVANS,
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THE ARMOIRY

BY J. H. LAMBERT

THE ARMOIRY OF THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION
BY J. H. LAMBERT

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THE MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART.

CHAPTER I.

THE GLASS AND ENAMELS.

IN contradistinction to the *fine* arts, those termed "ornamental" are frequently spoken of in a vague manner, as of very secondary consideration, and altogether inferior to the former. We have no desire to lower the regard in which painting and sculpture are held, although we may think that their practitioners somewhat unreasonably lay claim to being workers in the fine arts *par excellence*, and are too apt to imagine that none except themselves deserve the noble distinction of artists. We, however, at the present day, and especially in this country, live in an age in which work is honoured, and above all ingenious work; we would, therefore, remind men that if the names of individuals are honoured amongst us, as artists, when they themselves have long since passed away from the sphere of their labours, so is it also with localities; and so long as the world lasts we are not likely to forget that one style of art takes its name from Rome or

Byzantium—that the beautiful earthenware of Samos was world-famous—that the name of Venice is inseparably connected with the art of glass-making—that pistols are so termed from a small and now insignificant town in central Italy—that the name of Cordova is commemorated in that of cordwainers—that Arras is synonymous with noble works in the art of weaving—that diaper tells of Ypres, Urbino, Faenza—Delft of fine works in earthenware;—and that cities like Milan, Rome, Venice, Florence, Augsburg, Nuremburg, and Paris will for ever be noteworthy in history as the great workshops from whence emanated some of the most beautiful productions of industrial art. The cities which have signalised themselves in the past become the instructors of the present; and the emulation which is thus excited, not between individuals, but communities, is less selfish in its nature than the rivalry of artists, and is calculated to be of the highest practical service to the entire nation. Indeed we have a very great objection to the expression *fine*, as applied to one or two arts in particular. All art is fine, when well carried out, and that is the most worthy of praise and deserving of consideration which is not merely a piece of barren beauty, but which lends a grace and charm to the common requirements of every-day existence. Art is good in itself, and if we discover its presence in the commonest materials, we give it all the more reverence. Whatever is touched by the magic wand of art becomes beautified and enriched, and the clay beneath our feet is transmuted by its power into objects which nations carefully preserve amongst their most valuable treasures. From considerations of this nature we are inclined to regard the museum of ornamental art as that portion of the present Exhibition which is calculated to produce the most practically useful result, and to be of the highest importance to the community. We propose, then, to enter somewhat into detail regarding the several arts illustrated in the museum, and will commence with those which come first in order, as arranged in the cases, the manufacture of glass, and the application of enamel to ornamental purposes.

Glass is one of those substances which most strikingly attests the ingenuity and art of man; white, delicate, fragile, and pellucid, it bears little trace of the hard and opaque elements from

which it is produced. Pliny, in his "Natural History," ascribes its invention to the chance burning of "nitrum" by some Phœnician sailors on the banks of the sandy river Belus, at the foot of Mount Carmel, in Palestine; but this is, doubtless, a most apocryphal account. Glass was known and used in a great variety of form amongst the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans. Indeed all the nations, we may conclude, of antiquity knew and used glass for various purposes. Amongst the Romans, the manufacture was carried to great perfection, some fine examples of which are still preserved, such as the celebrated Portland Vase in the British Museum, so well known by means of Wedgewood's excellent copy of it; the Alexandrian Vase, and especially the very beautiful vase found at Pompeii in 1839, both now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. Under the empire great improvements were made in the art; and Nero is stated by Pliny to have given 6,000 sester tia, nearly 50,000*l.* sterling, for two cups alone. On the transference of the seat of empire to Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, the art was continued there from the fourth or fifth century to the thirteenth, after it had declined and had been finally lost at Rome itself. During this period also Damascus, as the chief manufacturing city of the great Arab dynasty, and Alexandria, in Egypt, another of their greatest commercial towns, were celebrated for works in glass; the former, probably, in the shape of ewers, goblets, lamps, &c., the latter for coloured beads, and those diamond squares, gilded, red, and blue, which formed so important a feature in the architectural decoration of the thirteenth century in Italy. It is amongst the Greeks of Byzantium that we first read of coloured glass used in windows; and Paulus Silentarius gives a detailed account of the coloured glass used at Sta. Sofia in the sixth century. During the mediæval period, or from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, Venice and the East were the two main sources from whence glass was supplied; although manufactories, especially for coloured glass to be used in windows, existed in other Italian towns, in Flanders, and probably in other countries. Venice sent glass beads and imitation jewels to all parts of Asia and Africa, whilst Byzantium and Damascus transmitted their coloured ewers, &c., to Europe.

Thus we read in the fourteenth century of a flat bowl, painted Damascus fashion, two glass bottles, of Damascus work, &c. At the close of the fifteenth century, the Venetians had learnt from the Greeks all the processes in use amongst them, and, after the fall of Byzantium in 1453, became the great manufacturers of glass for Europe. Few, if any, examples, however, of their work prior to the sixteenth century are known to exist, and the great mass of specimens preserved to us are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Early in the eighteenth century, the art from various causes declined, and finally gave way to the new style of Bohemian ware, which was principally of a massive character, cut into facets, and broadly coloured and gilt. Since that period the art has once more progressed with little intermission, and at the present it is not manipulative or scientific skill so much which is deficient, as a good artistic feeling and sufficient boldness of execution.

The earliest example in the present collection is contributed by J. W. Wyld, Esq. of London, who has forwarded with great liberality an enamelled Arabic pendent lamp (case A, south side, central hall), probably of the fourteenth or early fifteenth century. This is not only beautiful as a work of art, but very interesting, as being an example of the style in which the earlier enamelled Venetian tazzas, &c. of the same character were founded; of these the museum contains a large number, principally in the Soulages collection (case M, north side); others are contributed by Mr. Nicholson of London, who was the first boldly to lead the way in consenting to exhibit such fragile treasures; and Mr. Felix Slade (case A). These tazzas, or flat dishes raised on a little stand, are of white glass, having generally an ornamental, coloured, or gilded border; the peacock-feather pattern being most common, and a central heraldic shield enclosed in a wreath or circle. Of another class, are the coloured vessels, &c. also ornamented with enamel. A very fine early example of this class, rich blue with animals *gardant*, and foliage round the bowl, is in the collection (case A, on step).

At about this period, or early in the sixteenth century, the Venetians made use of that particular process which is so characteristic of their ornamental work in glass: it was called by them

“Vitro di Trina,” or lace glass, the secret of making which was lost in the eighteenth century, but has since been partially recovered through the persevering and intelligent researches of M. Bontems. It consisted in enclosing opaque white or coloured canes within the glass, arranged in a great variety of patterns, the most remarkable, perhaps, being the spiral crossed work of opaque canes in clear glass, between each crossing of which an air bubble is formed in the process of fusion. Many very beautiful examples of this description are exhibited in case A. Of Schmelz glass, a dark brown mottled species, which, when held to the light, has a deep rich, ruby tint, several very fine specimens are contributed, and may be found in the same case. The Schmelz aventurine is the same description of glass, spotted over with globules and patches of gold; besides which we find frosted glass and chemical vessels of great variety and fancy in form. Of these last, some exceedingly curious pieces are to be remarked in the contributions of Earl Cadogan, the Duke of Buccleuch (case A), and in the Soulages collection (case M). Nothing can be imagined more delicately beautiful than the colour of the opal glasses, tazzas, &c., of which there are many, and the varied iridescent tints they assume according as the light falls upon them. Beside these are numerous toys, millefiore balls, glasses with flowers or a little boy astride a cask inside, beaux and belles of the eighteenth century, where we may see a belaced and frilled exquisite, with the tiniest of little cocked hats, his hands enveloped in a muff, and quite raised off his feet with simpering vanity. He is attended by a partner, equally jaunty, who has applied *la mécanique* as liberally as any fine lady of this age of good taste itself (case A). But the application of this coloured enamelled glass was carried, at the close of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth, much further. Thus in the present collection we have a complete cabinet of rich architectural design, with balustraded parapet and richly decorated frieze, such as might have served as a model to any “deviser of buildings and pageants” (second group of furniture south), and a shrine of coloured glass, jewelled and festooned, in which is set a pretty terra-cotta statuette, Notre Dame de Montaygu, with the infant Christ in her arms. Other curious specimens of etching on glass, by means

of a powerful acid, a German invention, are seen in case A ; but to appreciate the beautiful effect of this process the specimens of it require to be held up to the light in a certain position before it can be seen. The deep drinking German shows his artistic appreciation of Bacchic pleasures by numerous large cylindrical "Wiederkoms," or *Come agains*, of that size, however, that to us degenerate votaries of the god of this day it seems impossible, that, after having finished the contents of one such, we should be in a state to come again at all. These Teuton drinking cups are of no beauty as regards form—in this respect offering a marked contrast to the graceful contours of the Venetian glasses, but are covered with heraldic bearings, redolent of aristocratic pride, exhibiting the quarterings of innumerable "Vons," barry bendies, vairs, countervaires, columbines, hydras, and split eagles, in such abnormal and eccentric variety as would drive an English herald quite out of his wits. Others, instead of these genealogical and heraldic ornaments, show a happy couple stepping gracefully forward, as only the fine ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century could, holding each other by the hand, surrounded by a shower of letters, usually in this case white, informing the world that they were happily united on such and such a day in the year of grace, and defy fate ever to render them less loving than in their courting days. Some again of these glasses are intended to promote joviality ; and a very bloated Bacchus, in a red skin, with a vine wreath round his head, bestrides an enormous cask, and offers a goblet of its contents, with each hand, to broad-tailed, long-wigged, beruffled gentlemen by his side. Others again are commemorative of great political facts, and much interesting information as to the sentiments of the day may be gleaned by whoever can decipher the somewhat puzzling and closely-written lines which record them. Very valuable examples of these classes are in case A. The writing on all the examples in the present collection sufficiently attests the whereabouts of their manufacture ; they are German or Dutch. One very curiously engraved bottle is sent from the Philosophical Museum, York (case A) ; it is a clear glass bottle, with wreaths of flowers engraved on it, within which are the words in German text, "Concerning constancy, it is a hidden treasure." This, probably,

was expressly engraved for some adherent of the house of Stuart, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Of modern glass, there are also several interesting examples in this case. Some very fine pieces of boldly cut, richly-coloured Bohemian ware; an ewer and glasses, executed after designs by G. Nicholson, Esq., are very good as regards form and fineness of engraving, for which also some specimens contributed by Apsley Pellatt & Co., are very praiseworthy. All this modern glass, however, is remarkable for its crystal-like clearness, which appears to us to be no advantage, and we deem the very slightly tinged material fabricated at Venice, usually of a delicate green, preferable to the colourless translucency of modern work. Some specimens executed by Messrs. Binns of Worcester, contributed by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, show the application of enamel painting to glass, much on the same principle and in the same style as the Limoges enamels, *en grisaille*, of the sixteenth century.

From the glass, we now proceed to the enamel case (B), in which this material, very similar in its component parts to glass, coloured by means of various metallic oxides, is applied either as an ornamental accessory to works in metal, or as a means of painting, and perfect in itself. The art of enamelling has been known in the East from the most remote antiquity. In the Museum *Die Vereinigten Sammlungen* at Munich is preserved a very beautiful enamelled Egyptian bracelet. Many Greek and Roman examples are to be found scattered in the various national museums, and in the east it is this art has been in use from time immemorial. Among the Byzantines it was practised to a very great extent and with much mechanical skill. Several beautiful specimens are still preserved throughout Europe, and more especially in Italy. Of these the most remarkable is the celebrated Pala d'Oro, or Golden Frontal of the Altar of St. Mark, at Venice, which, though very much in the state of Sir John Suckling's silk stockings, still closely retains its original appearance. The characteristic of this style of enamel work is its being embedded in metal, generally gold, with thin partitions of the same metal to divide the several colours. The drawing is usually of the lowest description and monotonous. The execution, how-

ever, is of the very delicate nature generally found in Oriental work. Enamels of this class are rare in England. Of the two most celebrated, one a pectoral cross, the property of Mr. Beresford Hope, from the Debruges Dumesnil collection, is in the museum (case B, south side). The other, Alfred's jewel, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, was also promised, but the authorities could not decide on parting with it when the hour of packing arrived, on account of its great historical value. Some of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon enamels in the present collection are of the greatest beauty and interest, as seen in the Fausset collection, contributed by J. Mayer, Esq. of Liverpool (wall case U, north side). At the beginning of the 12th century, the enamel work of Limoges in the south of France, which had been made in that neighbourhood more, probably, than a hundred years previously, came greatly in vogue, and to such an extent was it used to decorate ecclesiastical works in metal (chiefly copper gilt), that it must have been carried out on a large scale, and no doubt at several workshops. France is especially rich in examples of this class, but they have been met with also frequently in Germany, Italy, England, and other countries. The process is, in point of fact, similar to the Byzantine; the enamelling substance is still embedded in the metal, and the colours are divided by partitions, but instead of being let in and attached by hand to the sides, they are portions of the metal itself remaining from the ground which is cut out. Of this class, which for some time was called Byzantine work, and ascribed to a period as early as the 9th and 10th centuries, a very large and complete collection is here formed, consisting of reliquaries, pyxes, in which the consecrated wafer was kept; small portable altars for the devout, or the sick on the point of death; candlesticks, with large spikes to fix the candles on; bookcovers, on which we see the long cadaverous body of the Saviour nailed to the cross, surrounded with the emblems of the evangelists, the Lion of St. Mark, the angel of St. Matthew, the winged bull of St. Luke, and the eagle of St. John; bowls for washing the sacred utensils in: and salvers, richly ornamented with scroll-work, and angels armed with sword and shield. The colours in these examples appear on a dark-brown copper ground only, but these colours, mainly red, blue and green, were

originally placed on a bright gilded field, and must have had a most brilliant effect. The examples are mostly to be found in case B, and wall-case B. Examples forwarded from the Meyrick collection (case L, north side) are also very remarkable, among them being the celebrated pastoral staff called St. Ragenfroi's, of the 12th or 13th century. This collection, with the armour, &c., is, however, unfortunately kept separately from the rest, that being a stipulation made by the owner.

After the 13th and during the 14th century, another process was in vogue, in which the metal ground was engraved with the outlines of the design, which was covered with a varying depth of transparent enamel, allowing the lines to be seen beneath it. In this method, which apparently took its rise in central Italy, we meet with much greater artistic merit, and some of the finest specimens, such as in the great altars of Florence and Pistoia, are of the highest beauty as pictures. The pastoral staff of William of Wykeham, contributed by New College, Oxford; the tenure horn of Severnake Forest, belonging to the Marquis of Aylesbury; the cup of King's Lynn, Norfolk, and two morsers or clasps, forwarded by Mr. Magniac, present very fair examples of this style, used as an accessory to other arts (case B). The next distinct process we meet with is that termed *à paillettes*, in which the colours are richly studded with imitation enamel jewels. At the close of the 15th century this method appears to have been in vogue at Limoges, and several fine pieces, remarkable for the brilliancy of their colour, especially the turquoise blue, are to be found in the collection. We were particularly struck with a crucifixion, belonging to S. Addington, Esq.; another sent by Lord Hastings, and a Holy Family, contributed by Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P. (case B). Early in the 16th century we perceive a great advance in the art, or rather in its pictorial development, at Limoges, in which place it was destined to reach its apogee. There can be little doubt that this arose from the impulse given to art by the revival of the antique in Italy, from which country artists of the greatest ability visited and settled in France, and from the advancement of a knowledge concerning the best works of the day, by means of engravings: so that the beautiful productions of L. Limousin, Pierre Raymond, the Penicauds, Courteys,

and Court, could vie with any other art of the day. At the earlier stage, these enamels were highly coloured, and the high lights frequently made with gold hatchings; in the next the ground is usually dark, and the subject delineated with white and grey. Sometimes the flesh tints only are expressed in proper colour. This style was called *en grisaille* or *camaieu*; in the last period, or at the middle or close of the 17th century, we perceive a return to colour, but the drawing is poor, and the spirit of the earlier masters is fled, until at last the art declines into mere foolish representations of saints in ecstasies, and is revived only for a short period to shine in miniatures, watches, and brooches, until it is lost through its frivolity, at the close of the 18th century. Thus we see that the history of this portion of the art may be divided into four periods: the finest examples of the first are the hunting horn of Francis I. and a splendid coffer, of unusual proportions. Some very beautiful salt cellars and candlesticks, a magnificent oval plateau, representing a chase, &c.; and some very remarkable ewers (case B). Of the second period, in the same case, are a beautiful pair of candlesticks, several fine circular dishes, illustrating mythological and sacred subjects, after Raffaele and others; a grand oval plateau, with the Judgment of Paris, after the engraving of Marc Antonio Raimondi. Of the third period, that of the Laudins and others, excellent specimens are contributed by the Marquis of Bath and Lord Delamere (case B and wall case B). Of the fourth period, that of the Toutins, Petitots, Bordiers, and their followers, very choice examples are to be found in the case containing domestic and personal objects (wall case A), and in the government contribution from Marlborough House (case U, north side). Oriental enamels abound here, and are of a very fine description, especially the great Shanghai vases.

CHAPTER II.

THE METAL WORK.

THE art of working in metal is one of the earliest probably to which the ingenuity of man was applied, and one which, from its difficulty, has always been held in peculiar estimation, especially when manual dexterity has been accompanied with artistic genius. Thus the names of Tubal Cain, Dædalus, St. Eloisius, and St. Dunstan are still renowned as the fathers of all ancient and modern art of this description. The troublous days of the dark ages have not left many examples of goldsmiths' work for after times to treasure. Some few, however, still exist, and are characterised by much richness and skill, such as the silver vases preserved in the museum of the Vatican, the celebrated Lombard crown at Monza, the crown and sword of Charlemagne in the imperial treasury at Vienna, the altar frontals of St. Ambrose at Milan, of St. Mark at Venice, and that formerly at Basle in Switzerland. In the 11th and 12th centuries the art, in common with all others, received a fresh impulse. Bishop Bernward of Hildesheim, and Abbot Suger of St. Denis, near Paris, were great patrons, and the first certainly an adept of the art; and to Theophilus, a "*humilis presbyter*," we owe a detailed account of the processes employed in all the arts at this period. From the 13th century onwards the reliques of the goldsmith's art increase. In the 14th century the artist in precious metals was employed not on ecclesiastical subjects only, but on works for the wealthy and noble. Thus the inventories of gold and silver plate, &c., in the possession of Charles V. of France and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, written about the year 1369, describe a great quantity of most valuable objects for daily use, richly ornamented. The taste for such works progressed still more rapidly in the 15th century, the same style being retained, though characterised by the more florid ornament of the late pointed architecture in vogue during the century. Many subjects of this period are preserved, and are

remarkable for their manipulative skill, fine design, and richness. The revival of the antique before the commencement of the 16th century, had already in Italy completely changed the character of all art, under the direction of such great artists as Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi, della Inercia, Filarete, Pol-laiuolo, and Francia. The new style spread gradually into Germany, France, Spain, and England, and entirely overthrew the traditions of former ages. In the 16th century, the goldsmith's art was practised in a noble manner, and was held in high esteem throughout Europe. Weakness and decrepitude, however, did not fail to overtake it. In the 17th century, the principles and practice of the art equally declined; its glory departed before the middle of the 18th century, and was lost in the contorted affectation of the French school. From that time forward the artistic value of all works in metal decreased, until at the present day we again perceive symptoms of its revival in England; and we have little doubt that the present Exhibition will powerfully aid in shaping its progress in a right direction. One of the earliest examples of the goldsmith's art, in the present collection, is a thurible, contributed by the Rev. Dr. Rock (case G.) This is probably a relique of the latter part of the 12th or commencement of the 13th century. Another very curious early piece is the Dunvegan Cup (case G), of wood in metal setting, a remarkable example of the Celtic style, perhaps of the 11th century. It is contributed by Norman M'Leod, Esq., who holds it by right of family descent. Of this period also is a curious bronze candlestick, of dracontic design, formerly gilt (case F). The universities have been extremely liberal in their contributions; and we can here admire at our leisure such invaluable specimens of art as the celebrated pastoral staff of William of Wykeham (case B), allowed to be exhibited for the first time to the public by the authorities of New College, Oxford, and the pastoral staff of Bishop Fox, from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as richly ornamented with nielli as that of Wykeham with enamels (case G). Oriel College forwards some most delicate specimens of mediæval workmanship, in the shape of salts, cups, &c.; and from Queen's we see one of those large curved horns, set in silver gilt, with the inscription "Wasseyl," from which all the members of the college drink on certain com-

memorative days. Cambridge also forwards one from Corpus. In this university it is called the "Copus horn;" and Pembroke College exhibits the cup, of good design and workmanship, presented by its founder. All these are in case G. Among the contributions from private collections, we particularly remarked a silver and silver gilt monstrance of the 15th century, with enamelled stand (case G); a censer, contributed by Mr. Wells (case G); a thurible of the early part of the 16th century, belonging to Cardinal Wiseman (case F); and several interesting examples in the Meyrick collection (case L, north side). In works of the Renaissance style, the museum is particularly rich. Here our attention is attracted to the fact that the goldsmith of that epoch did not confine himself to works in the precious metals. It is true, that in previous ages he worked in several materials, but it is to this period especially that we must look for some of the finest examples of art, executed in the base metals by some of the first goldsmiths of the day. How varied and unusual were the powers granted to the artist of those days; a short account of one, the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, may suffice to give some idea.

Vasari says, "Cellini, a citizen of Florence, now a sculptor, had no equal in the goldsmith's art, when he followed it in his youth, and was perhaps many years without having any, as well in the execution of little detached figures or bas-reliefs, and all the works of this profession. He mounted precious stones so beautifully, and decorated them with such wonderful settings, such exquisite little figures, and sometimes of so original and so fanciful a taste, that nothing can be imagined superior to them. Nor can we sufficiently praise the medals of gold and silver engraved by him in his youth, with incredible care. He made at Rome, for Pope Clement VII. a cope button of admirable workmanship, in which he represented the Eternal Father. In it he set a diamond cut into a point, surrounded by little children chased in gold, with extraordinary talent. Clement VII. having ordered him to make a chalice of gold, the cup of which was to be supported by the theological virtues, Benvenuto conducted this astonishing work almost entirely to its completion. Of all the artists of his time who tried their abilities in engraving medals of the Pope, no man succeeded better than he did, as all those know who possess any,

or have seen them; therefore all the dies of the Roman money were entrusted to him, and never were finer pieces struck. After the death of Clement VII. Benvenuto Cellini returned to Florence, where he engraved the head of Duke Alexander upon the dies of the money. The beauty of these is so great, that many impressions are now preserved like valuable ancient medals, and that not without reason, for Benvenuto here surpassed himself. Finally, he devoted himself to sculpture, and the art of casting statues. In France, while in the service of Francis I. he executed a number of works in bronze, silver, and gold. On his return to his own country, he worked for Duke Cosmo, who first ordered of him several pieces of metal work, and afterwards some sculptures." Thus the goldsmith of the Renaissance period was truly an universal artist. He was regularly taught drawing from the figure, and the principles of architecture, as well as the arts more immediately connected with his profession, such as niello work, enamel, and damascening, and from amongst his class rose the greatest armourers of the day. Such were Michelagnolo, the master of Cellini, and Filippo Negrolo, of Milan. Nor was Cellini singular in his talent for casting medals or making dies. Numerous goldsmiths of the 16th century distinguished themselves in the same line; and amongst the most excellent carvers of cameos and intaglios of his day, ranks Caradosso, the celebrated goldsmith of Milan—the Cellini of Lombardy. Of the example of this epoch in art, forwarded to the exhibition, we would particularly mention the Cellini cup (case G), a fine piece of chasing in silver gilt, the property of the Earl of Warwick, and also the very beautiful Nautilus shell cup, contributed with several other fine specimens of 16th and 17th century work, by her Majesty (case G). This specimen has also been ascribed to Cellini. Note also the clock of Anne Boleyn, presented to her by Henry VIII., also from Windsor Castle (case F), the mace of St. George, and an ewer and salver, very richly ornamented with *repoussé* work in silver gilt, contributed by the mayor and corporation of Norwich (case G). The corporation of Oxford sends a grand loving cup, a large goblet of silver gilt which is passed round the table on the occasion of bountiful city feasts. This cup was presented to Oxford by Charles II. Another, of equally

grand appearance, is forwarded from St. John's College, Cambridge (case G). Great Yarmouth, Thetford, York, Cambridge, Oxford, Chester, Rochester, and Lincoln also have most liberally contributed the cherished insignia of their civic authority, in the shape of richly-worked and ponderous maces, oars and chains of office (cases G and K). Nor have the several great London companies been niggardly in assisting the great work, with the unfortunate exception of the company of Goldsmiths themselves. The Barber Surgeons send some beautiful tazzas and chaplets, or caps, used by the officers of the company in state ceremonies (case K, north side); the Carpenters send their goblets and chaplets also (case K); the Clothworkers, amongst other curious pieces of 17th century art in England, have forwarded the cup presented to them by that prince of gossips, Samuel Pepys (case G); and the Worshipful Company of Mercers have lent three of the most exquisite examples of Renaissance work in the museum, a waggon to hold condiments, a tun or a stand to hold sauce or liqueur, and a grace cup, all of the best design, exquisitely chased, embossed, and enamelled (case G). Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, who undertook to collect examples of goldsmith's work, have obtained several fine examples; but they are mostly of a late period, and though grand from their size are not commendable perhaps, as models for imitation. Such are the great wine coolers of the Duke of Rutland, the wine coolers and the candelabra of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and the gold plate of the Duke of Devonshire (cases K, north side, near the transept). Some exceptions, however, we note, and these are mainly from Mr. Hunt's private collection. Especially we would notice a silver medallion plateau of great interest, and a dish, silver gilt, curiously encrusted with imitation jewels and enamel work (case K, north side). It is not, however, in the precious metals alone that we must look for good examples of art, for some of the most delicately executed and best designed works are in brass, latten (a compound of copper, tin, and silver), and pewter. The earliest and most interesting, as well as the most remarkable in point of elaborate execution, are the mediæval Arabic latten salvers contributed by Mr. E. Falkener and Mr. Rhode Hawkins, of London (case F, south side). Nothing can

be imagined more intricate than the arabesque designs on them, which are broadly incised on the metal, the interstices having been frequently filled up with what appears to have been a red enamel. From these—as is clearly attested by several fine specimens of Italian work of the 15th and 16th centuries, to be seen in the Soulages collection, the government contribution (case U, north side), and some salvers belonging to Mr. R. Hawkins (case F, south side)—the Venetians and Milanese took many a model. Indeed, the peculiar style and name of Damascene work, speak clearly of the place whence its adoption in Europe was derived. The influence of the East, during the 13th and subsequent centuries, on the art of Europe, has often been suspected to have been more powerful than is usually supposed; and when the subject is duly investigated, we are inclined to believe that Europeans will be found indebted to Eastern nations, not only for much valuable knowledge in science and literature, but in art also.

The most remarkable works in brass and latten are the large salvers ornamented with central *repoussé* subjects, such as Adam and Eve standing beneath the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the Annunciation, the labourers of the vineyard bearing large branches of vine, from which hang clustering grapes. All these subjects show that the salvers were used for ecclesiastical purposes, and the frequent occurrence of sacred inscriptions, such as “Ave Maria gracia plena,” certifies this. Indeed, many may still be found in use in the more out of the way towns of Italy and Germany. The large ones were used for washing the sacred utensils in, and the smaller ones were probably offertory dishes. They appear to have been manufactured in great quantities at Augsburg and Nuremberg, in southern Germany, at the close of the 16th and during the 17th centuries. Very fine examples of this class are exhibited by the Duke of Buccleuch and others (case F). If, besides the great Italian artists of this epoch, the names of such men as Jamnitzer, Kellerthaler, and Silber of Nuremberg, and Ruker of Augsburg, are still honoured as workers in metal, we must not therefore forget one who lent to the commonest material a charm of the highest nature. The pewter dishes and vases of Francis Briot are amongst the most

remarkable and beautiful productions of the 16th century, for their elegant forms, exquisite design, and delicate execution. Little is known of Briot's life, but it is certain that for some time he was die-maker to the mint at London, and executed several works in this country. Very excellent examples are to be seen in the Soulages collection, the government contribution (case U, north side), and those of Lord Hastings and Baron Marochetti (case F). Besides the larger works in metal which we have just noticed, there are many most interesting and curious examples to be found in the first wall case (A) on the left hand as we enter, containing articles of personal and domestic use. Amongst them are some very fine specimens of mediæval and Renaissance jewellery. Of the first an enamelled hairpin, and chatelaine, contributed by C. Bradbury, Esq. of Manchester, are exceedingly interesting, although not so brilliant as the jewels of the later period, such as the fine Sicilian earrings, contributed by Miss Auldjo, of London; an "enseigne" and earring worthy of Cellini, the property of the Earl of Cadogan; a fine coral brooch set in turquoise, lent by Lord de Tabley; several very remarkable mother-of-pearl brooches, in the form of frogs and insects, belonging to Lord Delamere; some splendidly enamelled and jewelled pectoral crucifixes, the property of Mr. Francis Pulszky and Cardinal Wiseman; and several fine specimens of cinque cento jewellery, contributed by Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, through whose interest Mr. Wheble has allowed one of the most curious pieces in the collection to be exhibited, viz. an Anglo-Saxon ring of pure gold, with the name of the owner, "Alstan," enamelled around it. Here also are to be seen some of those "gimmel" or double rings, which form one in appearance, and which when detached show a heart or some amatory device within—two hands which clasp together being a favourite subject. These betrothal rings were much in vogue during the 16th and 17th centuries.

Under the head of metal work, we also include the series of clocks and watches in this case, and those also contributed by Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, in his case near the transept (south side). From the first invention of clocks, early in the 10th century, by the monk Gerbert, they were executed on a large

scale and in a cumbrous manner, with cog-wheels and pendant weights. In the 15th century, however, the invention of a spiral spring, placed within a hollow cylinder, took the place of the chain and weights, which till then was the motive power; and Carovagius, about the year 1480, invented portable clocks, with striking bells and an alarum. In the succeeding century portable clocks of the most complicated mechanism, and richly ornamented, were made in Italy and Germany, especially in those two classic cities of art, Augsburg and Nuremberg. At what precise date these portable clocks were transmuted into watches is not ascertained, but watches occur about the commencement of the 16th century. The Flemish and French watches are large, cylindrical, and with open worked arabesque borders; the German ones, or rather that particular class made at Nuremberg, being small and ovoidal in form, became known as "Nuremberg eggs." In the course of the century we meet with watches of great variety, tulip-shaped, octagonal, or let into a cross, so as to be worn as ornaments, and decorated with engravings, enamel work, and nielli. Many were set in rock-crystal, so as to allow the delighted owner to examine the works within; and one in the present collection (wall case A), contributed by Lord de Tabley, is set within a red transparent stone, little more than half an inch in diameter. A very small and pretty tulip watch is contributed by Mr. Mence. The Earl of Cadogan sends a fine small crystal watch, set on a silver gilt stand; and very pretty enamelled examples are forwarded by the Hon. A. Willoughby, Messrs. Ellis, of Exeter, and Miss J. Clarke (wall case A). From the Philosophical Museum of York we remark one with the solemn inscription of "*Vigila, nescis quâ horâ.*" "Watch, for you know not the hour." Nor are specimens of historical interest wanting, and we find amongst them the watch of Louis XVI. contributed by the right Hon. Crofton Croker, and two which belonged to Charles I. and II. most liberally forwarded with other Stuart relics by the Duke of Richmond (wall case A). Several very beautiful examples of enamelled watches of the 17th and 18th centuries should also be remarked in the government contribution (case U).

Various other specimens of art in the metals deserve notice in

the collection, either from their workmanship or as serving to illustrate customs now obsolete. Such are the pretty bridal knives with which ladies were presented at their marriage by the bridegroom, to cut the thread of life, should he ever prove untrue. A few good specimens are contributed by J. Mills, Esq. of Norwich (wall case A). Near them are several apostle spoons, as they are termed. One fine set is sent by the Rev. T. Staniforth; and Oxford contributes some. A few curious ones with ships, &c. at the haft, in place of apostles, are sent by Messrs. Ollivant & Botsford, of Manchester: these are probably of Dutch manufacture. Spoons of this description were given to children at their christening, whence the common expression of a man being born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Besides these, we have scissors, nutcrackers, and snuffers, all more or less ornamental, and though not so nicely finished as the work of the present day, of much bolder and more effective design. Indeed, from all that we have seen in this section of the museum, we would say that in spite of the ambitious character of modern work, and its size and richness (always excepting the unrivalled works of Vechte, case K, near transept, north side)—we are very inferior to the great artists of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries in goldsmiths' work, and in all that appertains to it. The best things we have produced are copies of ancient models, or are founded on old designs. Originality is not our forte, and never will be until the professed goldsmith, no longer a mere capitalist trading on the brains and genius of other men, shall become bonâ fide what he professes himself to be—an artist. He will then have to attend academies, and serve his apprenticeship to art as all other artists do. He will not only do this, but perceiving the value which various processes may lend to his productions, will make himself master of enamelling, niello, and damascene work; and then, not placing his reliance on richness of material or elaboration of ornament alone, he will be enabled to turn the commonest metal into something which shall receive the meed of approbation from his fellow-men to the end of time.

CHAPTER III.

THE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

MOST states in former times acknowledged and recompensed those on whom their prosperity depended, and with a far-seeing wisdom recognised the honour due, amongst others, to the decorative artist. Thus we find that peculiar privileges and dignities have been, at various times, awarded to him. The glass painters of Normandy were "gentilshommes" by virtue of their vocation. To be a master-workman in glass, at Venice, was to be enrolled in the "Libro d'Oro," and become one of the most privileged citizens of the republic. The trades and arts of Florence could found or destroy a dynasty; and to be a cunning workman in clay was sufficient, in the dukedom of Urbino, to endow a man with nobility. Indeed, throughout southern and western Europe, the artist of every class was regarded as one whose presence and whose works conferred an honour on the state wherein he dwelt. This has always been especially the case in classic Italy, where, amongst other arts, that of pottery was held in high esteem during the 15th and 16th centuries; and we propose to sketch briefly the history of that art as shown in the works to be seen in the present collection.

We need hardly, perhaps, observe that there are two distinct species of earthenware, usually classed separately as pottery and porcelain; the distinctive difference being that the first is comparatively thick, heavy, and always opaque, whilst the latter is thin and often of delicate semi-transparency. Such, however, is the value which art can lend to common materials, that ordinary pottery can at all times by its means vie with porcelain in beauty and in value. It is to this class of work that the Italian artists turned their attention, and the celebrated "Majolica," so esteemed by virtuosi, is nothing more than the most ordinary earthenware, rendered valuable by means of the drawing, colour, and glaze applied to it. Amongst the Greeks of the Lower Empire, the

traditions of Rome were preserved for many centuries after the commencement of our era; and there appears to be good reason for supposing that up to the 12th or 13th century the method of ornamenting common earthenware with gilding and colour, and of covering it with a glaze, was known to them. There is little doubt that from them the art was obtained by the wide-spreading, powerful, and intelligent Arab races which overran Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe, between the 9th and 13th centuries. Several fragments of pottery, thus ornamented, still preserved in the Sèvres Museum of Ceramic Art, have been ascribed to the Arabs of Northern Africa in the 9th century; whilst the fine examples of coloured and enamelled tiles still remaining in the Moorish buildings of Spain attest the perfection which they had attained in the art at a later period. Indeed, it appears satisfactorily certain that the Moors of Spain, as well as their brethren at Damascus and Bagdad, were well versed in the art of making ornamental pottery, and established numerous manufactories for its production; for many and incontrovertible proofs of this exist in the reliques still preserved to us, amongst which the celebrated vase discovered at the Alhambra in Granada is a noteworthy example. On the expulsion of the Moors, under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the close of the 15th century, this art, with all others practised by them, gradually declined. A manufactory, however, had apparently for some time been established at Majorca, one of the Balearic islands, and the ware there manufactured, and forwarded to the great Italian trading communities, was known as "Majolica." Other factories appear to have existed in Northern Spain; and a dish still preserved in the Sèvres museum, is ornamented with the arms of Blanche of Navarre and Don John of Arragon, to whom she was married in the year 1419; whilst another dish, in the Kunst Kammer at Berlin, bears the arms of Arragon and Sicily alone, and is probably of the second half of the 15th century. These dishes, however, and many others of less antiquity, but of the same style, may yet have been executed at Majorca. However this may be, the art appears to have been transferred in the last part of the 15th century from Spain to Italy, where a rough coloured pottery had been manufactured from a very early period, especially in the valleys of the rivers

Po and Arno; and we are inclined to believe that the pieces of enamelled earthenware so frequently found let into the walls of churches, especially at Pavia and Pisa, were of local manufacture. In the 15th century Luca della Robbia, the celebrated sculptor, brought the production of earthenware enamelled figures to great perfection, and covered them with a tin glaze, which has kept them perfect down to our own day. About the year 1450, the Sforza family, lords of Pesaro, in central Italy, greatly encouraged the art of coloured earthenware, and by the year 1486 the manufactures of Pesaro, Urbino, Gubbio, and Castel Durante obtained a wide-spread reputation. Towards the close of the century there came into general use a white enamel ground or glaze, on which the beautiful paintings of the 16th century were subsequently executed. Of the artists of this period the most celebrated is Maestro Giorgio, of Gubbio, who as Giorgio Andreoli, migrated from Lombardy to Gubbio about the year 1480. His ability in the art speedily became known and honoured. He carried to great perfection the manufacture of the metallic lustres which had been in use before his time, and is usually considered to have been the discoverer of that particular one known as "the ruby glaze." Guidobaldo the second, who succeeded to the dukedom of Urbino in 1538, particularly encouraged the art, which during his reign afforded occupation to many skilful artists, who frequently copied the designs of Raffaele and other great painters, in their works. A great number were also taken from the engravings of Marc Antonio, the designs of Giovanni da Udine, Raffaele dal Colle, and Timoteo della Vite. The little state of Urbino, however, soon fell into the ambitious grasp of its more powerful neighbours, and by degrees the art declined, until a mere remembrance of its beauty remained in the productions of Savona, Siena, Montelupo, Venice, and Naples.

In the present Exhibition there is a large and valuable collection of this species of Italian earthenware; in the earlier examples of which the Soulages collection is peculiarly rich, as there are upwards of thirty fine pieces of Gubbo ware, many by Maestro Giorgio himself, all resplendent with his ruby lustre, of which we have spoken. Our readers should notice, also, a metallic lustre,

of very fine character, likewise of a ruby tone, which is to be remarked on two fine Siculo-Moorish vases, placed in the case D, containing Oriental china, and which are probably of Arabic manufacture of the 12th or 13th century. These very interesting vases are perhaps the most perfect of their kind known. The government contribution from the department of science and art (cases R and S), contains some very excellent examples of Hispano-Moorish ware, characterised by a white ground, on which is delicately traced a conventional foliage pattern, in bistre, sometimes with touches of dark blue, which, when held at various angles to the light, appears golden, dark brown, and even purple. On some fine dishes of this class, contributed by Lord Hastings (case P), we notice several religious mottos, which induce us to conclude that they were used for ecclesiastical purposes. Many peculiarly good bits of early Urbino and Faenza ware are sent from the British Museum (case R); but, as is the case at that national institution, no explanatory labels are placed beside them, and the public can gain little instruction from them in consequence. We need hardly say, that the authorities in London keep the keys themselves, so that the cases cannot be opened, in order to supply the deficiency.

Many fine marriage plates, containing the portrait of the bride, encircled in a wreath or border of arabesque, and surmounted with a scroll, on which is written the lady's name, are to be seen in the Soulages collection (case O), and that of Lord Hastings (case P), whose contribution alone is enough almost to form an epitome of the art. These large dishes, executed principally in blue and gold, on a white ground, were made in great numbers at Pesaro, at the close of the 15th century and later. Others of smaller dimensions, with the lady's portrait, coloured, on a deep blue ground, with the mottoes "Cintia bella," "Beatrice diva," and so forth, on them, are of later date. Some very choice pieces are sent by government (case R), Lord Hastings (case P), and Mr. Addington (case E, south side). So numerous and excellent are the various examples of the 16th and 17th centuries, that we hardly know which to particularise. Subjects from history, mythology and romance, arabesque borders with figures, generally cupids in the centre, patterns of fine colour and charming design

abound (case E). Of the latest period (that of coloured "capricci," on a white ground, and landscapes), some very good examples are also exhibited in case E. Amongst the curiosities of purchasing connected with Majolica, we may mention that a plate, on which is represented an artist painting a dish, in the presence probably of Duke Guidobaldo himself (case R, north side), sold at the Stowe sale for a few pounds, and was again sold at the Bernal sale, lately, for about 150*l*.

France, as well as Italy, produced fine works in earthenware during the 16th and 17th centuries. The earliest in point of date are some pieces of a peculiar description, of which not above forty exist, known as Henry II. or Diana of Poitiers ware, the cyphers or device of both having been found on them. They are made of a fine pipe clay, on which complicated arabesque designs have been incised, and then filled up either with coloured clays or a composition coloured and then varnished. Very beautiful specimens of this earthenware, the most delicate with which we are acquainted (a candelabrum, ewer, and salt cellar, in case E) are contributed by Sir Anthony Rothschild and Mr. Field. The name of Bernard Palissy is inseparably connected with the history of pottery in France. This great man, through long years of trouble and affliction, beset by difficulties of every description, and sustained by that inward strength alone which so often accompanies the greatest genius, after many trials and disappointments, invented the style of earthenware which now bears his name. It is characterised by intrinsic evidence of a close and loving study of nature (all the subjects being taken from the Fauna and Flora to be found in the valley of the Seine), and by a fine artistic feeling, which, despising the production of pretty gewgaws for the boudoirs of the luxurious, sought to render nature simply as he found her, and to give value to subjects in themselves commonplace and poor, by means of artistic treatment. Finally he succeeded, and thus the man who, as he himself informs us, had in his early years suffered so much misery and reproach—who was accused on account of his experiments of being engaged in the coinage of false money—who was obliged at times to pay his assistant with the clothes off his own back, but who yet said to himself in the midst of his troubles, "work

on, and thou shalt bring to shame all thy detractors," did work on bravely, faithful to himself and his own convictions for fifteen weary years, and obtained at last a tardy but complete acknowledgment of his worth and genius from the noblest of the land. His earthenware is characterised by a peculiar mottled enamel glaze, and the predominance of fish, lizards, insects, leaves and flowers in his designs. Besides some exceedingly fine examples in the Soulages collection (case O), others of great interest and excellence are contributed by the Earl of Cadogan (wall case P), Lord Hastings (case P), Mr. Bohn, and Mr. Napier of Shandon (case E). Palissy, besides being a great artist, was a zealous protestant. Through the favour in which he was held, he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but in 1587, on refusing to alter his opinions, he was thrown into prison, and died at an advanced age in 1589. In the 17th century, a fine kind of earthenware of good design and colour, was manufactured at Nevers, the predominant tone of which is a fine rich blue. A good example is contributed by Messrs. Minton & Co. (case E). Clermont sent forth some fine pieces of dark mottled brown ware, of very remarkable design, specimens of which are to be seen in the Soulages collection (case M), and the contributions of Lord Hastings (case P), and W. Stirling, Esq., of Keir (first group of furniture on the right hand). Rouen also was famous for a species of French Majolica. Many large vases, with coloured flowers, &c., on a light ground, were manufactured there. Two fine examples of this ware are exhibited by Messrs. Annoot & Gale, of London (second group of furniture, left hand). All earthenware, however, but that for ordinary use gradually went out of fashion, and in the 18th century *articles de luxe* were sought for almost exclusively in the new manufacture of porcelain.

In order to do justice to the Ceramic section of the museum we should write volumes, not a brief notice. We have as yet said nothing of the fine examples of Grès de Flandres ware—that blue and white stoneware diapered with ornamental designs, or impressed with figures and flowers, which we have so often met with in the charming cabinet pictures of the Flemish painters. It was from such tankards as these that Dow and Teniers, and Mieris, and Jan Steen drank deep and inspiring

draughts of the deep-coloured vintage of Burgundy or sparkling Rhenish, and in gratitude immortalised them in their paintings. Very good specimens of this class are contributed by the British Museum and the Department of Science and Art (cases Q and S). As usual, the Soulages collection has some excellent pieces, and others will be found in case E. Next to these we notice the tall cylindrical stoneware tankards or goblets, the Jacobus Kanetjes of Alsatia and Germany, formed of one light-coloured clay, impressed with small figure subjects, sacred and profane, in which the toper might contemplate at will the sacred story of Susannah and the Elders, the creation of man, or the history of the last war, as fancy dictated his choice. That romance which is attached to the potter's art, perhaps more than to any other, adds also an additional charm to these quaint drinking cups; for it is a received tradition, one thought worthy of being preserved by Brongniart, the principal French writer on the history of Ceramic art, that Jacqueline of Holland, whilst captive in the castle of Teylingen on the Rhine, beguiled the hours of her solitude by making cups of this description and casting them into the river, with the express and malicious intention (so saith the legend) of puzzling the brains of the antiquaries of succeeding ages.

England, also, in the person of Josiah Wedgewood, lays claim to a foremost place in the advancement of the potter's art, which, up to his time, had been of the roughest description in this country. To him is due the honour of having raised it out of that state to one of unsurpassed perfection, by his energy, enterprise, and good taste. Wedgewood, who was born at Burslem in 1730, a boy of poor parentage and education, rose by his own sagacity, industry, and appreciation of art to be one of the wealthiest and most remarkable men in England, founding first manufactories and then towns, and giving to England one of our most valuable export trades. He died in the year 1795, leaving behind him a name not only honoured by all lovers of art, but by the entire nation. It is usual to fancy that Wedgewood's ware is confined to the white figures on a blue ground, but although such certainly predominate, yet no man ever produced a greater variety of subjects, and it is not too much to say that there is hardly a process in the manufacture, as practised to within the last few years, which he

did not attempt and succeed in. Of his celebrated copy of the Portland Vase, in the British Museum, there are three examples, one contributed by Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool (in his own case, near the transept); the other two by Mrs. Preston, of Chester, and Mr. Addington, of London (dwarf wall case E). From an inspection of the three may be obtained an understanding of those minute differences which constitute the greater or less excellence of the copy. Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, also sends a large and beautiful collection of Wedgewood ware (wall case S), and several fine examples are also contributed by Her Majesty, Mr. Addington, Mr. Bradbury, of Manchester, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Smith, of London (wall case C, south side). Earthenware, however great its artistic beauty, had for some time been out of vogue amongst the wealthy and luxurious, and ever since the discovery of the passage to India and China by the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, Europeans having become acquainted with the finer nature of Chinese porcelain, sought it for use on great occasions, until, at the close of the 17th century and beginning of the 18th, the desire to possess it became quite a mania amongst the fashionable. It was regarded as something wonderful, from the fact that Europeans were ignorant how to produce it. When, therefore, about the year 1700, Johan Böttcher, of Saxony, assisted by Tschirnhaus, a good analytical chemist, discovered the secret of its manufacture—i. e. the two clays from which pure porcelain is formed—great was the sensation, and the protection which he thenceforth received from the State was but another word for persecution. A prisoner in the hands of the Elector of Saxony, he was placed under constant surveillance, for fear he might divulge to strangers the secret of his priceless discovery; and over the walls of the prison-workshop—the strong Castle of Meissen—in which he shortly after died, were inscribed the words “Geheim bis ins Grab” (Secret to the grave). But it is not in the power of potentates or churches to keep knowledge from the light, fettered in dungeons, or to be used for their own advantage only. Before the close of the century the secret was known, and the manufacture in activity throughout Europe. Stolzen, a foreman at Meissen, escaped to Vienna, in 1720, and established himself

there under the protection of the Emperor. Ringler, a workman at Vienna, fled in 1740, and took the secret with him to Höchst, near Mayence, on the Rhine, from whence it rapidly spread to Frankenthal, Berlin, Sèvres, Chelsea, Copenhagen, and indeed, before the year 1780, was commonly known throughout Europe. The celebrated porcelain of Sèvres, up to about the year 1770, was an artificial imitation of true porcelain; but, from that period, the use of the two clays simply (kaolin and petuntse) formed the basis of a real porcelain, which has, through the ability of the artists employed on it, and the great encouragement always given to it by the State, become of European celebrity. Very beautiful examples of Sèvres are contributed by Her Majesty, from Buckingham Palace (case C, south side); by the Duke of Portland—who, with unusual liberality, forwarded a large and most valuable series of specimens, at his own expense and risk, for the use of the Executive Committee (wall case R); by the Marquis of Bath (case C): Charles Mills, Esq., of London; R. Napier, Esq., of Shandon (case C); the Duke of Newcastle, and Mark Philips, Esq. (second group of furniture, south side). The Rev. T. Staniforth, of Storrs, Windermere, sends two complete déjeuner sets, of rare manufacture, one of Copenhagen, the other of Buen Retiro, near Madrid (case C); Mr. Addington, several choice pieces of the German and French fabriques; Mr. Bohn and Mr. Drake, of London, specimens of Doccia porcelain (central Italy, case C); and General Lygon (north aisle), Mr. Addington, Mr. Napier (case C), and Mr. Mendel, of Manchester (second group of furniture, north side), several fine examples of the Capo di Monte manufacture, near Naples. Nor is England unrepresented. From the Foundling Hospital, in London, is sent the great Chelsea vase, considered the *chef d'œuvre* of that particular class (case C). Other fine pieces of old Chelsea are kindly contributed by the Earl of Cadogan, the Marquis of Bath, Mr. Addington, and Sir Philip Egerton (case C); whilst excellent specimens of early Bow, Worcester, Derby, Swansea, &c., are exhibited by the Rev. E. Trollope, Sir Philip Egerton, the Hon. A. Willoughby, Messrs. Mainwaring, Napier, Arnold, and Catt (case C). The entire collection of English porcelain, although certainly not equal in finish or richness to

the more ambitious productions of Sèvres, Vienna, Berlin, or Dresden, yet is note-worthy in many cases for its originality, and, generally speaking, for its boldness of execution. In this respect it contrasts favourably with the very elaborate and painfully worked up examples of modern art contributed by our principal manufacturers, in which we regret to say that we can perceive very few traces of any artistic feeling whatever. Still it is a great thing to have improved upon the hideous "ornaments" which formed the decoration of our mantelpieces some few years since. Before quitting this section of the Museum, we would say a few words on the Oriental Porcelain (case D), of which extremely valuable examples have been contributed by Her Majesty, Lord Hastings, Mr. Fischer, Mr. Addington, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. O. Coope. At the present day it is not by any means in the favour it formerly was. A fine specimen of Sèvres, however small, or a rare example of Majolica, would probably outweigh the largest and best piece of China porcelain in the collection; and yet we cannot but believe that both in beauty of outline and richness, as well as delicacy of colour, the former are infinitely inferior to the good examples of the latter. We remark in them colour unattainable, as far as we can judge, by European artists, and processes in manufacture which appear to be unknown to our workmen. Whatever about them is bad, results frequently from the bad taste of their possessors in Europe, who have hidden the most exquisite outlines with unmeaning silver-gilt settings of wretched taste and form. Instead of looking so much to France and Germany for their models, we would suggest to our manufacturers a careful consideration of Oriental examples, and without copying their conventional style of ornament, we think they may learn from the study much that will be of service to them, and which, combined with the power they now possess, may lead to most important and desirable results.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CARVED WORK.

THERE is no branch of art in the Exhibition more thoroughly illustrated than that of sculpture. Taking the works in ivory, bronze, terra cotta, and marble together, we may trace the history of the art from the earliest years of Christianity down to the present day, and obtain from them a very satisfactory idea of the principal characteristics of each successive style. We may note the last flickering ray of antique art in the late Roman school, the dark night of the Byzantine style, the dawn of another day during the Romanesque period, its fitful but ever-increasing brightness struggling through the heavy clouds of the dark ages, until it burst forth clear and bright in the mediæval epoch, reaches its meridian in the sunny days of the best Renaissance age, and in the 16th and 17th centuries fades gradually away once more into deepening twilight, and finally disappears beneath the horizon, leaving man to cope with those spirits of darkness, Indifference, and Affectation, until once again its rays illumine the mountain peaks of the 19th century with the promise of another glorious day. The most remarkable example of the state of art in the Roman period, is to be seen in the celebrated votive ivory tablets which formerly belonged to Count Fejervary, and were part of his unique collection of works in ivory, which has of late years passed into the hands of Mr. Mayer of Liverpool. In these tablets we have the figures of *Æsculapius* and *Telesphorus*, *Hygeia* and *Cupid*, the god and goddess of health and the healing art; they are carved in very low relief, within square-headed recesses supported on each side by pilasters, and with the snake by their side—the emblem of wisdom. These are probably of the second century of our era, and still bear traces of the finest style of art. Another plaque or tablet in the same collection (Mr. Mayer's case, near the transept, south side) represents an emperor, probably Philip the Arab, with two

attendants, presiding at the games of the circus. This also is a good example of art in the third century. The most remarkable piece, however, in Mr. Mayer's collection, is perhaps the large double tablet or diptych, representing Clementinus, consul of the East, A.D. 513, holding the "Mappa Circensis" or napkin, by throwing down which the signal was given for the commencement of the games in the circus. On each side of him are placed personifications of Rome and Constantinople. Above these, busts of the Emperor Anastasius and the Empress Ariadne; and below them, the distributors of largess. The style of art in these tablets exhibits a great falling off from the first-mentioned (that of Æsculapius), and serves to exhibit how speedily the best principles and practice of art were lost. Several other pieces in this very interesting collection of ivory carvings present us with all the characteristics of the Byzantine school—the long attenuated figures, the minute and stiff folds of the drapery, and the utter absence of lively action; everything appears flat, monotonous, and constrained. But whilst art in the East, bound down to certain formalities and conventionalities of style, advanced in little else beyond manipulative skill, a better spirit was struggling into life in the productions of the artists of Western Europe. Divided from the East by land and sea, by religious doctrine, and by physical and social peculiarities, the vigour and activity of those barbaric races who were gradually being incorporated with the more instructed inhabitants of the lands they had obtained mastery of, exhibited themselves in a restless love of art, and in rough efforts to embody the newly-adopted principles of their Christian creed on môdels taken from the remains of old Roman grandeur still standing around them. Of this class we find few, if any examples; but a little later—about the 10th and 11th centuries—we meet with several fine examples; in case I, south side of the central hall, a series of apostles, &c. beneath arched niches, the property of Lord Hastings; and the horn of Ulphus, contributed by the Dean and Chapter of York; some remarkable bits, sent by Mr. Attenborough, of London; and still more interesting examples in the famous Meyrick collection of ivories (case L, north side), bequeathed by Francis Douce, the antiquary, to the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, amongst which a

large Romanesque casket, with ranges of busts in niches contained within highly ornamental scroll borders, is of the greatest service in illustrating the state of sculpture in the 11th century. A mixed eastern and western influence is observable in this and other works of the same period. During the 12th century the art of sculpture made constant progression in western Europe: equal to the Byzantine school in point of manipulative skill, it certainly was not; its principal merit consisting in an evident endeavour to translate nature. There are few examples to note of this period in the collection; and it is not until the close of the 13th century, and commencement of the 14th, that we are enabled again to appreciate the great advance which had been effected. About this period the art of carving in ivory was carried to great perfection in Italy, Germany, and France; and some exceedingly valuable examples are to be seen in the Meyrick collection (case L); amongst which we would especially mention two statuettes, beneath niches, one of the Virgin Mary, and another of a saint, but more especially a beautiful plaque or tablet in four compartments, containing scenes in relief from the life of Christ, which still retains important traces of gilding and colour. The meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, in this piece, is of great beauty, and fully worthy of the best productions of Giovanni Pisano; to whose style, indeed, the various subjects bear a close resemblance. Upon other interesting reliques of this century are handed down to us illustrations of the secular literature of the day; and we remark—not only the legend of Aristotle, who made a fool of himself for his fair pupil's sake, going on all fours and allowing her to put a bridle in his mouth, and ride on his back, as on a donkey's, and the Storming of the Castle of Love, a favourite romance of the time (both in case L)—but souvenirs of a still more remote age, the story of Pyramus and Thisbe and the Judgment of Paris, in which an angel is bringing the apple for Paris to award the prize. These two last very curious carvings are contributed by the Reverend Walter Sneyd, and are in case I. Several very fine examples of 14th century work, probably Italian, are contributed by Mr. Rhode Hawkins. We were especially struck with a Madonna and Child, and two groups of Apostles (case I),

cut in complete relief, as of the highest artistic merit. These are more simple in their style than is usually the case at this period, of which we meet with numerous and valuable illustrations, especially in the "coffrets," or small caskets of the Meyrick collection; the caskets of Mr. Warde and Dr. Wellesley (case I); several interesting plaques, belonging to Mr. Mayer; and some beautiful small triptychs, or central figures of the Madonna and Child, with folding sides, ornamented with sacred subjects in bas relief. In case I, contributed by the Reverend Walter Sneyd and Mr. Farrer. These triptychs, when small, were folded together, forming an oblong box, which was hung from the girdle. In addition to these, the museum boasts of one of the finest and largest examples of ivory carving in the 14th century existing. It is the large triptych, or rather "retable," in ivory, containing forty-seven figures in full relief, illustrating various sacred subjects from the New Testament, with the "Crucifixion" in the centre. With the exception of the celebrated "Retable de Poissy" in the Louvre, this may be considered one of the most remarkable works of the period: it is placed against the dwarf wall, near case I. Ivory was much in vogue also for making crooks of bishops' staves, &c., about this time. One or two of an earlier period may be remarked in those forwarded from the Newcastle-on-Tyne and Ashmolean Museums, and by Mr. Farrer (case I); but by far the finest, in point of sculpture, is the staff-head, with richly designed open-work carving round the crook, belonging to Mr. Howard, of Corby; and the finely foliated one with crocketed head and stem, or "baculus," complete in ivory also, contributed by Mr. Beresford Hope (both in case I). In the 15th century we meet with the same subjects, executed, however, with greater delicacy and sharpness. There is an angularity of character in the drapery which is unmistakeable, and bespeaks the influence of the German and Rhenish schools of Freemasonry, which at this time more or less influenced all architecture and sculpture throughout Europe. Examples of the early part of this century, of an exceedingly rich and finely-worked character, are to be remarked in the beautiful tablets, containing subjects from the life of Christ, placed beneath canopies which are separated from each other by buttresses, decorated with

minute statuettes of the saints and apostles; they are contributed by Mr. G. Field and Mr. R. Goff (case I). Amongst the finest of this class, Mr. Field has a large plaque, unfortunately incomplete; but we can here study it in its entirety, as the missing pieces are in the possession of Mr. Goff. Combs and mirror cases of the 14th and 15th centuries are also of frequent occurrence; and very elaborate examples are contributed by Colonel Meyrick, the Reverend Walter Sneyd, and Mr. Mayer (Mr. Mayer's case, in case L and case I respectively).

We cannot leave this portion of our subject without a few words on the very interesting series of drinking or tenure horns, in case I. We have already noticed in a former paper two drinking horns, set in silver gilt; one from Oxford, the other from Cambridge. They were made from the horn of the ox; but those we now speak of are of bone or ivory, and are more or less elaborately ornamented with carved animals and figure subjects. They are, perhaps, of Scandinavian origin, and the most interesting in an historical point of view is the horn of Ulphus, belonging to the dean and chapter of York, a work probably of the 10th century. That contributed by the Royal Society of Scottish Antiquaries is very richly carved, with interlaced work and animals. It is apparently a work of the 11th or 12th century. The tenure horn of the Marquis of Northampton is of an extremely early date, and highly interesting from the figure subjects of architecture carved on its surface. The horn of Severnake forest, sent by the Marquis of Aylesbury, is remarkable for its enamel mounts (case B); the horn of Mr. Blackburn, of London (case I), is a very rich and well preserved example of Scandinavian type, with its dracontine designs and interlaced serpents; whilst the horn (case I) contributed by the executors of the late Henry Bush, Esq., of Clifton, would appear to be one of those curious pieces of Indian workmanship carved at Goa, or some of the early Portuguese settlements in India, in imitation of European models, of which such very interesting specimens are to be seen in the large chalice belonging to the Museum of Natural History, Newcastle-on-Tyne (case I), and in several pieces contributed by Mr. Mayer, Colonel Meyrick, and Mr. F. Pulszky. These last, although of a most archaic

look, and strangely Romanesque in many points, were of course executed at a date at least posterior to the year 1500.

Already, at the close of the 15th century, a change both in the style and in the subjects illustrated is to be remarked, consequent on the revolution affected in art by those great Italians, Filippo Brunelleschi, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, and Luca della Robbia; and we find in the present collections some examples which will serve to give an excellent idea of the great advance effected by them in several pieces of Luca della Robbia ware, or terra cotta covered with a white enamel glaze, consisting of a beautiful group of the Madonna and Child, and an Adoration, in the Soulages collection. Other pieces by the same artist, or in his style, are contributed by Mr. Lee Jortin, Mr. Joseph, and Messrs. Minton (south aisle of Central Hall), a terra-cotta plaque with the Virgin and Child, belonging to Mr. Cheney (case H), and a very beautiful head of a female saint, executed in that low relief peculiar to the artist Donatello, exhibited by Lord Elcho (south aisle, Central Hall). It was impossible but that works of such excellence as those produced by the above-named artists, should have a great effect on all cotemporary and subsequent works, and in Italy this was universally the case; but it is not until the sixteenth century that we find Germany, France, and Spain following in the same path. At Nuremberg, the great centre of art in southern Germany at this epoch, the models of Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer, and Veitt Stoss, thoroughly late Gothic in their character—and what that is, may be understood in some measure from the coloured wood statues contributed by Cardinal Wiseman (south aisle, near the Meyrick armour)—were still law in art; but before the middle of the sixteenth century, the Italian influence was in full action, and we may see the mixture of style produced by the junction of the native school with it, in such subjects as the fine wood carving ascribed to Albert Dürer, contributed by Mr. Howard, of Corby; in the small wood carving of the Deposition, belonging to Mr. Napier, of Shandon; the profile bust of Charles V. in stone, the property of Mr. M'Manus, of Dublin; the head of a philosopher, carved in wood, sent by Mr. Field; and one of Maximilian the Emperor, in stone, ascribed to Albert Dürer,

contributed by Her Majesty, from Windsor Castle (case H, south side).

Excellent as these minute examples of German wood and stone carving are—and we must not omit to draw attention to some charming examples in Mr. Mayer's collection—it would be well to compare them with the productions of the Italian medallist in bronze, the earliest of which were cast about the year 1446, and reach down to the middle of the 16th century. The medals by Sperandio, Pisanello, de Pasti, and others, are exceedingly simple and bold in style, characterised by a truth to nature in no way inferior to the more minute works of the later German artists, and may serve as models in this branch of art—(wall case H). The history of Italian sculpture is continued by some examples of no slight merit, amongst which we were especially pleased with a bronze group of three figures, contributed by the Earl of Cadogan—(case H); they represent the flagellation of Christ at the pillar, and are excellent examples of the Florentine school of sculpture in the early part of the 16th century. The Soulages collection is very rich in fine works of this period, chiefly of the Italian school, characterised by great boldness of design and execution, and always with the true artistic stamp on them. Amongst the private contributions, the best illustrations are to be seen in the series of bronze knockers (case H), so large and massive that they would batter a door down, if applied by the practised hand of a modern footman. Other very fine examples of bronzework are to be remarked in the fire dogs of the Earl of Cadogan—(south aisle, Central Hall),—the candelabra of Mr. Field, the inkstand of Mr. Brunel, and the lamp of Mr. Addington, in case H. The close of the 16th century and the commencement of the 17th, lead us back once more to the carvings in ivory. Of the former period, although a great variety of subjects still remain to us, we are unable to cite any particular artists; but in the 17th century it is far otherwise, and a long list of sculptors in ivory has been handed down to us, such as Fiammingo, Algardi, Zeller, Pronner, Augermayer, Barthel, and Van Bossiut; at a later date still, Magnus Berger, Balthazar Permoser, and Simon Troger. One of the finest works of the 16th century is the ivory-handled and sheathed knife, known as that of Diana of Poitiers, contri-

buted by the Earl of Cadogan (case I). It appears, however, to be much later in style than the time of that celebrated beauty; a knife of somewhat the same character, but of much rougher workmanship, is to be seen near it, the property of C. Bradbury, Esq. Amongst the later pieces in the Renaissance style, of which there is to be seen here so large and valuable a collection, should be particularly noted (case I) a *bonbonnière*, contributed by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.; statuettes of the seasons, by Mr. Field; a great number of goblets, very rich in design and boldly executed, belonging to Mr. Robert Goff; two of marvellous beauty, one of them signed with the name of Magnus Berger, the property of Her Majesty the Queen; two cups, set in silver gilt, sent by Mr. Lumsden, of Glasgow; and a magnificent plateau, representing a hunting subject, by Mr. Beresford Hope. Note also an unusually fine piece of Adam and Eve beneath the tree of knowledge of good and evil, contributed by Mr. Phillips, of London (dwarf wall, near case I); several examples sent by Lord Hastings, and an important series, including some very good examples of ivory carving of the present day, forwarded by Mr. Napier, of Shandon (in case I).

In addition to these interesting illustrations of the history of sculpture, the museum contains supplementary examples in the bronze and terra-cotta subjects yet unmentioned. These are the celebrated Dolphin and Child '(in the Transept), ascribed to Raffaello himself, kindly contributed by the owner, Sir H. K. Bruce; a terra-cotta bust of Henry VII. belonging to Lord Elcho, and another somewhat larger, in bronze, sent by Mr. Catt, of Brighton (south aisle, Central Hall); a model in terra-cotta of the Moses of Michael Angelo, in San Pietro alle Vincoli, Rome, the property of Gibson Craig, Esq. (dwarf wall, case C); two or three fine bronze statues, by Sansovino, belonging to Mr. Cheney, and a marble Ganymede, of great beauty, of the Bernini school, from Mr. Rigby, London (dwarf wall, case C); a bronze bas-relief of Cosmo de Medici, the third and last Duke of Florence of that family, sent by Mr. Pilleau (south aisle, on Mr. Brunel's cabinet); a Prometheus, in marble, of the Roubilliac school, from Mr. Rigby, near it, and several pieces in terra-cotta, by Clodion (18th century), amongst which some charming female busts, contributed

by Mr. Grundy, of Manchester, such as Greuze the painter loved to study (case H) ; two large and important friezes, by Mr. Field (north aisle), and two or three groups, by Mr. Arnold, of London (case H). These, with several other subjects in other parts of the building, bring us down to the decline of art in the second half of the 18th century, and thus passing in review before us the various styles of successive periods, we are satisfied as far as the present collection serves to illustrate them, that within a few hundred years after the commencement of the Christian era, all trace of the glory of antique art had fled. We are not of those who can perceive any high merit in the Byzantine school of art. It is admissible to allow a certain degree of austere grandeur in the large Mosaic pictures which cover the domes of such great churches as San Marco, at Venice, and Santa Maria, at Monreale, in Sicily, or the apses of the Roman basilicas ; but beyond this excellence, arising principally from their size and severity of style, the period of Byzantine art, extending from the 5th to the 13th century, has nothing to recommend it beyond manipulative skill, whether in painting, enamel work, or ivory carving. No artist can derive the slightest inspiration from the ivory subjects in the present collection, which are interesting only to the archæologist. The same may be said of the early efforts of the western school, which, though generally more or less under the influence of Byzantium, yet made visible efforts to imitate nature, combined with a rough reminiscence of the remains of Roman art still existing throughout Europe. It is interesting to mark the gradual development of this feeling, more and more noticeable until we arrive at the commencement of the 13th century, shortly after which period the name of Nicolo Pisano indicates not only a sudden revival of the finest style of art in sculpture, but should be regarded, we think, as the key note to the very remarkable change which we now perceive to have taken place throughout western Europe. The sculpture of the latter half of the 13th and beginning of the 14th century may be ranked, for its grandeur and simplicity, amongst the productions of the best epochs of art. Little by little, Nature is lost sight of, and in the 15th century, fanciful and elaborate as are the examples which now abound in all countries, we cannot but allow that an affectation and con-

ventional feeling, both in figures and drapery, is so universal, that all sculpture is overloaded with them. Italy once again in this century gave new life to the art, and sent vivifying pulses throughout Europe. At this period, when geniuses such as the world seldom sees, culled all that was best from Nature, from the antique, and from Gothic art itself, and formed them into a complete and perfect whole, we are disposed to consider that the sun of art, of sculpture especially, was at its meridian. It is strange, but no less true, that the Titan of art, whose name is synonymous with all that man can effect, whether in sculpture, architecture, or painting—Michael Angelo—was the main cause of its rapid decline. A style which he alone could venture on, characterised by the extremes of boldness and eccentricity, was admired and imitated by those who had the desire but not the power to endue it with either grandeur or beauty. The downward course is proverbially swift—it was so especially in this case. There is no resting place. Bernini or Puget only stem it for a time; and the former, carried away by his own fertility of invention and power of execution, only hastened the catastrophe. It is in the minor works of this epoch, such as the numerous ivory carvings, so many of which are to be studied in the Exhibition, that the greatest merit is to be remarked. Art lingered in these, however, but for a short period, and the great school founded at the Gobelins by that most ambitious of kings, Louis XIV., gave its impress to all succeeding art in Europe, until at last, whatever of good there was in it merged itself, and was finally lost in the meaningless and capricious outlines of the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The revival of sculpture with all other art in Europe, during the present century, has been of the most remarkable and promising character; but our sculptors may still return, we think, to the best productions of the 13th and 15th centuries, in Italy especially, and profit from the study.

Those who would endeavour to obtain an idea of the internal arrangement of an ancient household, as regards objects of furniture, must consult not only the inventories of great households in the past, which lie hid amongst mouldy parchments in our museums and record offices, or such of them as have been made public by means of archæological societies, but must also inspect

carefully the illuminated pages of our ancient manuscripts, amongst which they will meet with representations of the stately hall, the quiet library and study, the private chapel, and the neat bedroom. From these they will perceive what a wide difference exists between the *mobilia* of a rich man's house in the past and at the present day. Then everything useful was rendered ornamental, and of mere objects of ornament there were few; whilst now the necessary articles of use are usually the plainest or ugliest things in a room, the main ornament of which consists in an extravagant and promiscuous collection of objects of *vertù*, as they are called, which are a constant source of anxiety to their owner, and of terror to the visitor. The lordly castle or town mansion of the great in the middle ages was somewhat plain internally. The larger pieces of wood furniture were more or less carved and coloured. With the exception of chairs of state, settles or forms were used, placed each side of a long table in the hall, at the end of which was the chair of the master. The walls were ornamented with tapestry, or painted in diaper and with figures in fresco or tempera. The ceilings were not unfrequently painted and coloured. Curtains were sometimes placed before doors, and the ground was strewed with rushes or straw, which was swept away at stated times, and replaced with fresh. In the state room was a *dressoir*, or carved dresser, on which was ranged the gold and silver plate, on the occasions of festivals, &c.; and in the great hall were not unfrequently placed trophies of the heads of animals slain in the chase, armour, arms, and banners, together with the armorial bearings of families connected with the master of the house. From the close of the 14th century, comfort, and even luxury in furniture gradually increased; and if in the houses of the most noble there was little ornament, compared with a wealthy commoner's house of the present day, it must also be admitted that the number of servants' rooms, cellars, closets, wardrobes, &c., was incalculably greater, and the ceremonies of the table, &c., were exceedingly minute and tedious. In the noble Château de Marcoussis, at the beginning of the 15th century, as described by Anastase de Marcoussis, "the greater part of the furniture, such as tables, chairs, &c., were only of oak or walnut, some few of cedar and other odoriferous wood, as coffers, wardrobes, and

buffets in the old styles," &c. . . . "Two chapels, built one over the other, after the manner of the palace at Paris, were remarkable for the numerous paintings which decorated them; glass of different colours diffused over all a mysterious light, and on the vault were painted the twelve Apostles, each bearing on a scroll one of the articles of faith," &c. Somewhat about the same time we meet with a description, by Alienor de Poitiers, of a bedroom devoted to the accouchement of a lady of rank, in which we find that "the bed coverings were lined with fur, a velvet carpet was placed on the floor, the pillows were of velvet or silk; there was a *dressoir* of three steps, on which were placed the gold and silver vessels, lighted up with two wax candles, and at each end of the dresser a comfit box, quite full, and covered with a fine napkin." Alienor, however, is afraid that all this luxury will lead to no good; everyone says so. In 1587, an anonymous writer addressed a pamphlet to Catherine de Medicis, on the sad growth of luxury; for his forefathers never knew what it was to put marble and porphyry in chimney-pieces or doorways, nor did they cover with gilding the vaults, roofs, and soffits; they did not make galleries of rich paintings, nor spend a large sum for a single picture; they did not purchase rich and precious furniture, to fit with the richness around, nor allow these beds of cloth of gold, velvet, satin, and damask, such exquisite fringes, or such a quantity of works in gold and silver. From all these complaints, we may gather to what extent the love of rich furniture had increased by the latter part of the 16th century. These statements would hardly refer to exceptional cases, to the noble and great only, but also to the commonalty; for Gilbert de Metz, in his manuscript description of the city of Paris, about half a century earlier, speaks of the house of a rich merchant—Maistre Jacques Duchié—as having peacocks and divers fine birds in the courtyard; describing the first room as embellished with pictures and instructive mot-tos hung on the walls; another room full of all manner of instruments, harps, organs, viols, citherns, psalterions, &c., all of which Maistre Jacques knew how to play. Another room, he says, was devoted to games of chess, &c.; there was also a beautiful chapel, with desks for books of wonderful art; and amongst a variety of other rooms, was one, the tables of which were ingeniously carved

and furnished with rich cloths, and carpets of gold work ; whilst in another were standards, banners, guisarmes, halberts, shields, and all appliances of war. At the top of the house, too, was a gallery, with windows on each side, from which one overlooked the city, and in which much eating and drinking went on—not hot dinners, however, as it was too high to bring things hot from the kitchen. Higher still, the pinnacles of the roof were surmounted with beautiful gilded images. At a still later date, the inventory of the goods and chattels belonging to all the royal residences of Henry VIII. (a manuscript in the British Museum) makes mention of an immense quantity of decorative furniture, and serves to show to how great a pitch richness of fitting up was carried in the royal household. Luxury could hardly go beyond this, nor did it, even up to the time of Charles I., although under that monarch England first obtained picture and sculpture galleries. From that time forwards, nobility of appearance gave way to a still richer but more petty style of decoration, still, however, retaining much that was picturesque. This last claim for praise, however, disappeared with the 18th century, and the false taste of the French empire led to an adoption throughout most European countries of ancient Greek outlines for all kinds of furniture, which were as frigid and poverty-stricken as they were monotonous and inappropriate.

The earliest examples in the present collection consist of a finely-carved *armoire* or wardrobe, of the 15th century, contributed by Cardinal Wiseman. It is one of the first pieces of furniture against the south wall of the Central Hall, at the Transept end. And here we may remark that the chronological series, as far as the requirements of the portrait gallery would permit, commences here, continuing down the south wall across to the northern wall of the Central Hall, ending again near the Soulages collection, with the best examples of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Near the armour is a fine retable or triptych, richly carved in wood, coloured and gilded ; the coloured statues which belong to it are on the dwarf walls. These are excellent examples of the ecclesiastical furniture of the 15th century, being of German workmanship. Several finely carved fronts of coffers or chests, also of the 15th century, are to be remarked in this part of the

museum. These, with several very interesting pieces of sculpture of the same date, are contributed by Lord Stafford. Against the dwarf wall we remark also a small *armoire*, open beneath, and with carved panels above, forwarded by Mr. Ellis, of Edinburgh; it is especially interesting as having been formerly in Linlithgow Palace. On it may be observed two bronze mortars, the largest and most ornamental of which is lent by the Philosophical Society of York. It is a fine work of the 14th century, and was formerly used by the monks of St. Mary's Abbey. Near it is a very remarkable iron chest of the 16th century, belonging to Mr. C. Reed, of London, which, from the great pains taken to render it secure, sufficiently attests the value of its former contents. Beyond is another strong box of later date, with a remarkably complicated and ornamental lock. This rich bit of metal work is contributed by Mr. Billings, architect, of London, and is of the time of Charles II. We should not pass on without mentioning a fine latten or brass lectern, placed against one of the columns, a good example of 15th century metal work, forwarded by Mr. A. J. B. Hope, M.P.

The transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance epoch is somewhat abrupt; but this also was the case with architecture in England, of which furniture is always a reflex. We miss that strange, fanciful, but most picturesque combination of the classic and Gothic styles so frequently met with on the continent, especially in France and Spain. The nearest approach to it is to be seen in the fine *dressoir*, consisting of two open compartments, carved in the style of the latter part of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century, the property of the Duke of Northumberland. Next to this is a remarkably rich piece of carving, a wardrobe of the 16th century, in the Renaissance style, probably of French workmanship. It was purchased at the sale of the celebrated Debruges-Dumesnil collection in Paris, by the Earl of Cadogan, through whose kindness it is now exhibited. Another very boldly carved cabinet, of the Italian late Renaissance school, is contributed by Miss Auldjo. Between these two cabinets is placed one of those marriage chests so common in Italy during the 16th century—a large oblong wooden box, ornamented with very bold and finely composed sculpture. In such chests as these,

ladies kept their apparel, and we may see, in Titian's celebrated recumbent Venus, an attendant arranging the contents of one of these large chests. The one we have just noticed is the property of Mr. Talbot Rothwell. We would here pause for a time in our walk down the south side, and proceed to the Soulages collection, ranged within three bays of the north side, near the armour; for, in this, we shall see not only two exceedingly fine examples of the same kind of chest, richly cut and set off with gilding, but, moreover, such a collection of Renaissance furniture, principally of Italian workmanship, as would be vainly sought for perhaps in any other European museum. It consists of 80 objects; of these the two coffers, mentioned above, three magnificent carved wood and inlaid ivory secretaires, with four folding chairs of polished wood elaborately inlaid with ivory, are not only of the highest merit as works of art, but, moreover, interesting, as having belonged to Guido Ubaldo, that illustrious Duke of Urbino who so well sustained the traditional taste of his family (Montefeltro) for the arts and literature. Besides these we remark three most elaborately-sculptured walnut-tree cabinets, or *armoires*, of excellent design and execution, three equally fine buffets, four tables of good design, beautifully carved with foliage, figures, &c.; and upwards of forty-five chairs, richly carved in wood, and gilded, fit for the palace of a king. These are sufficient of themselves to afford a high idea of the perfection to which the manufacture of furniture was carried in Italy some three hundred years since. But, in addition to these, we meet with ornamental objects of daily use, richly-carved and gilded frames of the Venetian school, three valuable metallic mirrors, one of which has a circular frame, worthy, in its elaborate sculpture, of the hand of a Cellini; a reading desk, credence, and framed pieces of Luca della Robbia ware, such as were fitting for the palace of one of Italy's noblest families. Near this section of this museum is placed also the unique chimney-piece, most elaborately carved in the boldest style by the celebrated Italian sculptors, the Lombardi of Ferrara; to one of whom (Alfonzo) Bologna owes so much of its fine sculpture. To this belongs also the grand and elaborate bronze fire-dogs, and a very remarkable set of fire-irons. We may here call to mind that, from the practice of iron hooks being let

into the projecting cornice of such chimney-pieces, on which mantles were hung to dry before the fire, arises our own ordinary term of mantel-shelf. Two smaller fire-dogs, of bronze, surmounted by amorini, came from the palace of the Brancaleoni. Here also are busts in bronze and marble, such as ornamented the halls of the great Italian families. The richly carved wooden cornices from which hang the remarkably fine and early pieces of tapestry that separate the Soulages collection from the rest of the museum, once ornamented the walls of rooms lighted up at night by such magnificent chandeliers as that made of Venetian glass, another in latten, and the great wood carved lantern, ornamented with amorini, caryatides, and wreaths of foliage which whilome shed its lustre on the richly furnished halls of Doge Gradenigo, at Venice. This collection, indeed, forms a most important feature in the Exhibition, and we are in hopes that Manchester will never allow it to be dispersed and lost amongst private collections, but, with a wise spirit of liberality, will make it her own, and form by its means the nucleus of a local museum such as no other city in the United Kingdom will be able to rival.

The liberality of private contributors has furnished the museum with other excellent examples of the same period, although not so rich, perhaps, or varied, amongst which a boldly-carved sideboard, under the orchestra gallery, is especially deserving of notice. It is the property of D. Hodgson, Esq., of Liverpool. Returning to the south aisle, at the point we left off, our attention is drawn to an exceedingly fine cabinet, contributed by Mr. Brunel. It is richly carved in wood, picked out with gilding, and both for peculiarity of outline, general design, and execution, is a good example of 16th or early 17th century workmanship, probably Flemish. Near it, against the dwarf wall at case O, is to be remarked one of those picturesque ebony cabinets, inlaid with graceful arabesque designs, for which Italy was especially famous during the 16th century. It is full of suggestions for the artist in ornament. This, as well as a very remarkable table on the north side of the central hall (near case Q), of wood inlaid with beautiful running foliage in mother-of-pearl and ivory, of Florentine manufacture, is the property of Talbot Rothwell, Esq.

We arrive now at a period, that of the close of the 16th and during the 17th century, when carved furniture gave place to the more decorative practice of inlaid ornament, of which there are numerous examples in the museum. Besides the table just mentioned, there is another of ivory on ebony, with engraved figures, &c., on it. It lies beneath the orchestra gallery, and is the property of Miss Auldjo. Without including this method, there are three distinct styles of inlay in vogue at this period—that of different coloured woods, of marble and other coloured stones, and of metal, on wood or tortoiseshell. Of the first kind, a magnificent example is to be seen on the north side of the museum, consisting of a large flower vase, in light brown woods on a dark ground, the property of the Earl of Warwick—as fine a specimen of its kind, perhaps, as exists. It is worthy of the hand of a De Heem or a Van Huysum. Further on, towards the Soulages collection, is a small table, with knights and ladies feasting beneath the shadow of a wood. This interesting work of the 17th century is contributed by the Hon. E. Curzon. A later example of the 18th century, a secretaire elaborately ornamented with arabesque designs, is forwarded by Her Majesty the Queen. It is with the first group of furniture, on the right hand of the entrance. In this group several other good examples of the same class, contributed by Mr. C. K. Mainwaring and Mr. Napier, of Shandon, deserve attention. One very remarkable piece in the north aisle—a small chest, with figures in relief, not of common occurrence, sent by Lord Hastings, and two small cabinets, with architecture and figures, belonging to the Earl of Chesterfield, call to our mind that celebrated artists of the period of the Renaissance did not disdain to employ themselves on such works; and amongst the best artificers in “marqueterie,” or inlay of wood, should especially be recorded the names of Giuliano and Benedetto da Maiano, of Florence, in the 15th century, and Fra Raffaello da Brescia in the 16th century. Of the second class (marble and other stone inlay) a very elaborate specimen in the north aisle is contributed by the Duke of Manchester. It consists of an inlay of various coloured marbles, representing landscapes, sea pieces, &c. It is a fine example of its kind, probably executed at the close of the 17th century; still, it can be regarded

in no other light than as a monument of labour and material misapplied. A more sensible, though less showy application of the process, is to be seen in the ebony cabinet, the property of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, placed against a column in the south aisle. But the best of all, and the most characteristic of the decorative work of the 17th century, is the very richly inlaid cabinet belonging to Mr. W. M. Drake, on the group of furniture, central hall (north), near the armour, into the composition of which enter agates, various-coloured marbles, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. It was purchased at Mr. Beckford's sale, at his celebrated seat, Fonthill. Of the third class (inlay of copper, &c., on tortoiseshell), which was brought to great perfection by Boule, chief upholsterer to Louis XIV. (whose name is so familiar to the English in the words "Buhl work"), the most interesting, as being the most perfect of its class, as well as one of the earliest, is the *escritoire* of the Cardinal de Retz, in the group of furniture (north) near the Soulages collection. This, with several other very fine specimens, amongst which is a large terminal clock in the Queen's ante-room, is contributed by Her Majesty from Windsor Castle. A very ornamental cabinet, with inlaid metal plates, on tortoiseshell, representing battle scenes, &c., is forwarded for exhibition by the Earl of Cadogan; it is in the north aisle. Another very fine terminal clock, with richly-chased pedestal, in *or ciselé*, by Caffieri, is to be seen in the ante-room, and is the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. The kind of furniture that was in vogue at the latter part of the 18th century may be seen in the ante-room, in the grand rosewood and ormolu cabinet by Gouthier, a work of great value and beauty, also sent for exhibition from Windsor Castle by Her Majesty. Other examples of the close of the last and beginning of the present century exhibit what may be called the *boudoir* style. Such are the very delicate and pretty cabinets inlaid with plaques of porcelain, exquisitely painted, contributed by Her Majesty (group of furniture north, near the armour), the Duke of Buccleuch (north aisle), and Mr. Charles Mills, of London (first group of furniture on entering south side of the Central Hall). We have left unnoticed two remarkable cabinets, which are perhaps unique. One is of ebony, with the leaves and

panels on the inside beautifully painted with scripture subjects in oil, by old Franks, the master of Rubens; it belongs to the Hon. Warren Vernon. The other is ornamented with subjects painted on glass from the inside, an art not now practised. The drawing and colour are both of great excellence, and are characteristic of the 17th century. It is contributed by Mr. Gilman, of Norwich. Amongst other rich and remarkable pieces of furniture, we would particularly cite the silver-chased table and candelabra, presented by the city of London to Charles II. in the group of furniture (south), near the armour. These fine examples of the silversmith's art are contributed by Her Majesty, from Windsor Castle. We should also notice a strong box of the early part of the 18th century, belonging to the Duke of Portland, most elaborately covered with steel open work, on a velvet ground, both inside and out (north aisle); a chest of drawers, sandal-wood, inlaid with very delicate ivory arabesques, of Oriental workmanship, also the Duke of Portland's (group of furniture, south, near the armour); a unique *faïence* cabinet in two parts (in the group of furniture near the entry, south), contributed by Mr. A. Joseph, of London; a secretaire, by Vernis Martin—*i. e.* Martin of the Varnish, so called from his peculiar style of ornamenting wood and other materials with very delicate and pretty varnished paintings. This specimen (in the group of furniture near the Transept, north), together with a remarkably decorative clock (group of furniture to right on entering), probably of German workmanship, architectural in design, with coloured-glass columns, &c., and chased silver setting, is the property of Her Majesty, who has been a most liberal contributor to the museum. It would be unjust, in concluding this notice of the furniture, not to mention one or two examples of the art of wood carving at the present day: such as the large sideboard (near the Hertford gallery, corner of Transept), belonging to Mr. West, designed and executed by Messrs. Cookes, of Warwick, remarkable for its adaptation of natural objects to decorative sculpture; and the elaborately-carved bedstead opposite to it, designed and mainly executed manually by Mr. Charles, of Warrington, in which everything is fanciful and befitting a cradle of dreams. We may add, that this is the more to the credit of Mr. Charles, as we under-

stand that he has persevered in completing it under disheartening difficulties of no ordinary kind. The large collection of tapestry and embroidery, scattered through the museum, was originally got together with the idea of placing it in chronological succession on the walls of the Central Hall, so as to form a complete history of the art from the 15th to the middle of the 18th century. Circumstances, however, rendered that impossible, and it is consequently placed throughout the building, wherever room could be found for it.

There are no more antique or interesting arts than those of embroidery and weaving. Although the ancients were well skilled in both, our ancestors in Europe appear to have been ignorant of the weaver's art, for pictorial purposes, up to the 9th or 10th century. During this period, and up to many centuries later, the East supplied Europe with her finest woven work. Of the 11th century, however, we have still preserved to us the celebrated Bayeux embroidery, representing the conquest of England by the Normans; probably worked by the hands of Queen Matilda and her attendants. During the middle ages, the great monasteries and the cities occupied themselves with tapestry or machine-woven pictures, and the ladies with embroidery. England was especially renowned for the last, and very fine specimens were generally termed "English work." The manufacture of woven tapestry was rapidly extended, and in the 14th and 15th centuries, Flanders—the city of Arras, especially—was celebrated for such work, in wool and cotton, throughout civilised Europe. Examples in silk and gold thread, however, came mainly from Genoa and Venice. In the 16th century, Francis I. founded a tapestry manufacture at Fontainebleau, of silk and gold, as well as of wool, for which Primaticcio made designs. A great impulse was thus given to the art, which received still greater extension in the 17th century, when Louis XIV. founded that universal art academy of the Gobelins, which was, under the direction of the celebrated painter Le Brun, to give laws in art to all Europe. The design succeeded but too well; and although the mechanical processes were much improved, yet the charming art of pictorial tapestry dates its decline from this epoch, and by the close of the last century, had almost com-

pletely fallen into decay. The earliest examples in the present collection are a very fine embroidered cope of the 14th century, contributed by Mr. Bowdon and St. Mary's College, Oscott. Several beautiful specimens of embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, of the 15th and 16th centuries, belonging to Stonyhurst College, are also to be seen in the glass cases, at each end of the Transept (west). Amongst other interesting pieces, in these cases, should be remarked the state palls of the Barber-Surgeons' and Saddlers' Companies; and some very richly worked pieces of embroidery on satin, contributed by the Rev. Mr. Kennaway, Lady Lyttelton, and Miss I. Clarke. The earliest tapestry is that in the Soulages collection. It consists apparently of illustrations of one of those *romans* so popular in the middle ages, and is a work of the 15th century. In these examples the whole is formed by a number of small pieces sewn together; and this reminds us that it was not until the 16th century that the large subjects so frequently seen could be woven in one piece. Mr. Domett, of Chard, contributes some exceedingly curious pieces, illustrative of a Welsh wedding, or bundling, in the 17th century (Transept, south end). The Duke of Buccleuch sends a fine and well-preserved set of subjects, after Raffaëlle's celebrated cartoons, of 16th century work (orchestra gallery). Mr. Miles, of Ford Abbey, exhibits another set of the same subject and period, but with more ornamental bordering (Central Hall, under the gallery). From Hampton Court, Her Majesty contributes some fine old pieces, executed in thread interwoven with silver and gold, now tarnished and black. The designs, however, which illustrate various passages from the Old Testament, are characterised by no slight grandeur of conception, and the borders of arabesque, with niches, containing allegorical figures, are exceedingly quaint and good. They are placed in the Transept, and gallery leading to the refreshment tent. The silk tapestries (at the north end of the Transept), contributed by Her Majesty, from Buckingham Palace, the subjects of which relate to the history of Christ, and are enclosed within very delicately worked arabesque foliage, are fair examples of 17th century work, and are about the last examples of the style which prevailed before the florid and ambitious efforts of the Gobelins manu-

facturers, under the direction of Le Brun, specimens of which are to be seen in Her Majesty's ante-room, and in the passage from the Transept leading to the refreshment tent. The most characteristic pieces of the 18th century are also in this passage, such as a *fête-champêtre*, after Cozette, and a well-executed but somewhat straggling composition of Diana at the bath. These are about the last specimens of the manufacture in the collection—a manufacture which of late has been brought to the highest decree of mechanical perfection: witness the magnificent piece, the Slaughter of the Mamelukes, after Horace Vernet, executed at the Gobelins, exhibited at the great gathering of 1851, and now in the possession of Her Majesty. The practical use of the material, however, in furnishing houses, is still uncommon, but we trust will again come into fashion. In winter, nothing would be more comfortable, and certainly nothing looks more rich and picturesque. As a general rule, pieces of tapestry might be let into the panels of walls, otherwise painted or papered; and for *portières*, across those folding-doors so common in our houses, for the drapery of beds, &c., we conceive they would be pleasing to more senses than that of sight in our cold and changeful climate. Nor can we agree, even with such a high authority as Sir John Falstaff, that “a pretty slight drollery, or the German hunting in water work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries.”

THE ARMOURIES.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEYRICK COLLECTION.

ON the subject of ancient arms and armour, nothing but the most confused and erroneous ideas existed at the commencement of the present century. Francis Grose had published (1786-1801) his military antiquities, full of valuable documents and false deductions. Joseph Strutt, the most laborious and unassuming of archæologists, had scattered here and there throughout his voluminous works, important facts, without systematic arrangement or scientific investigation. It remained for Sir Samuel (then Doctor) Meyrick to collect, to examine, to sift, to classify, and chronologically marshal all these and numberless other evidences, and to produce, as the result of his enthusiastic yet cautious labour, his "Critical Inquiry into Ancient Arms and Armour," which, despite the imperfections almost unavoidable to the first publication of an extensive work upon a forgotten art and an abstruse subject, increased by the peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances under which it passed through the press, will continue to be the grammar of the English student in this branch of archæology. The practical knowledge Sir Samuel eventually derived from the accumulation and examination of existing specimens of the weapons and personal defences of our ancestors, was communicated some twenty years afterwards to the antiquarian world in two quarto volumes, entitled, "Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour" (London, 1830), and the greater portion of the invaluable collection therein engraved by Mr. Joseph Skelton, after the drawings and with the descriptions of Sir Samuel, is now, by the liberality of his relative and heir, Lieutenant-colonel

Augustus Meyrick, arranged on the south side of the nave of the Art Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester.

The plan Sir Samuel Meyrick pursued in this particular investigation is one which cannot be too strongly recommended to all critical inquirers. He appropriated certain drawers to certain centuries, and threw into each, as he made or acquired them, the notes and authorities, engravings, drawings, tracings, &c., which appeared to appertain to such particular periods. Having thus in the course of many years collected an immense mass of material, he sat patiently down to examine and compare the dated and undoubted evidences with those supposed to belong to the same eras. By this test he was enabled to correct an erroneous date and to recognise a particular fashion, to detect fraud and to rectify misconception. Everything that did not tally with the general features of the age to which it had been assigned was ejected from that compartment, and, if genuine, speedily found its proper place in another. Shrewd, cautious, indefatigable, warped by no theory, misled by no assertion, he toiled on in pursuit of truth, his veneration for which, *in all things*, was the finest point in his character. Due as this acknowledgment is to his memory, particularly from the writer of this article, it would not have been obtruded upon the reader, did it not furnish one of the strongest guarantees for the integrity and instructiveness of the collection about to be described.

It is to be regretted that only three articles belonging to the earliest period of British history were selected from the treasures at Goodrich Court, by the gentleman who solicited their transmission to Manchester; but one of the three is unique and priceless. It is the gilt bronze coating of a shield, made by the Britons, in imitation of the Roman scutum (glass case J). It was found in the bed of the river Witham, Lincolnshire, with several broken swords and spear-heads of bronze, and presented to Sir S. Meyrick by the Rev. H. W. Sibthorp. The umbo or boss is studded with pieces of red cornelian. "The ornament," Sir Samuel remarks, "is just such an attempt to rival Roman art as would be made by a less civilised nation." On each side of it is placed a fine specimen of the tarian, the round target or buckler in common use amongst the Celtic inhabitants of these islands,

the concentric circles of studs being imitated down to the last century in the shields of the Scotch Highlanders. In front is a beautiful bronze sword, with leaf-shaped blade, found in Ireland, the property of His Grace the Duke of Rutland, and the only article on the south side of the nave not belonging to the Meyrick collection. It has, unfortunately, been furnished with a modern hilt and sheath, which sadly detracts from its interest.

It is a long leap from the times of the ancient Britons to the reign of Edward III.; but, as is remarked in the chronological note, inserted in the Provisional Catalogue, a few corroded sword-blades, bosses of shields, and a spur or two, form the sum total of the military remains as yet discovered of the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans. Of their personal ornaments, their manuscripts, drawings, and furniture, there exist ample and rich collections, but from the perishable nature of their body armour, which was principally composed of rings or small plates, of various forms, stitched upon leather or linen, no authentic specimen has descended to us. Within the last ten years, four or five helmets of the 12th and 13th centuries have been discovered, one of which, of the time of King John, is to be seen in the armour court on the north side of the Nave, and will be described in a future article; but previous to the death of Sir Samuel Meyrick in 1848, no armour was known to exist in England of a date earlier than that of the helmet and gauntlets of Edward the Black Prince, preserved by good fortune rather than good guardianship in Canterbury Cathedral. Of the same period are the bascinet and heaume (Nos. 1 and 2) in this collection; the latter (No. 2) being the jousting helmet of Sir Richard Pembrige, who died in 1375, and which was formerly suspended over his tomb in Hereford Cathedral. It was presented to Sir Samuel by the dean and chapter. The bascinet (No. 1) may indeed be earlier, as it was obtained from Naples, and the form of it, were it even English, would induce us to attribute it to the very commencement of the reign of Edward III., while we know that fashion travelled then as now from the south, and that continental specimens may always be dated some years in advance of English. Sir S. Meyrick indeed believed this specimen to be unique, and has so described it in his own handwriting on the

card still appendant to it; but it must have escaped him that there was at Warwick Castle one of nearly the same date. It is engraved in Grose's work, plate 42, and is therein attributed to the celebrated but fabulous Guy, Earl of Warwick. It may fairly be supposed to have belonged actually to Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died A.D. 1315. No. 3 exhibits an improvement on the bascinet by the addition of a removable vizor, which in the reign of Richard II., to which this specimen is assigned, assumed a peculiar form, the central portion projecting, and tapering to a sharp point. This fashion lasted with some variation to the reign of Henry VI. It was only used for battle. For the joust, the vizor was removed, and the heaume (No. 2) was placed over the bascinet. No. 4, is a heaume, or tilting helmet, of the time of Henry VI., as is indicated by the globular form of the crown and the roundness of the anterior portion, compared with No. 6, which is another of the time of Henry VII., flatter on the top, and presenting an angular front. On the side of an ivory casket in the Doucean collection of ivories may be seen two knights jousting, who are represented wearing heaumes of the latter description. No. 5, hung beneath, is a very rare and fine specimen of the headpiece, called the casquetel, worn during the close of the 15th century. It is attributed to the reign of Henry VII., being slightly engraved.

No. 7 is a masked bourginot, with a vizor made to represent a human face, with formidable moustaches. This species of helmet, taking altogether more precisely the shape of the human head, was called a bourginot from its being of Burgundian origin. No. 8 is an English armet, a helmet distinguished by the peculiarity of its opening at the back. The etymology of the name is uncertain. It has been conjectured by some to be only a corruption of the word helmet. However this may be, the headpiece is peculiarly English, and was, as well as the bourginot, much in fashion during the reign of Henry VIII.

These headpieces, from 1 to 8, have been chronologically arranged on the partition through which this court is entered from the east, commencing on the bracket nearest to the Nave. Rising above them are the weapons of the 15th century, called ransours and spetums, distinguished from the halbard by sharper

points and side projecting ears, those of the spetum being curved. Beneath are two square targets of the same period, and a beautiful ivory saddle, engraved all over with love verses in old German, and the figures of the two personages whose sentiments they express carved in high relief and in the costume of the time, recalling Chaucer's description,

“ His saddle was of whale's bone,”

such being in the middle ages the ordinary name for ivory, which had become familiar to the Normans originally by the use made of the tusk of the walrus or sea-horse, and whose descendants continued to apply to elephantine ivory the ancient term for all similar material. At the entrance is also to be seen the morning star, a formidable weapon, used from the earliest times to the reign of Henry VIII., and still carried by the watchmen in Norway; and specimens of the two-handed sword, which seems to have been first used in England about the commencement of the 15th century, and remained in fashion to the middle of the 16th.

The earliest complete suit in the Meyrick collection is the first mounted figure in the Nave, on the south side, its date being about 1445, the reign of Henry VI. Although the era of complete plate is assigned with good reason to the previous reign of Henry V., and the armour of that time possessed characteristics which could not easily be mistaken, it is a singular fact, that in no public or private collection in England, France, or Germany, that is known to the writer, nor in the works that have been published illustrating the imperial and royal armouries of Russia, Spain, and Sardinia, is there to be found a suit which could be confidently ascribed to an earlier date than 1425. The tilting helmet, saddle, and shield of Henry V. moulder in rust and dust on oaken rafters, almost out of sight, over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and helmets and spurs of that period are to be met with occasionally. Two bascinets remain at Goodrich Court, and one of similar form to them will be seen in the armoury on the north side of the Nave; but not a fragment of the long steel coats that bore the brunt at Harfleur or Agincourt have been as yet identified. In the Tower of London, in the Musée d'Artil-

lerie at Paris, the Rust Kammer at Dresden, and the Ambras Collection at Vienna, the earliest suits present the same features as those to be observed in the mounted knight from Goodrich Court referred to. The headpiece is the *salade*—so called from the Italian *salata*—introduced to England apparently in the reign of Henry VI., though the bascinet continued to be worn with and without the vizor. The peculiarity of the *salade* consists in its covering the upper half of the face, a horizontal aperture being made for the sight, as in the earlier tilting helmets, and projecting considerably behind where it terminates in a peak like the knight's chapeau, which was usually worn over it. The lower portion of the visage is guarded by a piece called the *haube*, rising above the chin, and almost meeting the rim of the *salade*. The breast and backplates are of exquisite form and workmanship; the former consists of three pieces, independent of the taces—as the plates were called below the waist—and the latter of four, not including the skirt, and is fluted in the most tasteful manner, imitating the gatherings of some textile fabric. The *sollerets*, or steel shoes, are sharply pointed, a distinguishing characteristic of this epoch, and the outlines of all the pieces extremely elegant. It is of German manufacture. On the left arm is a fine shield, also German; the notch on the side was called the *bouche*, and was made for the passage of the lance. It does not appear before the reign of Henry IV. in England. The left thigh is protected by what English antiquaries call a *socket* (a fashion peculiarly German), the ornamentation of which induces us to attribute it to the same period as the suit. Immediately facing this figure is a magnificent fluted suit of bright steel, with pass guards, first introduced in the reign of Henry VII. The two centre suits, mounted in the Nave, are of the reign of Henry VIII. in England. The bright one, stamped with the Nuremberg arms, denoting the place of its manufacture, was brought from Vienna by the French General Amielle, and assigned by tradition to Maximilian, King of the Romans. The black and gold one is said to have belonged to an Elector of Bavaria. The third on the left or south side is of the date of Edward VI. or Philip and Mary. These are all extremely fine specimens of armour of the 16th century. The third on the

north side, a grand Elizabethan suit, does not belong to the Meyrick collection, and will therefore be described in the next article.

We will now return into the south court, in which the suits stand in regular chronological succession, from the reign of Henry VII. to that of Charles I. and the time of the Commonwealth, and ranged behind them the weapons of their respective ages—the bill, the halbard, the partisan, the pike, the lintstock, the battle-axe, the martel de fer, the mace, the latch or cross-bow, the matchlock, the wheel-lock, the firelock, and a German beheading sword of the time of Charles II.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell on the various peculiarities of this interesting and instructive series. We must briefly point out the fine fluted cap-à-pied suit with which it commences, date about 1495; the singular puffed and slashed suit, in imitation of the dress of the day, A.D. 1510; the beautiful globular breastplate hanging beside it, and another, with cuisses, ribbed and “engraved,” says Meyrick, “with a masterly freedom, in the very best style of the German school;” the black armour of a Knight of St. George of Ravenna, A.D. 1525; the suit of Genoese armour, with raised white ornament on a black ground, the prototype of the embossed armour, which indicated the rapidly approaching confession of its inutility as a personal defence by the elaborate art lavished on its decoration.

A mass of tilting armour, gilt and engraved, of the reigns of Edward VI., Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth, occupies the centre of this compartment. The coursing hat, the mentonnière, the volant piece, the grand guard, all superbly ornamented, are here exhibited. These trophies are followed by suits of long-waisted armour of the reign of Edward VI.; a fine suit of splints, the name given to that kind of armour made of overlapping plates, and called by the French *ecrevisses*, from their resemblance to the tail of the lobster,—the date of this suit is about 1558; a black suit of the reign of Elizabeth, 1592; a finely gilt and engraved one of the time of James I. in England, the badge on which, of hands conjoined grasping a flower, belonged to the family of Manfredi, of Faenza, better known to us as of Otranto, and that

of palm branches issuing from a coronet to the house of Grimaldi, Princes of Monaco. It is probable, therefore, that this suit might be identified by the discovery of a match about this period between those distinguished Italian families.

The series terminates with a black suit of the reign of Charles I., and the gorget which, after having been worn over the buff coat, and occasionally over the silk doublet, dwindled down into the gilt toy suspended by a blue ribbon round the neck of an officer on guard, within the recollection of the present generation.

Here, also, are to be seen the lobster-tailed casques, backs, breasts, and tassets, worn by the Cavaliers and Roundheads in the civil wars; and, while contemplating the single and triple barred helmets of this period, a circumstance is recalled to our memory which may not be without its lesson. Sir David Wilkie did the writer of these lines the honour of consulting him respecting the elaborate picture of John Knox Preaching the Reformation. He was desirous, he said, of being very correct in the costume he had introduced, and requested a candid opinion upon it; the picture being then finished, and ready for removal to the Royal Academy, for the purpose of exhibition. On its being pointed out to him that he had introduced in the gallery of the church, military personages wearing the barred helmets of the time of Charles I. in the reign of Mary Stuart, he replied that his reason for so doing was, that these persons were to be supposed as having visited the church with a desire to be unknown; and yet he had actually selected—more in the spirit of an Irishman than of a Scotchman—the open head-piece of the 17th century, through the bars of which the face was distinctly visible, in preference to the helmet of the 16th, the closed vizor of which would have defied scrutiny! The glaring absurdity of this anachronism was, notwithstanding, allowed by the great painter to remain, and to be disseminated by the burin of the engraver, although it might have been remedied in half an hour, with as much advantage to the effect of the picture as to its historical accuracy.

This anecdote “reminds us,” as an inveterate story-teller would say, of one more creditable to the taste and intelligence of another royal academician. Mr. A. Cooper’s “Battle of Bosworth”

graces, by permission of the Earl of Durham, the walls of the gallery of modern artists in this Exhibition (No. 195). While at work upon it the painter consulted Sir Samuel Meyrick as to how King Richard III.'s horse should be caparisoned. "In silk housings, embroidered with the royal arms," was the answer, "covering the steed from his ears to his hoofs." "Oh!" exclaimed the mortified artist, "that will never do for me, my principal object is to paint White Surrey, and if I cover him from head to foot, as you describe, I may as well not paint him at all." "But," rejoined the antiquary, "you tell me the moment you have chosen is that in which Richard made his last desperate charge, and slew Sir John Cheney, Richmond's standard-bearer. Now as this was at the close of the battle, the caparisons of the horse would probably by that time have been cut and torn to shreds, and the colour and anatomy of the horse in that case might be rendered sufficiently visible for your purpose." The true artist jumped at the suggestion. Look, reader, at the result!—the silken housings rent to ribbons, streaming in the wind, add action to the horse, tell a terrible tale of the fury of the fight, and completely satisfy the archæologist, while they display the peculiar genius of the painter, and give additional effect to the picture.

But to return to our armour. The chronological series terminated, we have to point out art treasures of various dates especially deserving the notice of the visitors. Beneath the portrait of Sir Samuel Meyrick, by the late H. P. Briggs, R.A., is placed one of the gems of the collection. The half-suit of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, immortalised by Tasso in his dedication to him of the "*Girusalemme Liberata*;" born 1533, died 1579. It is perhaps the finest in Europe: that in which Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen (formerly at Stowe, and now, alas! to our great shame, at St. Petersburg), and another in the Louvre at Paris, ascribed to one of the Henries of France, may possibly contest its superiority, but without impairing its character as a *chef d'œuvre*.

The morion placed above it, and the front of a saddle below it, do not belong to the suit, but are of the same period, and but little inferior to it in workmanship. On the floor stands a most interesting relic of the 16th century,—an Italian armourer's

anvil! The taste and skill displayed in its ornamentation is a curious illustration of the feeling for art existing at that period, and rendering the manufacture of such magnificent specimens of armour as those immediately above it a labour of love to the enthusiastic and intelligent workman. Facing it, against the end of the horizontal glass case, stands another embossed half suit, imperfect, of Florentine manufacture, which, but for its magnificent *vis-a-vis*, might claim more than a passing tribute to its merit. Hard by, two tilting suits of the 16th century have been confronted on horseback, as running a course. The lance staves are painted, as in the old tournament rolls, with the supposed colours of the riders, furnished with vamplates, and headed, one with a steel point rebated or turned back, called a morne, and the other with a triple-pronged but blunted instrument, called a coronel, or cornel, as for a joust of peace. One of the figures has a shoulder-shield, or, as the French call it, a *manteau d'armes*, the raised lines on which may, as the suit came out of the arsenal at Munich, represent the arms of Bavaria, fusilly-bendy, argent, and azure. On the front of the saddle is the steel of Burgundy, and the date 1549. Against the columns are placed several tilting suits, more or less perfect, of the 16th century (principally of the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary) and glaives of the guard of the doges of Venice, and of the electors of Saxony of the same date.

In the horizontal glass case occupying the centre of the court are arranged a series of fire-arms, dating from the commencement of the 16th to the close of the 17th century. Amongst the most interesting specimens will be found the dragon, so called from the head represented at the muzzle, and from the use of which the troops now known as dragoons derived their name; a hand mortar of the time of Elizabeth, for throwing grenades; a snaphaunce, a blunderbuss, wheel-lock pistols, and dags of various dates, and a fine pair of pistols by Lazzarino Comminazzo. Here is also a matchless cross-bow of ivory, of the time of Henry VI., carved with sculptured figures in the military and civil costume of the period, and shields of arms, amidst which that of Bavaria is conspicuous. Near it are three lighter kinds of cross-bows for shooting bullets, called prodds by the English, two of them finely carved, and all of the 16th century, wind-

lasses for bending the latch, and a goat's foot lever for the prodd ; powder-flasks, touch-boxes, and patrons from the time of Henry VIII. to that of Cromwell, and a grenadier officer's cap of the reign of Queen Anne, which will recall to the mind of the visitor fresh from the gallery of modern painters, Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley." To end where we began, with glass case J,—in the upper portion are to be seen three morions and two casques, all fine specimens of the embossed and engraved armour of the 16th century, and the vizor and beaver of a helmet of the reign of Francis I., representing with exquisite taste the upper part of the head of some fabulous monster, astonishingly beaten out of a flat piece of steel. Below them, on the south side, facing the court, are three targets of embossed leather, in front of which is the finely gilt and engraved head of a partisan, with the arms of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma and Placentia, 1586; a close gauntlet, forbidden to be worn in the tournament, as it was not possible to disarm a man when the hilt of his sword was locked in it; a right hand gauntlet, belonging to the suit of Henry, Prince of Wales, now, by permission of Her Most Gracious Majesty, exhibited in the north armour court, and of which it will be our "hint to speak" in the next article; and the bâton of the renowned Duke of Alva, presented to him by Philip II. of Spain. It is of steel, hollow, to contain the muster-roll of an army, and covered outside with Arabic numerals in gold, with divisions of silver on a russet ground. These are the results of calculations, according to the system of warfare in the 16th century, by which the general is apprised what number of men would occupy any given space. Some phrases in the French language are supposed to allude to this description of numerical truncheon, such as "*etre bien assuré de son bâton*," "*obtenir son objet par le tour du bâton*," and "*etre réduit au bâton blanc*," i. e., to his last shift by the exhaustion or obliteration of the calculations.

The east end of the glass case is filled with swords and daggers of the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The earliest taper to a very fine point, and have a ridge down the centre of the blade. There is a sword-breaker of the reign of Henry VIII., the name of which explains its

purpose ; a fine dagger, in its embossed sheath, of the same date ; two triple-bladed daggers, which, after being thrust into the body, are, by a spring, made to open within it ; a sword and wheel, with pistol combined, a Spanish knife, &c., &c. The side facing the Nave presents us with two of the chief treasures in this collection,—the targets of the Emperor Charles V., and of Francis I., King of France. The first is the work of Hieronymo Spaciori, a Milanese artist, whose name is engraved in the centre, around the spike underneath the two gilt cinquefoils. It is of steel, and ornamented with eight-and-forty gilt engravings, on a ground-work of niello, arranged in four concentric circles. The innermost represents the twelve signs of the Zodiac ; the next, twelve subjects from classical mythology ; the third, twelve incidents in the life of the Emperor ; and the fourth, as many illustrations of Holy Writ. As the latest historical event represented on it is the submission of the Landgrave of Hesse, which took place in 1547, it is presumed that it was made about 1550. The whole of the subjects are fully described by Sir Samuel Meyrick in Skelton's Engraved Illustrations. The worthy companion to this valuable relic, the target of Charles's great contemporary Francis I., was "exhumated in France," says Sir Samuel, in the same work, "and has suffered greatly from the pickaxe, which was struck through it, and from the hole thus made was broken into three parts. The gold, which once profusely adorned it, has been almost entirely removed to gratify the avarice of the finder, and the steel itself is in one place somewhat corroded. It was rescued from entire destruction by Count Vassali, who, after directing the several pieces to be cautiously and skilfully united, brought it with great care to this country. The design is by Giulio Romano, or his contemporary Primaticcio, and it was probably executed by Filippo Negroli, a celebrated Milanese armourer, known to have worked for Francis I." The historical event commemorated upon it is the retreat of the English army under Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk ; and the target is said by Sir S. Meyrick to have been presented to Francis by the Parisians in gratitude for their relief by the *levée en masse*, called out in aid of the French army under Tremouille. Amongst the other curiosities in this case, is a crest-holder, which

could be placed on the top of a plain helmet for the fixing of a crest, and removed at pleasure; a finely designed grotesque mask, the termination of a tailpiece for a horse, an embossed breastplate, and some pieces of armour gilt, and engraved with the same badges as the Italian suit of the time of James I. in the chronological series.

We have now briefly described the principal objects of interest and value in the south armoury, which, though not comprising the whole of the treasures acquired by Sir Samuel Meyrick, and deficient in specimens of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, presents a mass of information to such as are inclined to study it, not to be exceeded, even if it can be equalled, by any private collection existing, to the best of our knowledge, in Europe.

CHAPTER II.

THE NORTH ARMOURY.

THE armour on the north side of the nave has been arranged on the same principle as that observed in the Meyrick Collection already described, and had not the committee been bound by the pledge given to Colonel Meyrick, that his armour should be exhibited "by itself apart," the intermixture of the rare and magnificent specimens collected in this court would have vastly increased the value of its exhibition as a school, as well as its effect as a spectacle. It would have required, however, greater space than was at the disposal of the committee, who had already promised the most eligible compartment (the Oriental Court) to Dr. Royle for the display of the art treasures from India, the corresponding compartment being at first reserved for engravings, but from the pressure of circumstances, since appropriated to the noble collection of paintings, the property of the Marquis of Hertford. The great object of this Exhibition being to teach, the next best plan appeared to be to repeat the lesson read upon

the south side, with such additional information as could be supplied by specimens from other sources, of which no variety existed in the Meyrick Collection. With this view several noblemen and gentlemen were applied to, the majority of whom kindly responded to the request, while Her Majesty and the Prince Consort most promptly and liberally extended their original permission, affording every facility for examination and selection.

Thus favoured, the director was enabled to present the public with an armoury on the north side, equally grand and instructive with that on the south, so that the information acquired by the study of one, would be additionally impressed on the mind, and illustrated by the examination of the other.

The series of head-pieces arranged on the partition corresponding with that on the south side, commences with a heaume of the 12th or earliest part of the 13th century, such as was worn in the reign of King John (1199-1216), contributed by the Earl of Warwick. It was discovered some years ago in digging amongst the ruins of Eynsford Castle, Kent; and may probably, therefore, have belonged to William de Eynsford, a powerful person in those days, and who possessed the manor in the 12th and 13th year of King John. This cumbrous, heavy, inelegant helmet was only worn in actual combat, when it was placed over the coif-de-mailles and chapel-de-fer (*Angl.* mail hood and iron skull-cap), and rested on the shoulders, which, it would seem, were in some danger of being severely injured if the heaume were forcibly turned round upon them by a vigorous stroke of the lance; for in the romance of Launcelot du Lac, the helmet of a knight is said to have been so turned that the edges grazed his shoulders, and the blood flowed over his armour (*ses armes estoient toutes engsanglantées*).

No. 2 is also the property of the Earl of Warwick. It is a vizored bascinet, with the camail or neck chain appended to it. Such head-pieces are seen as early as the reign of Edward II.; but we should ascribe this specimen to a much later date. It has been so exceedingly injured that the exact form of the cone cannot now be ascertained. This species of vizored bascinet continued in use to the middle of the 15th century.

No 3 is a heaume of the early part of the 15th century, very large, and of a fine form, sent from the Tower since the opening of the Exhibition.

No. 4 is a Venetian salade, of the time of Henry V. in England (1411-1422), and approximating in form to the ancient Greek helmet. This specimen is exhibited by Mr. Samuel Pratt, of Bond-street, London, to whom the committee are also indebted for

Nos. 5 and 6, two salades, of the reign of Edward IV., the latter having its original covering of velvet and ornaments of gilt metal, such as we see in illuminations of the 15th century worn in conjunction with the jazeraut jacket, which was covered also with velvet and studded with gilt nails.

No. 7 is a ponderous heaume of the early part of the reign of Henry VII. (Tower.)

No. 8, an English helmet of the reign of Henry VIII. exhibited by Lord De Lisle, and presenting us with that great rarity, an original crest, the porcupine collared and chained, the well-known cognisance of the Sidneys. This interesting relic is from Penshurst, the family seat, and its age would induce us to consider it as the actual helmet of Sir William Sidney, to whom Penshurst was granted by King Edward VI. Sir William was chamberlain of the household to King Henry VIII., one of the commanders at Flodden Field, in 1515, and grandfather of the all-accomplished Sir Philip Sidney.

No. 9 is an armet of the same date, opening at the back, the property of Mr. S. Pratt.

Beneath this series of helmets are glass cases, containing a matchless collection of spurs, chronologically arranged from the time of the conquest to the 18th century, the property of Mr. James, of Aylesbury, who has also kindly sent for Exhibition the fine long-toed solleret or steel shoe, with long-necked fixed spur of the time of Henry VI. placed in the adjacent upright glass case, in company with probably the earliest specimen of plate armour as yet discovered in England, viz. the pair of jambs and cuisses, connected by pieces of chain, and which may be fairly assigned to the time of Edward II. exhibited by Mr. Pratt; a pair of rude iron solleret stirrups of the 14th century (the Earl

of Warwick) ; and a pair of spurs, with a portion of chain mail of the 15th century, discovered in the bed of the river Seine, in France, encrusted with petrified clay.

A more singular and interesting group of relics has seldom been assembled.

Under a glass against the wall is a gorget of chain said to have belonged to Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, temp. Henry IV., brought originally from Leeds Castle, Kent, by the late Mr. Newington Hughes, and exhibited by Lord Hastings.

We shall now proceed to notice the complete suits of armour, the first two of which have been removed from the armoury to the back of the screen at the main entrance.

One of them is a fine suit of the 15th century, from the Tower of London, and assigned to the reign of Henry VI. The long-toed sollerets and general form of the armour are characteristic of the end of that reign. The helmet appears later ; but if the vizor is raised it is seen to be little more than a variety of the *salade*, indicating the approach to the more complete headpiece of the reign of Henry VII. In the hand of the figure is placed a fine lance of singular form. Near the door to Vestibulê 4, Modern, is a *Pavoise*, a long shield so called, from behind which the archers took their aim. On it is depicted a knight armed like the equestrian figure in the nave (temp. Henry VI.) with *salade* and *hausse col*, and bearing on his shield *gules*, three swans *argent*. He is in the act of slaying a dragon. Behind the *Pavoise* are two battle-axes, one from the Tower, the other an exceedingly fine specimen, with serrated back, from the royal collection, Windsor Castle.

The other (No. 11) is of the same date with the first ; the gauntlets armed with gads or spikes at the knuckles are particularly fine. This is also from the Tower of London.

Returning to the armoury, we find on the wall two shields of the same period. On one is depicted a knight bearing a shield with three swans, as on the *Pavoise*, and on the other a lady, in the costume of the time, hunting. With these are two cross-bows, called *latches*, with the windlass, or apparatus for bending them (Tower), and an *armet* of the reign of Henry VIII. exhibited by Lord De Lisle.

The third suit is from the Tower, of the earliest part of the reign of Henry VIII., added since the opening of the Exhibition. It is of very peculiar construction, having no joint that could be perforated by the finest pointed weapon. Being what the French term "*à culotte*," it could only have been worn on foot, and was probably made for a duel *à l'outrance*.

The fourth suit (against the wall a little nearer the transept) is a remarkably grand specimen of the same reign, with skirts or bases, as they were called in the civil dress of the period, formed of horizontal steel plates or lames, the lower portion being engraved with the Tudor rose. Round the neck of the helmet is the collar of the Order of the Garter. It is probable that this suit belonged to the King himself. In the hand of the figure is placed a magnificent partisan. The staff, hollow and of two pieces, is of exquisite workmanship, being of steel, inlaid and damasked with mother-of-pearl and gold, and displaying amongst other ornaments a double H with what has been considered a double figure of 8 interlaced in the centre, but which, on examination, will, we think, prove to be a double German-text S; four similar single letters of smaller size being placed round each cypher. The tradition is that this splendid weapon was presented by the Pope to Henry VIII. The Popes during his reign were Julius II., Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., and Paul III. It is a curious subject for investigation, but our limits preclude the pursuit of it at present.

Near this suit will be seen one of the most interesting relics in this collection. A two-handed sword, exhibited by Lord De Lisle, the hilt and pommel most tastefully combining the crowned lion passant of the barony of De Lisle, and the bear and ragged staff of the Earls of Warwick. The joint testimony of these two remarkable cognisances favour the belief that this was the sword of John Dudley, Lord De Lisle, Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Northumberland, and who was attainted and beheaded in 1553, for the part he took in the usurpation of the Lady Jane Grey. The tradition in the family, however, is, that it was the sword of that nobleman's son, the celebrated Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and we have been informed that it is mentioned in an inventory of the Earl's

effects, taken by his order, at his castle of Kenilworth; but unless stated as having been made expressly for him, the form being of more ancient date, together with the fact that neither the barony of De Lisle nor the earldom of Warwick had descended to Robert Dudley, who died before his elder brother Ambrose, induces us to consider the sword as having been made for the father and not for the son. The blade has, unfortunately, been broken, and the remaining portion re-pointed: but the hilt is in fine preservation, and as beautiful as a work of art as it is interesting from its historical associations. With it is a square shield, late 15th century, with the bouche for the lance, exhibited by Mr. S. Pratt.

We have next a fine suit with globose breastplate and pass guards fluted and chamfered (temp. Henry VIII.), from the Tower of London; and then comes the superb shield, from Windsor Castle, said to be the workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, and certainly of his time and school. It is exhibited here by the gracious permission of Her Majesty. Beside it are portions of a tilting suit, called *pieces de renfort* by the French, and the saddle belonging to it, all from Windsor Castle. The remainder of the suit is believed to be somewhere in the Tower, and to have been made for King Henry VIII. Such divisions are greatly to be regretted. Above is a half suit, black and white; with open casque of the same reign.

The sixth is a Burgundian suit from the Tower (No. 19), exhibiting a singular projecting breastplate, on which is engraved the badge of Burgundy (a saltier raguly), with some other device nearly obliterated; a flaming star is also engraved on the tuiles. In the trophy which follows will be remarked a bear spear, with engraved blade, exhibited by Mr. Pratt, to whom also belongs the adjacent tilting suit of the time of Philip and Mary (1553—1558), illustrating the return to old forms which characterises this short period, and induced Sir Samuel Meyrick to consider some suits, and portions of suits in his possession, as appertaining to the time of Edward IV. The jambs and sollerets of this suit are rather later in date than the upper portions.

Before a trophy of partisans, sword, and daggers of the 16th

century, stands a curious specimen of what has been called waist-coat armour, being a back and breast made in imitation of the doublet of Elizabeth's time, with buttons down the front; upon it is an engraved morion. (Tower of London.)

We have next an Elizabethan suit, gilt and engraved (Tower of London) (22), and an exceedingly fine Italian suit, commencement of the 17th century, said to have belonged to Hector Count Oddi of Padua, 1620. It has the very long tassets with genouillères, mentioned as early as 1544—(*tassettes couvrant les genoux*);—and the whole suit is engraved profusely with eagles displayed. (Tower of London.) Near this suit will be found a variety of weapons of the close of the 16th century, and amongst them two matchlocks, exhibited by Lord De Lisle, dated 1591 and 1595. The stocks are new, the old ones having crumbled to powder.

We have now reached the western end of the court, where the chronological series of suits terminates with two of the most interesting in this country. The first was, undoubtedly, made for Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., whose early death was so universally lamented. The other is assigned to his ill-starred brother, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I.

Prince Henry's suit (against the staircase screen) is the identical one in which he is painted in the well-known full-length portrait, by Von Somers, at Hampton Court, which, it is much to be regretted, is not amongst the historical portraits exhibited from that palace. It is profusely decorated with the royal badges of England, France, and Scotland, the rose, the fleurs-de-lys, and thistle; as well as with the letters H.P. conjoined under a coronet. The chanfront for the horse's head having the Prince's arms in full, gilt and enamelled. An extra gauntlet for the right hand, belonging to this suit, we have already pointed out in the Meyrick Collection (Glass case), and an extra helmet is placed at its feet, while it is surrounded by a complete set of tilting pieces (*pièces de renfort*) and an extra vam-plate for the lance. On the left hand of the figure is the long-bridled gauntlet. This chivalric young prince, who is said to have been "in armour frequently five and six times a day," applied, at the early age of ten, to Colonel

Edmonds, to send him a suit from Holland; and in 1607, the Dauphin, son of Henry IV. of France, sent him a suit well gilt and enamelled, together with pistols and a sword of the same kind, and armour for a horse. Three years later, 1610, on being created Prince of Wales, he caused a challenge to be given to all the knights in Great Britain, under the name of Meliades, Lord of the Isles; and on the day appointed, assisted only by the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Arundel and Southampton, Lord Hay, Sir Thomas Somerset, and Sir Richard Preston, his instructor in arms, sustained the combat against fifty-six earls, barons, knights, and esquires; Prince Henry himself receiving thirty-two pushes of the pike, and about 360 strokes of the sword; being then not quite sixteen years of age. Sir Samuel Meyrick, who was anxious to identify the relic which he had acquired, remarks, that from the above circumstances of most of Prince Henry's armour being sent from abroad, the impression would be that this suit was of foreign manufacture; but there is in the State-paper Office an original warrant, ordering the payment of the sum of 200*l.*, the balance of 340*l.* for a rich suit of armour made for Henry Prince of Wales, dated July 11, 1614; he having died on the 6th of November, 1612. This document is directed by King James I. to the commissioners for the exercise of the office of High Treasurer of England; and states that, "whereas there was made in the office of our armoury at Greenwich, by William Pickeringe, our master workman there, one rich armour, with all peaces compleate, fayrely gilt and graven, by the commaundment of our late deere sonne Prince Henry, which armour was worth (as we are informed) the somme of three hundred and forty poundes only, soe as there remayneth due unto him the somme of two hundred poundes;" therefore, they are ordered to discharge the same forthwith. Now, as the suits sent from Holland and France, in 1604 and 1607, were made for Prince Henry at the ages of ten and thirteen, the size of the one before us renders it exceedingly probable that we have here, actually, the "rich armour, with all pieces complete, fairly gilt and graven," made by William Pickeringe, at Greenwich, when the Prince was in his eighteenth year, and which was ordered by him most likely with a view to some chivalric entertainment, in honour of the visit of the Elector Palatine, the affianced husband

of his sister Elizabeth, whose nuptials, however, he did not live to celebrate. In 1660 we have, apparently, another notice of this superb suit, which seems to have been amongst those originally kept in the gallery at Greenwich, but afterwards removed to the Tower, for in an inventory taken in that year, by order of a commission issued by Charles II., we find, "upon a horse statue of wood, one compleat tilting armour cap-a-pe, richly gilt, part graven, part damasked, made for Prince Henry, with two gauntlets, and one guilt grand guard, the horse furniture being one shaffroone of the same sort." The mention of two gauntlets is interesting, because it evidently implies two extra gauntlets, as they are coupled with the grand guard, the armour being previously described as complete cap-à-pied, which it would not be without gauntlets. We know where the extra right-hand gauntlet is. The other, it is probable, was an extra bridle gauntlet.

The next suit, said to be that of Prince Charles, does not afford us any internal evidence of that fact. It is evidently of Italian manufacture, elaborately engraved with naval trophies and ocean deities, but has no initials or badges by which we can identify it, nor have we any account, such as there is of his brother's armour, which would correspond with the suit before us. In one of King James's letters to the Prince, during the famous visit to Spain, he says, "Your officers are already put to the height of their speed to provide the five thousand pounds by exchange; and now your tilting stuff, which they know not how to provide, will come to three more;" and further on he adds: "I pray you, my baby, take heed of being hurt if you run at tilt." But Prince Charles was then in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and must have reached his full stature. We have, therefore, only tradition to rely upon; but whether regarded as two of the last full suits of ancient armour ever made in Europe, or as the personal relics of two princes whose untimely ends have excited so much sympathy, the interest attached to them is (as we have remarked elsewhere) exceedingly great, and our obligations to the illustrious personages who so promptly and graciously granted our requests that they might be added to the treasures previously ordered for removal to Manchester, must be proportionate.

Between these two suits is placed a superb half suit of embossed

steel, so manufactured that it might be almost considered silver, belonging to Mr. H. Magniac, and of the time of Charles I.; and above those memorials of the royal house of Stuart are displayed a fine Highland target and trophies of claymores, some of which are said to have been brandished in the cause of their unfortunate descendants, exhibited by the Marquis of Breadalbane and other contributors. The age of these weapons is uncertain, the same form having long prevailed, and the blade being occasionally much older than the hilt, as is the case with the one with a gilt basket guard from the royal collection at Windsor, and which belonged to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Some fine specimens of Highland broadswords are also displayed in a glass case near the column, from His Royal Highness the Prince Consort's private collection.

The buff coat of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart., the ancestor of Lord Hastings, and that of Sir Francis de Rhodes, Bart., from Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire, with a fine specimen of the long buff gauntlet for the bridle arm, sword, belt, swivel for carbine, &c., exhibited by Mr. Hatfield de Rhodes, a descendant of the gallant cavalier; and a close helmet of the same period (Tower) complete a series of military weapons and equipments from the reign of John to the time of the Commonwealth, on this side of the nave, supplying many links in the chain we have already drawn upon the southern.

There are three glass cases in this compartment: Two upright and a long horizontal one in the centre. We have already dipped into the first of the two upright cases, the front of which is occupied by the Doucean collection of ivories from Goodrich Court, and the eastern end by Mr. James's solleret and other rare specimens of ancient armour of the 14th and 15th centuries. The wall side of this case contains two embossed shields, exhibited by the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Delamere; the centre portion of Lord Breadalbane's of fine cinque-cento workmanship. Between them is one of embossed leather, from the collection of Lord Hastings. In front of them will be found a pair of stirrups, of marvellous beauty, the property of the Earl of Warwick; a dagger, with finely chased hilt and guard (Mr. H. Magniac), and some other choice specimens of embossed and engraved work of

the 16th century, from the Tower. In the upper part of the case is a fine masked bourginot, of the reign of Henry VIII., and some casques and morions of the time of Elizabeth; also a saddle, part leather, part bone, engraved with figures in the costume of the 15th century, and about the same age as the ivory one in the Meyrick Collection. The western end of the case contains various weapons of the 15th and 16th century; amongst the most worthy of notice a steel mace and wheel-lock pistol combined, richly engraved, of the time of Edward VI. from the Tower, and a magnificent martel de fer, the property of the Earl Cadogan.

The contents of the other upright case, marked L, consist of, on the wall side, two embossed shields from the Tower collection, one made of what is termed gilding metal, and a curious shield, belonging to Lord Hastings, painted on both sides; on the exterior is the head of a Medusa. In front of them are the swords of state of the cities of York and Lincoln, and a broken one, with fine hilt, from the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, exhibited by the respective authorities. In the upper compartments are some portions of gilt and engraved armour, finely embossed and engraved helmets and morions, a gadded morion, so called from the spikes set round it, exhibited by Mr. Pratt; and the breast and back of a very small suit of armour of steel, silvered, said to have been made for Charles I. in his early boyhood (Tower). On the side facing the nave is the finely embossed breastplate of Maurice, elector of Saxony, mortally wounded at the battle of Sieverhausen, July 9th, 1553. The hole made by the fatal bullet affords a sad proof of the fact frequently questioned of such magnificent armour being worn in action, as well as of its ineffectual protection from the gradually improving fire-arms of the 16th century. A grand guard of the time of Henry VIII. (Mr. S. Pratt), and a close gauntlet, belonging to the tilting suit of that sovereign, portions of which are exhibited in the centre of this court, from Windsor. A pair of large-rowelled silver spurs, and the placate or extra breastplate, belonging to Sir Henry Dymoke's suit, mounted in the nave, of which we shall discourse more anon. At the eastern end are various weapons of the 17th century, the latest of which are a sword of the time of James II. and a pair of pistols of

the reign of William III. The western end contains a few oriental weapons, from various contributors.

The long glass case, in the centre, is filled with superb weapons from the royal collection at Windsor, and the national at the Tower. They are arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, the earliest being a fine anelace (a species of dagger, evidently of oriental origin), of the time of Henry VII. The first tray contains a cup rapier and dagger, of exquisite workmanship, said to be those of Philip II. of Spain, and consort of Mary, Queen of England; a sword of Charles VI. Emperor of Germany; a sword of an Elector of Brandenburg; an exceedingly fine sword, the hilt of which is attributed to Benvenuto Cellini; and some other splendid swords of the 16th and 17th centuries. A beautiful pair of cup rapiers and daggers lie on each side of the tray. Then follow some fine match and wheel lock guns, pistols, &c. from 1509 to 1625. The hunting knife, or *trousseau de chasse*, as the French call it, of the great Swedish hero Charles XII., and another of the time of Louis XV., both from the royal collection. Then we have some magnificently ornamented firelocks, rifles, and pistols; one rifle, with a spiral barrel and heart-shaped bore, an anticipation of Lancaster's patent. The last tray is filled with superb dress and court swords, of the 18th and present century. Another tray is suspended beneath the Scotch swords, at the termination of the court, with equally fine specimens of cavalry swords and sabres, one of which has a cartouch-box, and enamelled medallions to match, of great beauty.

Issuing into the nave from this point, we come upon the sixth and latest of the mounted suits, to which we have more than once referred, and which is the property of Sir Henry Dymoke, the hereditary champion of England. We have purposely deferred noticing this suit until the present moment, as it formed no portion of the Meyrick Collection, and could not be arranged in the chronological series in the south court. It is also highly worthy of a separate examination.

It was presented, we understand, to an ancestor of Sir Henry Dymoke, on the occasion of the coronation of George I. as the customary fee of the champion; and from the circumstance of its being profusely ornamented with the letter E under a crown, as

well as, it is probable, from the dark colour of the suit, it was assigned without hesitation to Edward the Black Prince, and has always been so esteemed by the family. It is with deep regret we are compelled to dissipate this agreeable illusion ; but we trust to establish for it considerable interest, founded on fact. The form of the breastplate and other portions of the armour was sufficient at once to give it its correct date—late Elizabethan. But to set the matter at rest, upon taking off the placate, now in the glass case L, on account of the great weight of the suit (which, even without it, is fully as much as may be trusted upon its wooden charger), there appeared at the bottom of the breastplate the date “1585” (28th of Queen Elizabeth), a circumstance giving additional value to the suit. The armour has been originally of blued steel, richly engraved and gilt, with double borders, the exterior one containing roses, and the graceful intersecting scroll pattern being itself traversed by a broad band, in which occur at regular intervals, between military trophies, an E with its reverse under an imperial crown ; and when fresh from the hands of the maker its appearance must have been magnificent. The rust has now eaten into the blue, and given to it the appearance of russet ; while a portion of the saddle and the champfront for the horse’s head, which was found in the Grand Armoury at Windsor, has been so scrubbed that the blue is entirely obliterated and the steel quite bright. In Skelton’s “Engraved Specimens” (plate 130) is the representation of “a steel plate which protected the off side of the burr of a war saddle in the time of Queen Elizabeth,” and which is described by Sir Samuel Meyrick as having belonged to an officer of her guard. “It was sold,” he continues, “*as old iron, with other pieces, from the Tower of London*, and having been bought by a dealer, was purchased of him for this collection. The other parts of the same saddle had probably been so disposed of previously, as they are not now to be found. It is of bright steel, with the engraved places gilt, and its principal border is the frequently recurring architectural ornament of the time. The letter E, with its reverse and the crown, completely identify its age.”

It was, therefore, with great gratification that we discovered, at Windsor, “the other parts” of the saddle, which were in Sir

Samuel's time not to be found, and which not being at the Tower, had fortunately escaped being "sold as old iron" in company with the gauntlet of Henry, Prince of Wales, and Heaven knows what other valuable relics, and on examining the suit sent by Sir H. Dymoke, the identity of the remarkable pattern satisfied us that armour, saddle, and champfront had been made by one hand, and for the same personage, whoever he might be, in the year 1585, and that if an officer of Elizabeth's guard (as Sir Samuel Meyrick, who was not aware of the existence of the suit, had imagined), he must have been a very great officer indeed. We are not without hope that a little research may enable us to name the individual; in the meanwhile we have the pleasure of putting the right man's armour in the right place, as far as his saddle is concerned, if not the saddle on the right horse; and having, by Colonel Meyrick's permission, temporarily restored the plate in his possession to its original situation, the three scattered properties are reunited, after being separated at least for more than a century, if not since the time of Elizabeth. Must they be again divided?

With the relation of this little incident we close our observations on the two armouries in the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester, the first attempt to make such collections instructive, by familiarising the eye to the gradual progression of form and ornament. The Rust-Kammer at Dresden, the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris, and other similar museums, are merely large storehouses, the valuable contents of which are more or less picturesquely displayed. In the Tower of London, Sir Samuel Meyrick, some years ago, succeeded in obtaining permission to abolish the most glaring absurdities, and to place the mounted suits in the horse armoury in their true order; but on the singular condition that names of historical personages should be appended to them all, whether with or without any reasonable foundation for such appropriation; and this childish practice is persevered in to the obvious depreciation of the value of such suits as can actually be assigned to their original owners. The chronological arrangement of the armour at Manchester, by showing what can be accomplished despite all the obstacles arising from restrictive pledges, conflicting interests, limited space, and disadvantageous

position, may happily have some influence on public opinion, both at home and abroad, and induce those who have the power, to exert it in improving the character of those national collections which, instead of merely gratifying idle curiosity, should be made to afford most valuable information, artistic, historical, and biographical.

A HANDBOOK

TO THE

WATER COLOURS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS,

IN THE

Art Treasures Exhibition.

BEING A REPRINT OF CRITICAL NOTICES ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED
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BRADBURY AND EVANS,
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THE WATER COLOURS.

As the earliest honours of modern painting were won by water colours, one is sometimes tempted to think that its latest glories bid fair to be achieved in the same fascinating material. Let no one suppose, while he elbows duchesses and dowagers, bishops and cabinet ministers, St. James-street club-men and sober citizens, bilious barristers, over-done politicians and out-at-elbows artisans, rosebuds of Belgravia with the nursery dew still on them, and hardened old harridans tough with the sun and storm of fifty seasons, in those pleasant rooms of the old and new water-colour societies in London, that the art which thus levels classes, callings, ranks, and ages, is of yesterday. It goes back further, even, than the monochromatic epoch of Paul Sandby—back to the time when Rembrandt drank Rhenish from long-stemmed glasses at the table of Burgomaster Six—back further to the simple days when all Florence burst into rejoicing round the Virgin Mother of Cimabue, so that the streets through which her picture was carried were called, ever after, “The Merry Quarter,”—back still further to the dark and stormy years when the wild long-beards from the north invaded the Basilicas of Milan, and quiet monks in their cells, absorbed in the delicate labours of the illuminator, scarce heard the din and clash of the barbarian arms.

Rembrandt's drawings, Cimabue's picture, the monk's illumination, were all in water colours. Down to the middle of the fifteenth century, the mixing of oil with colours for pictures was unknown in Italy. Oil had been first so employed at Bruges, between 1410 and 1432, and the practice was many years in spreading to southern Europe. Before the discovery of the Van Eycks, painters wrought exclusively in water colours, using various adhesive mediums to make these colours stick firmly to the wood or vellum, and covering them when dry with a warmly-coloured varnish, which, while it enriched the effect of the colours, preserved them, as by a glass, from the influences of the atmosphere. Pictures thus executed are with difficulty to be distinguished from oil paintings. Visitors to Manchester may see plenty of them in the gallery of old masters. All the pictures of the Italian schools before Fra Bartolommeo are executed in this way. So are those of the school of Cologne, of which there are here three excellent examples (379, 380, 382). From these pictures it will be seen how vivid and pure water colours, thus prepared and protected, will remain for 450 years. If we go to the illuminator's work in the exquisite missals of the twelfth century, we may add two or three hundred years more to this sum. And by the time we arrive at strictly Byzantine art, we shall find illuminations of which the colours are still as fresh as when they were mixed and applied, more than a thousand years ago. In our own time—in this its thousandth year, let us say (we give the venerable art the benefit of a few centuries)—we have seen water colour rise into a force and fertility of resource, which promise to make it the rival of oil in its age, as it was in its infancy.

It was well imagined of Mr. Holmes,—to whose indefatigable labours in the collection and arrangement of the Water-colour Gallery at Old Trafford, must be attributed the illness, neglect of which caused his lamented death, at the moment that thousands were enjoying the fruits of his sadly-closed exertion—to begin the series which fills the long gallery behind the orchestra, and overflows into smaller rooms beyond, with examples of the Flemish and Dutch masters—Jordaens, Rembrandt, Dusart, Moucheron, and Henstenburg. The drawings of Rembrandt—

though the one here is a mere pen-wash, tinted with bistre, of "A Girl Leaning over a Gate," (1 *a*)—are almost as wonderful as his pictures. There are portfolios of them in the British Museum, in which, by the magic of little more than monochromatic light and shade, the painter has contrived to convey every variety of colour and expression in the landscape of his native country.

The "Snake, Lizard, and Butterflies," (8) of Henstenburg (1667-1726) is a good example of the entomological school of painting, formed by John Kessel, of Antwerp, of whom the curious may find specimens—including a magnificent monogram in caterpillars—in the gallery of ancient masters (1061 and 1062). Besides a pretty little head by Watteau (9), whose most charming little sketches, however, are in chalks, and not in water colours, the Van Huysums (11 to 22) are worthy of notice. John Van Huysum was the most skilful of a whole family of Amsterdam flower painters, and was particularly famous for his taste in arranging his floral groups. These slight, and, at first glance, feeble drawings, if looked at attentively, and when the eye is undebauched by the brilliant hues of the neighbouring gallery, will be found full of harmony and true art, in their combination and balance both of forms and tones. We would especially direct attention to the "Vase with Tulips" (12), and the "Poppy Branch" (16). But while we admit the merits of the Dutch artist, we cannot for a moment compare his sketchy bouquets or the contents of his dessert plates with our own William Hunt's melting peaches, and plums; his hawthorn sprigs, and bunches of blossom. Hunt has carried this branch of art farther than it has ever been carried by any painter in oil or water-colour—without excepting Van Heem, Rachel Ruysch, Van Oss, or any of the many Dutchmen who blossomed so strong upon canvas during the reign of the first two Georges.

The next specimens in our gallery (23-31) are from the works of Paul Sandby (1725-1809). As the reformer of topographical art and the introducer of aquatint engraving, as well as one of the original members of the Royal Academy, Paul Sandby deserves a respectful mention, which these drawings of themselves would scarcely enforce from a critic familiar with De Wint, Prout, Copley,

Fielding, and Turner. In this collection we may read the facts of Sandby's life. His first experience of sketching from nature was acquired during the survey of the north and west Highlands, directed by the Duke of Cumberland, of which Sandby was draughtsman. This period may be said to be here illustrated by the Bothwell Castle (24), though this particular drawing was made nearly twenty years after the artist's Highland tour. On his return from Scotland, in 1752, Sandby lived for some time at Windsor. Here we have (23) "Windsor Castle, from the Eton Playing Fields," interesting as showing what the castle was before Wyattville laid hands on it. The artist was afterwards employed by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne to design views of the scenery of North and South Wales, a work here abundantly illustrated by the "Caernarvon Castle" (26), the "View of North Wales" (27), and the various "Welsh Views" (29, 30, 31, and 32). The "Hyde Park" (37), is curious for its costume and the arrangement of ground, so different from those of the present day. Sandby frequently drew the different encampments which took place in Hyde Park during the memorable year 1780, when the island was threatened with invasion by the combined fleets of France and Spain. Sandby's drawings have little merit as works of art but that of correctness in linear drawing, and a certain unpretending honesty, making the most of very limited means. We have elsewhere spoken of his patronising poor Dick Wilson, by buying his sketches at half-a-crown a-piece. Sandby was a kindly soul, a wag, and a small poet—a sort of Academy laureate, who wrote songs for the annual dinners. His drawings deserve notice chiefly as showing the ocean of flat washes out of which modern water-colour art has risen, as bright as Aphrodite, with all her environing splendour of sea-foam, sea-colour, and sea-shell.

Of that conceited mannerist, Cipriani (1728-1789), there are four drawings (38-41), full of the artificial and affected prettiness which made him the fashionable designer of his day. The Royal Academy (of which he was an original member) sends his design for the diploma, for which the members rewarded the artist with a silver cup.

Here is an interesting drawing by Sir Joshua—who was so

facile with the brush that he seldom touched the pencil—"The Triumph of Sculpture over Painting," a strange subject for the painter of the tragic muse, and the contemporary of Roubilliac.

We are glad to see five of Gainsborough's charming sketches here; sorry only that there are not five times five. The unsought grace of Gainsborough's pencil appears conspicuously in his sketches. Lovely attitudes, exquisite turns of head, agreeable lines of drapery, seem to have cost him nothing. How graceful here is "The Water Party" (45), and with what a true relish of rustic life he has touched in the "Children and Donkey" (47).

Ten drawings by Cozens, side by side, are a sight not often seen. Cozens was a grandson of Peter the Great. His father, Alexander, was the son of the young Drury Lane actress whom the Czar lived with while working at Deptford, and who is introduced into the left hand group in Maclise's picture of "Peter in the Dockyard," in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. The father of Cozens was an artist. Cozens travelled much in Italy, for an employer who took all he produced; and is said to have exhibited only once at the Royal Academy. This was in 1776, when he sent an oil picture of "Hannibal, from the Alps, showing Italy to his army,"—as Mr. Leslie informs us in his "Handbook for Young Painters,"—from which Turner used to say he learned more than from anything he had *then* seen. Considering that he was about one year old when the picture was exhibited, this "then" requires explanation. The best drawings of Cozens are remarkable for solemnity, serenity, and breadth. The examples here admirably illustrate the power of the painter over these sources of effect, especially the "Windsor Castle" (48), the "Temples in The Campagna" (49), and the "Pic du Midi." At the same time, there is no attempt in them to render the full flush of Italian colour. This was beyond the reach of "flat washes" and vegetable tints; and as yet the draughtman's practice in water colour was confined to the one, and his box to the other. The works of Cozens were passionately admired by Constable, who went so far as to declare, in an enthusiastic moment, that "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." On this estimate, we would only remark that, be the genius of Cozens what it might, water-colour painting as then

practised did not afford the means of doing more than slightly indicating genius. Constable praises also the modest and unobtrusive beauties of Cozens's drawing, such as "Nature herself shows but coyly." Every visitor to our Exhibition should look closely into works praised in such terms by a painter like Constable. We will not, by any more particular comment of ours, rob them of the pleasure of finding out for themselves the many charms of these broad and solemn or serene drawings.

Cozens leads the way to Girtin (1715-1802), who was a close student of the earlier painter's works, and acquired from them, it is said, something of his own secret of broad and simple effect. Probably the preference of such effect was due to the style of treatment suggested by the nature of the water-colour materials then used, and the received method of employing them, rather than to any conscious imitation. Girtin was broad and simple, as Cozens had been, because both were men of a large and noble order of conception, working in a manner that required flat and rapid applications of colour, and so was peculiarly favourable to the re-production of some of the grandest and serenest moments of earth and sky—the flooding glory of sunset upon distant woods; the broad evening burst of sunlight on a lake girdled by mountains; the still and serene glow of twilight upon rock and river, meadow, or moorland; the lurid brooding of the thunder-cloud over summer cornfields, or its rending burst upon the sea; the mellowing magic of moonlight through the ivy-clad windows of a monastic ruin; the frowning of a feudal fortalice across the yellow sands, or from the rock that overlooks the river. Of such subjects here are 17 examples, most of them involving elaborate studies of architecture. The shattered keep of Helmsley rises from its embosoming trees above the rapid Rye (72); the pointed west front of Peterborough opens its recessed arches (73); Ely and Lichfield lift their fretted pinnacles into the air (76 and 77); and Exeter draws out the perspective of its stately aisles (74). Here is Byland (79)—(not Ryland, as in the catalogue), loveliest of all the lovely Cistercian abbeys that nestle in their wooded valleys on either side the range of Hambleton,—with its broken rose-window, which must have been one of the finest and largest in England, and its slender lancets, each perfect still, though no

roof has sheltered those walls since the days when Henry the Eighth's commissioners stripped off lead and timber and roof tree.

As Girtin was linked by kindred style and spirit with Cozens, so Turner, by admiration and common studies, is linked with Girtin. But before dealing with the king of all water-colour painters, let us despatch the inferior masters who are here represented, and who will be found little more than humble treaders in the steps of Sandby, Cozens, and Girtin, successively.

To this imitative class belong Rooker (1743-1801), Byrne, Wheatley (1747-1801),—a figure painter,—and William Hamilton (1757-1801). Of Rowlandson, the caricaturist,—the Cruickshank of his day,—here are three drawings, a "Quay at Amsterdam" (63), "English Tourists at Helvoetsluys" (64), and "Brook Green Fair" (65). Is it defect of humour in the designer, or the transitory nature of all fun that fastens on external fashions, which renders these works so devoid of all power of amusing now-a-days? Dayes is another imitator of Cozens, of whom here are five views; two of Durham. Thomas Hearne (1744-1817) was a man of more merit, who wholesomely influenced the art of his time by his "Antiquities of Great Britain," brought out in 1778, in combination with Byrne. All the examples of his works here are studies of the feudal and cathedral architecture, which he delighted in, and are remarkable for their excellence of arrangement.

Thomas Heaphy (1811) was, in his time, the popular painter of scenes from low life, till, disgusted with fish markets and pothouses, he turned to the court end of the town, and took to painting princes, princesses, and field-officers. Heaphy was a clever quarrelsome man, full of schemes in and out of his art, and always in hot water. His works, as may be seen from the six specimens in our gallery (88-92*a*), are marked by good qualities of colour and close study of nature. All here are in his best, or St. Giles's, humour. The "Quarrelling at Cards," bating a certain reach after academic character out of keeping with the class of the figures, is a very fine and manly piece of work. Heaphy was one of the earliest members of the old water-colour society.

Julius Cæsar Ibbetson (105) was an honest Yorkshireman, who

drew rustic groups, and landscapes; and whose head was rather turned by West christening him the "English Berghem," a name which he merited as Klopstock did that of the "German Milton." John Augustus Atkinson (106-108) is another inoffensive workman of about the same calibre—an average man, unable to help the art a step beyond the point at which he found it.

With Thomas Bewick (1753-1828) we come upon real originality and love of nature, with the power of expressing itself, here shown in five small works (114-118), "The Woodpecker," "Sea-shore Rock," "Bamborough Castle," "Stone Quarry," and "Fowling in the Shetlands." It is from his woodcuts, however, that we learn Bewick's power as a designer, no less than as a manipulator of his tools, and a skilful translator from paper to pear-tree block. He always designed his own cuts; and what capital designs they are—how full of the sentiment of north country nature! Excellent as his cuts of British Birds are, his vignettes are his master-pieces. In these he gives the rein to his fertile fancy, and indulges his humour, dashed with a touch of the grim and sardonic. There is even a profound sense of nature in these tiny designs, which stamps them deep on the memory. It is now full a score of years since we looked over a copy of Bewick's British Birds; but we have still the most vivid recollection of every vignette in the book. And so, we will be bound to say, has every man who ever had access to those pleasant volumes in his boyish days.

Of Bonington, six of whose studies of Italian and Flemish sea or river subjects, with shipping, are here shown (132-137); of H. Liverseege, whose skill in water colour is here proved by drawings of an "Old Falconer" and "Don Quixote" (139, 140); of Stothard, no fewer than 17 of whose graceful, though mannered designs are here hung, among them several of children, in whose grace and innocence the sweet and serene nature of the painter took peculiar pleasure; and of Constable, Wilkie, Callcot, and Collins, severally illustrated here by sketches, or elaborate drawings, we have already spoken at length in our comments on the pictures of our modern English school. The drawings of Wilkie (185-192) are particularly interesting as showing first thoughts, afterwards worked out in his pictures (as 188, 189,

192). Those of Callcot are much more elaborate ; Sir Augustus used the pencil with almost as much facility as the brush.

Clennell and George Chambers were also oil painters, whose drawings here (175, 177, and 181-184), meritorious in themselves, afford opportunity for a short record of two men, both memorable as instances of a rise, by simple strength of devotion to nature, from the humblest fortune to considerable repute as painters. Clennell was born in 1781, the son of a small Northumbrian farmer, who, on his son's early manifestation of a strong love of art, wisely bound the boy apprentice to Bewick. As a designer, Clennell soon attracted attention by his scenes from rustic life. His "Baggage Waggon, with Horses Frightened by Lightning," in the collection of Lord Durham, one of his early patrons, is a work showing much of the force and spirit of Gainsborough. His picture of the "Last Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo" is quite original, in the way it renders the weight of that whirlwind of horse and man, which bore down the Cuirassiers of the Old Guard, cracking them, as a guardsman described it, "like lobsters in their shells." This picture had a great success, and Clennell was selected in consequence to paint the entertainment given by the city of London to the generals who had taken part in the battle. His health and brain gave way under the work, and he passed the rest of his days, till his death in 1840 in the lunatic asylum at Gateshead. We remember to have seen verses of his, written in that dreary confinement, in which the heated brain had sought refreshment in the coolest and sweetest fancies, as of Arab girls coming to draw water for their camels at springs in over-arching palm-groves, and like imaginations of shade and silence and still green peace. Chambers, like Stanfield and Roberts, followed the sea originally, as cabin boy in a Whitby coaster. His first essay in colour, we remember hearing him say, was painting the ship's bucket, which he did to the admiration of the captain, in elaborate imitation of different woods. His master had brains and heart to see the lad's bent, and to make room for it to work, by cancelling his indentures. He took some lessons from Bird, a Whitby drawing master, and worked his way up to London as a foremast man aboard a collier, to commence life as a painter. His first work was on the Panorama of London, now in

the Colosseum. He got this employment on the strength of a view of house roofs and chimney pots, painted out of his grimy back window in Wapping. He was afterwards scene painter at the Pavilion Theatre, where Lord Mark Kerr, seeing some of his scenery painted for a thrilling nautical melodrama, noticed him, and introduced him to William IV., who knew a ship and loved doubly the sailor who could paint one. As marine painter to the King, Chambers painted three sea fights, now in the hall of Greenwich Hospital, and many other marine pictures of great truth to nature, of which the true merit was not appreciated till his death in 1840. There is a capital example of him in the clock gallery, the "Ferry Boat" (607).

William Blake (1757-1828) the author of the "Oberon and Titania" (130) and "the Vision of Queen Catherine" (130*a*), and R. Dadd, the painter of the "Vale of Rocks" (281), the "Dead Camel" (282), and the "Artists' Halt in the Desert" (283), may be classed together as examples of painters in whom a disordered brain rather aided than impeded the workings of a fertile and original fancy. Do not be deterred by the strangeness of Blake's work, or the sadness of Dadd's, from looking closely into both. Both were mad, but the insanity of Blake was of the kind separated by a thin partition from great wit.* It was rather from preponderance of the imaginative faculty that he must be classed among lunatics, than from any ruin of mind such as hurried poor Dadd into parricide. Blake's fancies were lovely, rather than terrible. He was poet and musician as well as painter. If his music was like his verse it must have been among the sweetest ever written. Take an example of the latter, written sometime between twelve and twenty, an address to the Muses:—

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the east,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased.

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth.

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine ! forsaking poesie.

How have ye left the ancient love,
That bards of old enjoyed in you—
The languid strings now scarcely move,
The sound is forced—the notes are few.

This is surely no common strain to get out of boyish brains, on a hackneyed theme. Blake was apprenticed to an engraver, and lived by his work ; retiring from all, at times, to put his fancies into verse and form. At twenty-six he married the wife who sat, still beloved, by his death-bed, when at seventy-one he passed away, calmly and rejoicingly, only grieving to leave his Katherine behind. Blake had visions. The great dead came to him—Milton and Shakspeare, Bruce and Wallace, and a greater than all these. All his works were records of these visions ; whether they be the pictures and songs of innocence and experience, the illustrations of Job, or of the grave and Dante, his twelve inventions of man and death, his wild allegories of Urizen, and his prophecies of England and America. His death, as recorded by Cunningham, is one of the loveliest upon record. “He lay chanting songs, and the verses and music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit these inspirations, as he called them, to paper. ‘Kate,’ he said, ‘I am a changing man. I always rose, and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.’ And, in this mood, swan-like, he passed away, his wife’s hand in his.” One is almost tempted to envy such unreason, which seems to make a man unfit for earth only by lifting him nearer Heaven.

Very different were the quaint, freakish, elfish, visitings that betokened the madness of poor Dadd. His visitants were not great men, not sages, heroes, or martyrs ; but goggle-eyed gnomes, and malicious fays and tormenting Pucks, and pot-bellied, spindle-shanked brownies. We may see portraits of them, from the brain-life, in his pictures (335 and 447). There is no doubt that these spectral illusions were upon him all the time of his Eastern

journey with Sir Thomas Phillips; that he was only awaiting the message to rise and slay his companion which afterwards came to him, while travelling with his father from Rochester to London. The "Dead Camel" (282), appears to us full of gloomy madness; "The Halt" (283), has all the solemnity which the blue sky, and broad pale moon, and twinkling white stars are calculated to impress on an excited brain, calming its horror and lulling its rage to sleep.

With the mere mention of Flaxman, whose interesting designs for chessmen (149a) are contributed to our Exhibition by Mr. Wedgwood, by whose firm they were executed in pottery, we pass to the works of the man who changed, in the course of his more than sixty years of working life, the whole character of English water-colour art—we allude, of course, to Turner, who shines in this department of the Exhibition with even more conspicuous lustre than in the gallery of English oil pictures.

The periods and styles into which we have divided Turner's practice in oil, are equally applicable to his work in water colours. Here we may trace the course of that fertilising river, from its fountain, in his first exhibited drawing (296) to its majestic passage into that eternal sea in the last work that employed his dying hand (380). The first represents the ruins of Tynemouth Priory, that storm-beat relic whose red towers look out over the stormy German Ocean; the last represents an Alpine pass, in which the dying fancy seems to have struggled to crowd all the experience of a long life's reverent study of the mountains, with such a result as we might anticipate—to the many confusion as of chaos, to the few a crowding together of suggestions beyond the achievements of ordinary men. The many will do well not to scoff at the few for the many things their eyes or brains discover in Turner, which are invisible to common senses or intelligences. Nor should the few be impatient with the many, when they persist in saying that they cannot see in Turner all the few would have them find there. It is always difficult to apportion what a man gets from a picture, and what he brings to it. In the case of every painter who appeals to the imagination, as Turner does, this task becomes almost impossible. We cannot insist on an appreciation, which cannot honestly be given.

All the worshippers of Turner have a right to claim is, a reverent refusal of recognition from those who cannot recognise the truth in their favourite master. They may always find a consolation in referring those who deny the truth to nature of "The Wreckers" (330), the "Bamborough Castle" (331), or the "Kussnacht" (379), to the soberer works of the beginning of the century, the "St. Donat's Castle" (306), the "Bridge of Abergavenny" (301), or the "Edinburgh" (323). In this series of six drawings the whole progress of Turner's art is exhibited—its beginnings, as Ruskin describes them,* "in greyish blue, with brown foregrounds"—such as all here, from 296 to 304. Then comes the gradual and cautious mingling of these blues, first with delicate green, and then with gold; and then the breaking of local tints into the foreground browns, and the gradual increase of refinement and expressiveness in the touch, till it rises to a delicacy of execution too subtle for the eye to follow. Of this period, which was begun and carried to perfection about 1800, and remained unchanged for 20 years, there are innumerable examples, including, in fact, the bulk of the drawings between 308 and 357. The "Santa Saba" (338), "Florence" (359), and other subjects from Italy and Switzerland, are records, probably, of his travels in and after 1820; the period in which Mr. Ruskin supposed that his conception and execution took a new development, under the impression of continental skies. We know of no series of any one man's works that elevate, calm, and impress the mind as these drawings of Turner's do. In the simplest of them there is the sentiment of the infinity of nature. This, we should say, is the point in which they stand especially distinguished from the works of other men. Turner's distances seem always to stretch away, away; and his skies are canopies, not of the little space the eye embraces, but of the whole round world. We find our catalogue scored with reference to special and characteristic beauties in almost all these drawings. How Turner knew and loved England! Every man may find his own county glorified in this collection by some drawing that is, even to him, a revelation of unsuspected beauty.

* Pre-Raphaelitism, p. 39.

The Yorkshireman never thought Leeds would be so lifted out of her smoke cloud, and made so brave as she shows here (312)—and even the sweet seclusion and holy peace of Rivaulx are enhanced in Turner's delicious treatment of the grey ruin in its vest of summer green (353). If Lancaster must rest content with "Browsholme Hall" (301), and "Lancaster Castle and Town" (336), the stern heart of Northumberland may kindle to the stormy grandeur of the sea that bursts on the castle-covered cliff of Bamborough (331), or the wild shores of Holy Island (338). It is strange enough, however, that the lakes of our island have furnished but one subject to the painter—"Llanberris" (334). Devonshire has been favourite sketching ground. He loved its shores and its shipping, as we may see from the subjects and figures in his repeated drawings of "Plymouth," with the rainbow he so often introduced into that scene, and always with such marvellous aerial effect (329 and 324), the "Dartmouth" (326), "Saltash" (339), and "Okehampton" (351). Cornwall claims as its own, the "Mew Stone" (325), "Launceston" (340), "Carew Castle" (339), and "Pendennis Castle" (349). Dorsetshire contributes "Poole;" Sussex, to the cliffs of Hastings, and the swelling downs and flat pastures of "Arundel" (355); and the flat midland counties furnish the stately pile that rises over the level of Ely isle (346); and Leicestershire puts in a claim to unsuspected picturesqueness in "Tamworth Castle" (345); and the stately towers of Durham rise on the banks of the Wear, red in the evening sun (335); and Bucks contributes "Eton" (315), and the Isle of Wight is fairly represented by "Cowes" (342). Here, too, are some of the beautiful series of later drawings—the rivers of France, and Vignettes to Milton's Works (377), and the Title-pages to Scott's Poems (364, 367, 368); and a drawing of inexpressible repose and loveliness, "On the Rhine" (347); and the terror of Alpine glacier (311), and the grandeur of Alpine lake under the moon (378)—all simplicity from "A Clump of Beech Trees" (302), and a "Yard with Pigs and Poultry" (313)—all sublimity from the skeleton of the ruined temple, white under the moon that overlooks the black and stormy sea from the headland of Colonna (316),—to the wild blending of mountain and mea-

dow, cloud, and stream, and glacier, on which his hand was last employed. We know of no such range of experience, such varied mastery of natural effects, such all-pervading love of natural beauties, such utter forgetfulness in the contemplation of the thing to be represented of the self of the artist, as is recorded in the drawings of which the magnificent specimens here shown are no unworthy sample.

It seems almost like bathos, and anti-climax, to pass from Turner to any other man, though it be a Dewint, a Prout, or a Copley Fielding. Of all these masters, who have but lately ceased to work among us, the room which contains the Turners exhibits fine examples. Of Dewint, for example, here are fifteen important drawings (261 to 275), exhibiting the characteristic and peculiarly English qualities of the painter—his soft, grey, cloudy skies; his deep woods pierced by the village spire, or the cathedral towers; his cool green fields, his rich meadows and yellow cornfields, his purple fallows, and his brimming rivers flowing through lowlands prodigal with grain. The “Brampton Water Mill” is a fine sample of the bolder manner and wilder subjects with which Westmoreland sometimes inspired the painter, who, however, seems to us always more at home in a flat country, among the rich Lincolnshire levels, for example (267-275), or among the gently swelling bosoms of the green hills of South Wales (269). As Dewint’s love for nature took the direction of pastoral and cultivated midland England, Copley Fielding was drawn to the open and unfenced beauty of her southern downs, the wildness of her girding sea-shores, or the solemn grandeur of her northern lakes and mountains. He may be studied here in all these, his favourite forms—on the steaming and sun-steeped downs at Worthing (390), under the solemn shadow of Ben Cruachan (391), on the placid bosom of Loch Etive (393); or we may watch, by his side, the red sunset tinging, as with the blood of victims, the stones of the weird rock temple of Stonehenge (394); or struggle through the storm over the trackless heath (395); or steep ourselves in the summer-evening sun on the beach at Hastings (400); or hear the song that the sea waves sing on the great basalt organ pipes of Staffa (403); and close our pilgrimage, peacefully and placidly,

on the sweet shores of Keswick (407). Copley Fielding had a genuine and noble love of nature in some of her grandest combinations of beauty and power. He always sought, by choice, the scenes in which loveliness predominated over terror.

The three drawings by John Cotman, a conscientious Norwich artist, and illustrator of topographical works, are all sea subjects—two of them drawn from the Yarmouth roads. The third, “The Phantom Ship” (180), displays a reach of imagination for which few of those who know this artist, in his usual walk of homely nature, will be prepared. There is something very grand in the white and ghostly vessel, with her accursed canvas set alow and aloft, flying along under the blue, aurora-lit sky.

George Frederick Robson (1790-1833), was a true delineator of nature, especially in her moods of serene repose, here represented by four drawings (141-144), of which the “Nantfrangon” is the grandest, and the “Durham” (144) the most beautiful. His views of this, his birthplace—one of the most picturesque in its combination of buildings, and one of the most superb, in point of site, of all the cities of Great Britain—were always drawn *con amore*. It was here, on the wooded banks of the Wear, frowned over by the massive walls of the old castle and the stately towers of the Norman minster, that the boy learnt the rudiments of his art, from watching the painters who sought the place for its beauty. He never had any other teaching. Thus inoculated with the love rather than the knowledge of art, he left his father’s house at sixteen, with five pounds in his pocket, for London, and thenceforward supported himself by his pencil. He roamed on foot, year after year, knapsack and sketching materials on his shoulders, through the whole of Scotland, the English lake country, Wales, and Ireland, and never looked for subjects beyond the confines of Great Britain. He had an intense feeling of the calm, and vast, and lovely in nature, and has transfused this feeling into all his drawings. He died at forty-three, and his works have since been valued as they deserve.

The architectural drawings of Charles Wilde (145-149) are among the most masterly Gothic exteriors and interiors that have ever been produced in water colours. Barrett and Varley—the first represented here by nine drawings, the second by eleven—

are almost singular examples in our school of masters aiming in water colours at classical compositions in the genre of the two Poussins. There is a fine feeling, especially for grave evening effects, in the drawings of the former. The latter has two distinct manners—the earlier reminding of the broad and simple style of Girtin and Turner in his earlier years; the second purely artificial, and depending on a trick of purple colour, on rough paper, with the profuse employment of gum as a vehicle. Novelty and singularity secured a sale for the works thus executed, which drawings in the earlier and simpler manner would probably never have commanded. We much prefer Varley's drawings in his earlier manner.

Robert Hills (1765-1844) was a delineator of cattle and farm-yard scenes, somewhat in the style of Ibbetson. Here are eight of his drawings (222-229), one of which "The Stag in the Pass of Glencoe," is a more ambitious flight than he generally attempted. Cristall and Westhall should be classed together, as draughtsmen once enjoying considerable vogue for figure compositions of an elaborately artificial character, in which every face was tamed to the strictest rules of regularity, and nature was ruthlessly sacrificed to conventional and academic grace. Visitors to the gallery must determine the merit of such work from the three examples of the second artist (171-173), and the five of the first (248-252). We must confess that such grace of form and regularity of feature are, to our thinking, poor substitutes for the force and variety of natural physiognomy and truthful action.

Samuel Prout, who died at an advanced age in 1852, was a man of very different stamp. A profound student of the principles of his art, and a masterly delineator of architectural details, especially in the crumbling buildings of France, Flanders, and Italy, Prout devoted his pencil to accurate reproduction of whatever was most picturesque in Norman streets, Belgian town-halls, and Italian quays and bridges, arches and *loggie*. In the 12 drawings of his here exhibited (284-294) we may track his somewhat mannered hand, and his masterly distribution of light and shade and opposition of colour, through Strasbourg and Venice, Dresden and Verona. In the two large drawings of "Indiamen Ashore" (287, 290) he displays a power of ennobling English subjects by his

broad, manly, and intelligent treatment, which inspires some regret that he did not seek more of his materials at home. As an artistic architectural draughtsman he remains altogether unequalled.

Of the startling creations of John Martin, in water colour, of which five hang here (416-420), we need not repeat what we have already said in our remarks on this modern British painter.

William Müller is the only one of our deceased masters of water colours whom it remains to notice. Eleven of his twelve drawings here (231-242) are records of his Eastern travel, to which we have referred in our remarks on the modern British school. We are prepared to say of Müller in water, as we said of Müller in oil, that in these works there is a promise of excellence, and even a developed power of a peculiar kind which we cannot parallel in any of his contemporaries. Nothing can be freer or more rapid than most of these drawings; but they say more in their dash and slightness than most finished pictures. How full of stormy power are "Burnt Pines on the Road to Pinaka" (241); how large and grand the three views of "Xanthus;" how solemn and sweet the "Philæ" (240), and the "Parthenon" (235)!

And now, having done our duty, cursorily, as our space compels us, to the dead, let us pass from this side room, where hang the works of the fathers of English water colour, to the long gallery which glows with the bright hues and teeming picturesqueness of their descendants—our contemporary draughtsmen. Here are hung the fruits of that branch of British art which most astonishes and humiliates foreigners. They have never conceived, till they visit England that water colours could be made to yield this depth, richness, and force. They do not see how much this branch of art gains in its almost exclusive devotion to nature, whether its dealing be with earth, sea, and sky, or with humanity. We may lament the lack of evidence of elevated aim in this fine collection, but perhaps, as things go, we shall do well to be content with such effective transcript of all that lies about us as our water-colour artists devote themselves to giving. It would be superfluous to criticise here, where all are yearly critics. We can but rapidly run over the masters, and attempt to sum up the general characteristics of their styles and subjects. To one of these men only, we conceive that all honest and appreciative criticism owes a

liberal and special tribute. To David Cox, as one of the greatest landscape painters of this or any other country—as a man who, working on altogether different principles from Turner, yet shows, through all his diversity, a kindred love of nature, and a not inferior or less reverent familiarity with her mysteries,—let us confess that we individually owe more gratification, a profounder sense of certain beauties and terrors of earth and sky, a more lasting impression of the solemnities of our mountains, of the summer delight of our meadows, of the wildness of our heather-purpled moors, of the dreary grandeur of our spreading sands, and of the windy majesty of our English oak-woods, than to any man who has ever put colour upon paper.

Born in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, educated under the stern apprenticeship of the anvil, David Cox puts into his work a sort of Cyclopean strength, whose rudest touches convey their meaning, and whose utmost roughness is never wanting in love. Here are 17 drawings of his hand (480-496*a*), from its period of deftest power to its later achievements of failing eye and less certain touch, but of undiminished insight and unimpaired passion for the nature which he worships. Indeed, whatever the lovers of precise forms and dexterous manipulation may say of even his drawings of the present year, to us the dregs of David Cox seem worth more than the first runnings of less gifted men. Those who study these drawings will have no difficulty in distinguishing the earlier from the later productions; but they will see no change of affections or vacillation of aim. David Cox is a landscape painter of the broad and indicative school of Reubens and Titian, not of the minute and elaborate working-out school of Hobbema, and the modern English oil painters of landscape. So subtle is the power of these works, that we despair of conveying our own ideas of it, still more of revealing its secret by any written words. What is it, for instance, that gives their deep and abiding solemnity to those three drawings of "Lancaster Sands" (481, 487, 488)? Is it the mere expanse of wet sea-bed, or the ominous gathering of the grey clouds, or the sense which hangs upon us of the many who have been overtaken and engulfed by the tide in that treacherous passage? The windy joyousness of that "Hay Field" (486), and the sad solemnity of that "Welsh Funeral" (496) in the lowly

churchyard, which nestles under the purple shadow of the Chieftain's Crag, can only be due to the fine sense of keeping which has governed the apparently loose masses of flaky white cirrus in the sky of the one, and the heavy grey, cumulous sky, that hangs like a pall over the other. To know that David Cox for nearly fifty summers has sought and studied among the hills, and woods, and by the river at Bettwys-y-Coed, is to get some insight into his penetrating, intense, and persevering courtship of nature, in one of those spots where she has most lavishly displayed both her loveliness and her majesty. This is the key to all his power. He has earned it by the lowliest suit and service. Nothing has been too high for him to attempt—nothing too humble for him to kneel to. Bettyws is his home-ground, but the love he feeds by the placid reaches and foaming rapids of the Conway, under the shade of those purple cliffs of Craig-y-Dinas, and amidst the feathery beeches that close in the Beaver's Bridge, he carries away with him to spend in whatever scene may court his pencil, be it the broad woods of Windsor (492), the hop-covered Kentish weald (480, 483), or the lordly demesne of Bolsover (493). David Cox still labours with all of him impaired but the heart into which the beauties of this island have sunk so deep, and the brain in which the impression of a happy and laborious lifetime are garnered. When he passes away, England will number among her living worthies one great artist the fewer.

And now what is left us but the barest cataloguing? How shall we class the profusion of treasures that yet remain for acknowledgment? Our best guide must be the order in which they hang. Here (423-431) is a goodly display of the pretty rustic figures, set in the brightest and most facile landscape, of John Absolon, with three drawings of more imaginative pretensions, "Evangeline" (425), the "First Night in a Convent" (426), and the "Joan of Arc in Prison" (428). Bright is represented by one of his effective drawings (432), "On the Coast of Scotland." George Dodgson, one of our sweetest colourists, with a somewhat weak and mannered execution, is shown by five of those combinations of architecture (433-437) and old-world costume with which his name is so pleasantly associated. Here is Burton's dignified and classical portrait of "Helen Faucit" (439),

with two of those impressive treatments of subjects from Franconian life (443, 444), which justify his sojourn in Munich. George Cattermole, king of *chique*—for we have no English word to express that dangerous mastery of his materials, which leaves a painter satisfied with indicating his whole life long, and condemns him to the subordinate position of an unrivalled sketcher, when one cannot but believe he might, if he chose, easily rise to a higher rank—may be studied, admired, and sighed over in no fewer than thirty of those picturesque and chivalresque compositions, in which he has lavished powers of composition and colour which, concentrated into finished works, might have lifted him to the first place among English historical painters. Barons and bandits, pilgrims and retainers, masks and marauders, and doddered oak trees, and rough troopers, graceful dames, and portly magnificoes, have been poured out here with bewildering profusion. But, however attractive such slight and indicative mastery may be in the purely picturesque, we desiderate more completeness in illustrations of imperative master-pieces like “Macbeth” and “Othello,” and still more in solemn sacred subjects, such as “Christ Healing the Sick” or “The Woman taken in Adultery.” First, perhaps, among these examples of facile skill we should class “Sir Biorn surrounded by the Armour of his Ancestors” (472), from La Motte Fouqué’s wild tale of Sintram. There is fine imagination, as well as humour, in the hollow hauberks and empty helms aping the action and expression of drunken guests about the rough-hewn banquet board, in the old Norseman’s castle near the sea.

John Gilbert deserves to share the crown of *chique* with Cattermole, but Gilbert aims at more solidity of impasto and solemnity of colour. His great practice as a draughtsman for the wood engraver has given him that power of chiaroscuro which reigns through all his drawings, and goes far to make up for much incorrectness of drawing, and the too frequent sacrifice of truth to effect. He imitates all masters, too, in subject and style. Here, for instance, the “Violin” (475) is in the manner of Murillo. The “Drug Market” (476) is an effective presentation of one of those most Rembrandtesque of all scenes of real life, an oriental bazaar, with its women in *ferigee* and *yashmak* its recessed shops with their glorious garniture of carpets

papooshes, narghilehs, jars, and gallipots, and in the midst of this most picturesque of all chaoses, the bearded owner, calm and cross-legged, waiting for as much custom as it may please Allah to send him, but in no way discomposed if the day pass without a sale.

C. Bossoli, known by his clever published drawings of Crimean landscape—in the midst of which he lived for many years—has here a large and elaborate drawing of one of the streets at Baktehi-Sarai (479), crowded with Tartars—a spirited and picturesque production, but disagreeable in the tone and execution of the sky. Carl Haag and Louis Haghe are two foreign artists, whom popular favour has adopted, and made English. Haag revels in the purple skies and glowing sunshine of Southern Italy. Wherever picturesqueness is natural to a population, Carl Haag turns it to excellent and effective account in his drawings. Witness the “Sabine Peasant Woman” (499), the “Italian Peasants” (498, 500, 591), and the more ambitious composition of Dalmatians assembled round an improvisatore among the ruins of Salona, on the Adriatic (505*a*). But when the painter has to create his own picturesqueness, as in the larger court compositions of the “Queen and Prince with their family ascending Lochnagar” (504), and the “Evening Scene at Balmoral” (505), he becomes false and offensive by a certain German-cockneyism, than which we know few things more intolerable. Louis Haghe never sins by this kind of sham-picturesque. He chooses his architectural subjects among the grand old town halls and guild chambers of Belgium, in Bruges or Ghent, Antwerp or Courtrai,—places where, through the 14th and 15th centuries, the pulse of national life beat fullest and fastest, and the struggle between baron and burgher, and between the privileged and unprivileged in the ranks of the city-populations themselves, went on longest most stubbornly. In these magnificent old rooms Haghe always places appropriate figures, commemorative of some event in Low Country history, when costume had all the painter wants of outward wealth of colour and gracefulness of cut, to say nothing of bold outspokenness and violence of act. Such are the subjects of the ten best of his drawings here (508-517). Of these the “Oath of Vargas,” and the reception of the Archduchess Margaret by the

members of the Guild, in the Town-hall of Bruges, are the most striking. Louis Haghe is left-handed, indeed one-handed. But no draughtsman has a more rapid or firmer touch. Had he lived in the days of Rubens, he might have been one of the greatest of his scholars. As it is, he is one of the boldest of our water-colour painters, the most powerful in his effects of light and shade, and in his combination of figures and architecture.

And now back from the Campagna, where Carl Haag is painting the sun-browned herdsman, in his sheepskin coat, or the full-bosomed Sabine matron, *sole perusta*, with the broad shadow of her *panno* falling across the square, swart, but Junonian features. Back from the town halls and convent-cloisters of old Flanders, where the burly burghers are discussing the points of their civic charters with Austrian archdukes, or Spanish generallissimos. Back to the homesteads, and streets, and waysides of dear Old England with William Hunt, the truest delineator of the British country boy through all the phases of his joy and sorrow, his shiverings in the winter frost, his warm snooze by the chimney-corner, his terrible onslaught on the meat-pie, his heavy happy sleep after clearance of the enormous dish, in his school sufferings and school sports;—with William Hunt, the most pathetic painter of the devotion of the English village church or Irish village chapel; the truest delineator of the weariness of vagrant life, not dressed up in attractively-cast drapery and glowing studio tatters, but given in its own grey, dusty, draggled garb, only with such beauty of youth as survives even in the midst of the sins and sadness of a wandering life;—with William Hunt, the painter of still life, which competes for minute truth with Gerard Dow or Teniers,—the fruit and flower painter, whose bunches of blossom and wayside flower, whose glowing piles of plums and peaches surpass immeasurably all that has ever been put upon canvas by Ruisch or Van Huysum, by Snyders or Leghers. No fewer than thirty of this admirable painter's works (518-547) are here. Painter we may call him, for his work is rather painting than drawing. It is executed entirely in body colour, in a manner which Hunt has invented for himself, applied entirely with the point, and in touches of pure primitive colour, making up by their various combinations every shade of secondary and tertiary colour,

and all tones of grey that are required in this whole range of representation. Hunt is with reason one of the most popular of our water-colour masters; and he takes the very highest rank amongst the English painters of humble life.

In sharp contrast with Hunt in every particular, both of conception and execution, comes F. W. Topham (1837-1897), the most picturesque master of our water-colour school. In him, for Hunt's body colour, we find washes and rubbings—no stippling, except in the faces, hands, and feet, and scarcely a single touch of colour put on unbroken. In representation here is no exact truth, but rather a constant reproduction of a certain wild Celtic type of beauty in the artist's mind—soft grey eyes with black lashes, angular faces full of sweetness, and masses of hair growing low upon the brow. Raggedness has never been rendered so attractive as in Topham's drawings, nor has any painter made us feel shoes and stockings such pure superfluities. Topham found his earliest and truest inspirations in Ireland. An Irish witch has haunted him, ever since that Galway tour of his, and keeps him spell-bound with her violet eyes and tangled elf-locks, snooded under bright hood or handkerchief, and the tattered orange jacket, and the blue or green duffel petticoat. He is never so much at home as when he gives us a group of such witches of the Claddagh or the Galtees, telling their beads round the old stone cross, or squatting about the potato-kish or black pot of stirabout. He has tried Wales and the Highlands for subjects, and has changed the Celtic grey eye for the Gaelic bright blue, and the black locks of Connemara for the golden ones of Glencoe. Nay, he has travelled to Andalusia and to Brittany, but that Irish witch travels with him, and she is so wildly beautiful—her unkempt hair or shrouding hood shades so rich a cheek, and so arch a smile, and so pleading an eye—and she mingles so cunningly the broken tones of her tattered drapery, and she stands so straight and clean on her bare feet, or kneels so gracefully in her prayer at the holy well, or bends so tenderly over the cradle of her child, that we cannot wish her away.

Mr. Jenkins (1853-1861), has been as true to Picardy and Brittany, as Mr. Topham to southern and western Ireland; but Mr. Jenkins lacks the element of wildness in his picturesque. His

shrimp girls of Portel, and his maidens of Morlaix or Quimper, are always trig and trim, and show little signs of the wear and tear of labour in complexion or in garb. Here is that well-known and graceful allegory, "Going with the Stream," where the boat is floating so pleasantly, with its freight of young love, whose course has not yet been crossed. Mr. Jenkins is always sweet and refined in sentiment; but before his drawings we ever and anon find ourselves wishing for more of the rough truth of life, more of its weather stains, more of those water-worn channels in cheeks that tell of floods of tears, more of the wrinkles and scars of toil and trouble. To us these things but heighten the charm of the youth and beauty, and affection that shines through and transfigures them all. Lacking these, youth and beauty, and affection may have the unreality, flatness, and insipidity of a fair face painted without shadows.

Oakley (675-684) is another wooer of the picturesque in figure subjects. He has consecrated himself to the gipsy and the organ boy, as Topham to the Celtic lass, and Jenkins to the Picarde or Bretonne. Oakley deserves one praise, which nobody, we can say with all assurance, has any right to share with him. He has painted gipsy life with truth, both in physiognomy and accessories. Oakley never hangs the gipsy kettle on a tripod, or sticks joined at the top, but always on the genuine fire-stick of the roumany. Oakley knows how a gipsy tent is pitched, and how its gay carpet is arranged over the divan of straw, and how the blanket-screen which keeps the wind from the fire is set up, and how the tambourine is tossed and the fiddle touched by your true *boshingri* (fiddler), in the *tan* (fair), or *kellapen-keir* (dancing-house). We speak *en connaissance de cause*; for we, too, have been a *roumany rei* (gipsy gentleman) in our young days, and did *not* learn our *roumany rokkerpen* (gipsy speech) from Mr. Borrow. In fact, Mr. Oakley has painted the gipsies and their belongings from the life, and many a *rinkney rakley* (pretty girl), and *tiknee-chavi* (little child), of our acquaintance, among Lees and Bosvilles, Coopers and Shaws, has served as model to Mr. Oakley. Here are fewer of these gipsy subjects, and more Italian street muscians and peasant children. Faithful to facts as Mr. Oakley is in his treatment of his subjects, he has not the true grasp of the vagrant

character that Hunt has, nor the relish for the picturesque that guides every touch of Topham's pencil. There is something heavy in his colour, and wooden in his figures.

In Frederick Tayler the picturesque element has taken a retrograde direction, and has carried away the painter from our own time, into the days when English upper-class life still arrayed itself in bright velvets, and silks, and satins, and wore gold lace on seams, and cuffs, and pocket flaps, and point lace cravats and ruffles, and rode in jack-boots, and carried French horns slung over its shoulder, when it went a-hunting or a-hawking. Never has any painter made prettier *tableaux vivants* out of the hunting field than Frederick Tayler, and there is a relish of bright sunlight and fresh air in his pictures which makes them delightfully exhilarating, an effect which is heightened by the facile handling and free touch of the painter. Besides hunting pieces of the olden time, Tayler has a relish for the picturesque of peasant and wayside life, somewhat akin to Topham, though not set off by an equally fine feeling for colour. His combinations of dogs and dead game, too, are full of spirit and effect. His large compositions of the "Popinjay" (877) and the "Fête Champêtre" (888) rise quite to the rank of pictures, and are, indeed, about the most ornamental works that could be hung on the boudoir wall of some coquettish bachelor in May Fair, who likes to play at sporting. We cannot conceive that any man who really liked rough earnest sport would care much for Frederick Tayler's pleasant masquerading.

Last and first among our figure painters, for artistic resources and energy of patient toil, comes J. F. Lewis, to whom belongs the desert and the divan, as the gipsy tent to Oakfield, Sir Roger de Coverley's hunting ground to Frederick Tayler, the Boulogne sands to Jenkins, and the Galway cabin to Topham. J. F. Lewis, after his travels in Italy, and afterwards in Spain and Constantinople, which resulted in the large albums of Spanish and Eastern figures and architecture, to which we all owe so much of our impressions of those countries, settled in Cairo, and for years was an Egyptian among Egyptians. In this way he acquired his complete familiarity with eastern life and habits, and found time to execute the exquisitely elaborate studies, of which we see the results in his recent eastern drawings. Here we have examples

of the earlier or freer manner of the artist, and of his latest or miniature manner. His "Fox and Drake" (644) "Dead Game and Keepers" (643) show what he was in his commencements. The Easter-day at Rome, with the people awaiting the papal benediction in the square before the Vatican, is a noble work, full of fine studies of Italian costume and character, grouped with perfect command of all the resources of art, both as regards composition and colour. How he treats Italian subjects now, the "Roman Pilgrims at a Shrine" (641) will serve to show. There is a great question involved in this minute labour. Is it worth the artist's while to spend so much earnest thought and toil on one drawing, certainly perishable, and not enshrining any particularly valuable or elevated thought? Might he not be better employed in expressing more ideas, with less elaboration? We confess that we incline to think he might; and we cannot but regret, for example, to see such labour as has been put into the forms of the cast shadows in the drawing of the "Pilgrims at the Altar," or into even the most insignificant accessories of the "Encampment in the Desert" (638). It is disagreeable, too, to find in all these drawings that the heads—the most important parts—are the least satisfactory. We feel provoked to ask why some of the labour put into the drawing of a Turkish lattice, or the pattern of a shawl, or divan cushion, was not devoted to study of some head that fails of completeness so far as to attract notice, not by its expression or drawing, but by its manifest inferiority in mere imitative truth to all that surrounds it.

We must conclude with brief reference to Miss M. Gillies (569-574a), as a painter of serious aims, not always quite attained, but never failing in a certain result of dignified and earnest beauty; and of Miss F. Corbaux as a pains-taking artist, who has committed the great mistake of aiming at an ideal altogether untrue to nature; to Mr. E. T. H. Corbould, as a most dexterous manipulator of his materials, who, with great knowledge of the technical parts of his art, great facility in composition, unusual power of drawing the figure, and untiring industry in the painting of details, yet fails to impress the mind deeply, by reason of an ingrained theatrical exaggeration in his work. The scene from the "Prophète" (696) displays both his defects and his merits. Nothing can be more

laborious or more dextrous; nothing, if we may judge by our own feeling, can take less real hold of the mind.

Two drawings by Werner, the well-known water-colour painter of Rome, of an artist's studio (933, 934), are full of life and character, and executed with great skill. "The Interior of the Arena Chapel at Padua" (935), by the same painter, is a fine example of his skill in the style of work with which his name is most familiarly associated.

Miss Sarah Setchell is a woman of strong grasp of her subject, a fine feeling for the choice of a moment involving dramatic suspense, and quite enough both of skill and of sentiment for beauty to do justice to any theme she may take up. Here is her fine and impressive drawing of the "Momentous Question" (939), in which the village beauty seeks the cell of her wild lover, awaiting his trial for a poaching affray in which life has been lost, for an answer to her question, whether he prefers to purchase life by giving her up to the rival whose evidence can hang, or the suppression of it save him, or to keep her heart and risk the trial, the rival's evidence, and the chances of the scaffold. Few drawings exhibited in our time have produced such an effect on the public as this did. Miss Setchell has never come up to it since. Until she finds another subject equally full of situation, which is not easy, it can hardly be expected that she can out-do this, her first public success.

There still remain for comment the great mass of the living water-colour painters of landscape,—the class which does more than any other to keep alive the love of the beautiful in nature; for not only do they do this by those charming yearly exhibitions of the old and new societies, in which our coasts, and copses, and cornfields, our lakes and mountains, are annually brought into the hot and dusty heart of the London season, but by the lessons they give at other times of the year, and the host of pretty sketchers they send forth, armed with block-books, and elaborate boxes from Winsor and Newton's, or Roberson's, to ramble over the highways and by-ways of our own islands and the continent. Who knows not those delightfully blue distances, and slightly woolly foregrounds, and occasionally wooden figures, and that questionable perspective, which does not prevent these amateur

performances from giving the intensest pleasure in the making, and a real addition to the enjoyment of travel, both in the present and in the retrospect. Most skilful among such teachers are Leitch—who has the honour of numbering Her Majesty among his pupils, and whose two drawings here (414*a*, 414*b*), by no means sufficiently illustrate his rare knowledge of effect and composition, and his mastery of his material—and J. D. Harding, who, besides his services as a teacher, is so well and widely known by his publications on landscape art, and on tree drawing. Harding is a real master of landscape, and not in water colours merely, though his style in oils partakes so much of the lightness and rapidity proper to the use of the simpler medium, that he may be more properly judged as a water-colour painter who occasionally resorts to oil, than as an oil-painter condescending to use water colours. His ten-drawings here (572-581) abundantly illustrate his peculiar facility, his familiarity with all the arts of composition, and his command over some of the finest and most legitimate sources of effect. His “Sunrise on the Bernese Alps” (573), and his “Cirque of Gavarni” (580), may be referred to as showing his command over the sublimer and more savage grandeur of nature, as his “Harvest Landscape at Munden” (578), and his “Chatelguion” (576), illustrate his wide grasp of earth and sky in their more beautiful aspects. And yet, masterly as is the hand, and practised as is the eye of Harding, he seems to us always in danger of falling into that too obviously pictorial arrangement of his subjects, which, in rendering apparent the painter’s artifice, destroys for us most of the impressiveness of his picture.

T. M. Richardson, a water-colour painter of skill scarce inferior to Harding’s, and of whose drawings thirteen adorn this gallery, is the example we should select to show this tendency pushed to a point at which it goes far to destroy the value of much labour and unquestionable command of artistic resources. Richardson rejoices especially in Highland subjects, of which his “Loch Katrine” (798), his “Scotch Lake” (804), his Highland scenery (806, 808, and 810), are commanding specimens, and he seems to combine the sportsman’s and the artist’s enjoyment of the heathery hill-side, and the brown waters that foam over the

granite boulders of the linn into the black pool where the big fish lie sulking and sunning their back fins. Even Italy, to Mr. Richardson's eye, seems to have a smack of the Highlands, or else his Highlands borrow something of the brightness of their sunshine, and the blue of their mountain-girdled tarns, from the heaven of Italy. We never feel the grandeur of the mountain forms, the terror of their mists, the glory of their far-off purple ranges, the loveliness or majesty of the cloud-piles that mock their outline, sink into our hearts while contemplating one of the finished and dextrous drawings of Richardson, as we do before the plashy, blotchy, blurred, and rough-hewn compositions of David Cox. The one is hand-painting—the other mind-painting. Richardson's drawing impresses you with a feeling of the artist's skill—Cox's with a feeling of the nature represented, without suggestion of the artistic medium through which the feeling is conveyed.

William Evans, who has the important post of drawing master at Eton, combines Richardson's love of Highland scenes and subjects, as may be seen from his drawings here (584-588), with a less obvious parade of artistic resources, and a looser and less certain hand, though he no more approximates to the slovenliness of Cox than he does to his power of grasping the heart of a landscape, and giving you that overpowering impression which seems to have guided every dash of the old Birmingham blacksmith's brush. Of course, it is no wonder that Mr. Evans paints well and often the Eton playing fields, that lie fair and green under the shadow of their noble elms by the brimming Thames, and the towers of Windsor that rise so stately above the woods across the river.

George Fripp is one of the honestest and least pretentious of our water-colour painters of landscape. He is peculiarly English in his conception of English subjects, as witness here his "Boroughbridge" (958), his "Durdham Downs" (960), and his "Taplow Mill" (962). He loves Yorkshire, and the sweet glades of Hambleton, with their ruins of grand Cistercian priories, embosomed in trees, or the holms by the bright and fast flowing mill stream, and the reedy banks of Thames, with its osier bolts, and lashers, and cel pots; but he can rise to higher themes and give us the green surf breaking on the Dorsetshire cliffs of Durdle, or the chalky sea wall of Wight, or the sunrise kindling

the granite sides of a "Highland Glen" (964). He has wandered on the High Alps too, and has rendered with the same honesty that makes an English landscape so enjoyable, the ghostly glaciers of Chamounix and the terrors of the Tête-noire. As represented here, he is all English, save in two fine drawings of the Lake of Geneva, with the Pic du Midi in the distance (963), and in his noble composition (966) from the Val d'Aosta, near Chatillon.

Vacher has consecrated himself to the purples of Italian and Sicilian sea and sky. Besides the sweetness and solemnity with which he has reproduced those most magical of all glammers which the sun at his rising and at his setting works on the horizon and the hills of the south, Mr. Vacher has a fine feeling for composition, and a painstaking care and finish in his foregrounds which give his drawings (917-922) a high place in the English Water-colour Gallery.

Mr. Frank Dillon, whose eastern travels have transformed a most promising amateur into a skilful artist, sends four drawings from Nubia, Cairo, and Carnac, in which the grandeur of the desert and the picturesque confusion of the Turkish bazaar are rendered with great fidelity and an honesty that would deserve acknowledgment, even if its attainment of its aim were less complete.

E. Cromek's drawings (927-932 A), principally of church architecture from central Italy, have singular force and fidelity, and are quite worthy to stand by anything of the same kind by Werner, who now holds the highest rank for such work among the artists resident in Italy. Mr. Arthur Glennie sends some meritorious drawings of Roman remains (967-969), in contrast with which we may place the humble English bits of common and roadside nature, by Whimper (947) and Wichelo (941-945). Among painters of English woodland and hedge-row, the highest place is due to Bennett and Charles Davidson, both comparatively young artists. Bennett has three fine woodland drawings here—one, "Glen Tilt" (596), of peculiar force, both in the drawing of the rocks and water of the rushing river, and in that of the foliage which dips its leaves in the stream. Charles Davidson has consecrated himself to the Surrey hedge-rows, meadows, and

cornfields, and never has their rich greenery been grappled with more honestly. Mr. Davidson, without any evidence of imagination, is an intensely truthful renderer of the nature he has set himself to master. His range is evidently narrow, but it is in a class of subject the charms of which we can all feel, from the highest to the humblest. Honour to the artist who has given the best service of his head and his hand to the homely beauty of our hedge-row elms, the golden richness of our harvest fields, the knee-deep green of our meadows, and the yellowing swathes of their new-mown hay. Here are four masterly sketches from nature, by James Holland (825-828); one of trees overhanging a pool (826), of peculiar truth and power.

Collingwood Smith and Rowbotham are both liable to the error of display which we have characterised in T. M. Richardson, but of singular dexterity. The former is by far the superior in power, as is shown here by his "Tell's Chapel" (729), his "Still Pool, Linton," (731), and his "Pass of the Furca" (733). William and John Callow are honest workmen, the latter especially excellent in his studies of coast scenery and shipping. His "East Indiaman Hove Down" (673), is a peculiarly fine example of the painter. William Callow's street architecture has great merit.

Joseph Nash has done for our English manor houses what Louis Haghe has accomplished for the town-halls and guild-chambers of Belgium. Every one knows Nash's delightful volumes of the old English mansions, wherein are rescued from oblivion so many of those magnificent examples of decorative invention which prove the age of the Tudors and the first Stuarts to have been the most fertile in architectural fancy that this island has ever known. Every one knows those low-browed galleries; those wide withdrawing rooms with their rosaced and richly decorated ceilings, their liberal, fantastically carved fireplaces, their panelled and fretted walls, and their recessed oriels, with emblazoned panes, giving such picturesque break of line, and such play of light and shadow; those high-timbered halls, with the huge open hearth, whereon a cart-load of logs might blaze at once; the minstrel's gallery, over the buttery hatch; the heavy oaken tables,—that on the dais for the great man, his family, and guests,—those stretching

along the walls, under helm and hauberk, stag's horn and halbert, and holster, pike, and partizan, for lusty retainers, and all the hangers on of a feudal household; those quaint gardens and bowling greens with their pleached alleys and cut yews, and the groups in doublet and jerkin, ruff and round hat, slashed trunks and rapiers, who give such animation and gaiety to the scene. Joseph Nash has really paid a debt to the past of English country life, which is nowhere so picturesquely and vividly recorded as in this noble series of drawings, of which 15 are here exhibited (625-637A), all characterised by the artist's truth of linear perspective and facile indication of elaborate details of decoration, as well as by his lininess of manner, and that rather dry and chalky texture, due to the profuse employment of body colour.

Records of another still greater illustrative work, are here in the shape of no less than 37 drawings, (734-770), by David Roberts—part of the series brought back by him from Spain and Egypt and the Holy Land, and published in those magnificent volumes so well known to most of our readers. Here David Roberts is seen in his height of skill. We know of few things in art that show greater mastery,—greater power of doing much with little expenditure of labour, or elaboration of particulars—than these fine and solemn works, especially two from the Holy Land—the summit of Mount Sinai (755), and the topmost platform of Mount Hor (757). Here are the scenes most hallowed to our imaginations, where passed the greatest events recorded in the Old and the New Testament—Mount Tabor from the plain of Esdraelon (754), the rock city of Petra (758), Bethlehem (770), and Nazareth (766, 767), Canaan (765), and Calvary (759).

To go from Roberts to Duncan, is to pass from scenes which kindle the imagination by all the combined influence of their own grandeur and strangeness, and of association with the most momentous events of human history, to aspects of nature with which we are all familiar, and associations with the homeliest realities of life. And yet who will say that before these seven quiet drawings (856-862), he does not feel profoundly and pleasingly impressed? Without parade of dexterity, without vivid colour, or startling contrasts of light and shade, by the honest use of natural greys, and the quiet gradations of English atmosphere—

Duncan produces pictures which quietly make their way to the heart, and once there do not easily leave their hold. The "Harvest Moon" (862) is a perfect illustration of this quiet charm of simple nature simply conveyed. The "Sands at Calais" (859), the "Sea-weed Gathering in Douglas Bay" (858), are admirable transcripts of sea-side fact; the low driving grey cloud of sea-fret in the latter especially, and the cold gusty aspect of shore and sky, are especially deserving of notice for their profound truth, expressed without the least pretension.

Naftel is another painter of sea-side scenes, which he leaves occasionally for the greenest of green fields, and the most placid of still waters, matted with floating water-lilies. Mr. Naftel is a conscientious and a courageous artist, who does not shrink from that most formidable of all struggles,—an up and down fight with a tree, in its suit of midsummer green. The worst of such struggles is that we are very few of us aware *how* green the trees and the fields are, while the harmonies of earth and sky are such, that tones which, when truthfully caught by the painter, appear harsh and crude in his drawing, are, in nature, so harmonised and contrasted as to give us only the most exquisite repose and refreshment of the eye.

Our limits compel us to conclude with the merest mention of the Chevalier Hildebrandt's dashing views of Madeira and Alexandria (553-558); of young David Cox's Welsh landscapes (497-497B); of Scarlett Davis's Italian interiors (562, 563); of Mr. H. Cook's careful and effective rendering of the noble ruin of the Olympeion, at Athens (612), and two large drawings of Arran (610, 611), true in mountain form, and fine in aerial effect, though deficient in power in their foregrounds; of Palmer's daring efforts at imaginative landscape (607-609), marked often by an absurd attempt to render the apparent golden rays which seem to diverge from the sun's disc, but which are really in our optical apparatus; of poor Brockedon's Italian landscapes (612A-612 D); of Pritchett's cold but careful Venetian views (698-700); of the water-colour works of many distinguished men already discussed in our remarks on the English oil painters, as Stanfield (834-850), Maclise (705-707), Herbert (701-704), the Landseers (709, 784, 785), and Pyne,—the last a greater master by far, as it

seems to us, in water than in oil colours. His peculiar aim at rendering the effects of full sun-light is more compassable in the former material. Of his seven fine drawings here (710-715A), those of the Lago Maggiore (710, 711), bear the palm for beauty. of Mr. S. Read's fine Interior of St. Paul's Antwerp (797); of William Turner's formal but deeply-felt views of Scottish lakes and midland streams, with their floating lilies (903-908B), which, belonging as they do to the past, still speak of a sweet and profound spirit in the painter; of the desert subject of Henry Warren (938), and W. Lee's smooth-cheeked peasants (910-912), and Wehnert's ambitious historical drawings (924-926), meritorious for the labour put into them, and for an elevation and seriousness of aim, so rare among the masters in this material.

We pass away from the Water-colour Gallery, as every visitor will do, we are very sure, lingeringly, and with regret. But the historical portrait series, and the engravings, and drawings, and miniatures, yet remain to be noticed, and we can give no more space to our workers in water colours, much as we love them.

THE DRAWINGS.

WE do not know of any better introduction to this deeply interesting part of the Manchester Exhibition than the following remarks from Dr. Waagen's work on the Art Treasures of Great Britain :—

“The drawings of the great masters have a peculiar charm. These it is, more than any other works, which introduce the student into the secret laboratory of art, so that he may follow a painting from its first germ, through its various stages and changes, till it attains its perfect form. Von Rumohr, with his usual refined sense of art, directs our attention to the true mechanical instinct with which the old masters always employed in their drawings the material best adapted to the object they had in view. If they were desirous of noting down a first thought just as it arose in the fancy, they usually chose the red Italian chalk, with which sketching is so easy, or the soft Italian black chalk.

“The breadth and softness of the stroke immediately gives to such a first sketch something picturesque and massy ; while, at the same time, the material allowed of a high degree of finish, if desirable. But, if they wished to arrest a rapidly-passing effect in nature, to seize an accidental, happy, quickly-changing cast of drapery, or to mark sharply and distinctly the main features of some character, the pen was preferred, which allowed them to unite the easy-flowing line with the sure and distinct indication of forms. If, on the other hand, they aimed to express in a portrait or study the most delicate movement of forms, and a fine play of surface within the outline, they generally took a silver point. On a paper covered with a mixture of white lead and pale yellow ochre, verdigris, or some red such a pencil marks but lightly and softly, and therefore allows of alterations and improvements *ad infinitum*, and by pressing hard,

marks decidedly that design which the artist finally prefers. Or if their chief object was the broad distribution of light and shade, the full camel's hair brush, dipped in sepia or Indian ink, with its elastic point and its bold breadth, led most rapidly and surely to their end. In such drawings the outlines of the forms are often not indicated, but result only from the limits of the shadows: when it was required at the same time to indicate the form, the use of the pen was added. Lastly, for a more detailed marking of light and shade, coloured paper afforded them a middle tint, by the help of which they produced, with black chalk in the shadows, and white in the lights, a very delicate gradation, and a great relief of the parts. On account of its many advantages, this mode of drawing has been very commonly used.

"It is only after having seen a number of such drawings that we can judge how conscientiously a composition has been prepared, and better understand and appreciate the marvellous perfection of the pictures of Raphael and his time, which were the result of a long series of studies by the most highly-gifted minds.

"Now, if no branch of the study of art is more attractive than that of drawings, certainly there is none more difficult. Nothing but the most intimate familiarity with the feelings of the masters, as they are expressed in every line, can serve as a sure guide in the labyrinth. For there is not only an infinite number of studies made by very eminent artists, for instance, by the Carracci, after the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. with much spirit and great skill, but both in early and later times, skilful individuals have made it their business to derive a profitable income from imitation of the drawings by the great masters. Hence there is no kind of collections so unequally compared as those of drawings, inasmuch as the most admirable original is often seen side by side with an indifferent copy."

This concluding caution is, on the whole, less required at Manchester than it would be for most collections of drawings of the same bulk as that here shown. The drawings here have been contributed by comparatively few hands; and come from collectors who have gathered with extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and ample means—three requisites which the amateur of old drawings must unite in a rare degree, if he is to escape the impo-

sitions of rascally dealers, and the ridicule of rival connoisseurs. Dr. Wellesley's collection at Oxford is well known for one of the richest in any private hand in this country. He has liberally placed the whole of his treasures at the command of the committee. Sir John Hipposley—another of the rare collectors who unites the three requisites above mentioned—Professor Johnson, of Oxford, Mr. Richard Ford, the well-known Spanish traveller, Mr. Birchall, the learned Society of Christ Church, Oxford, Earl Spencer, Lord Ward, the Duke of Northumberland, and the Liverpool Royal Institution, are also contributors; but we owe to Dr. Wellesley nearly five-sixths of this assemblage of 260 interesting glimpses into the working of celebrated men.

It can hardly be expected that this part of the collection will be visited by the crowd. The appreciation of drawings requires more than usual interest in the processes of artistic thought, and something of that delicate insight into the indications of thought which is independent of finish, and can dispense with fulness of detail. But for minds capable of this, there are few artistic enjoyments more exquisite than that which the inspection of fine old drawings is calculated to give. It is like sitting by an artist's side—to watch the gradual growth of his composition—to note the alterations—to enjoy the sudden burst of some overmastering conception, which sweeps away a whole fabric of laboured invention to replace it with the grand birth of a single inspired moment—to see the very place where Raphael has torn away a head that dissatisfied him, and to find the amended passage of the sketch flung hastily on quite another part of the paper—to mark with wonder the delicate lines traced by that gigantic hand of Michael Angelo, formed apparently only to wield mallet and chisel with that fiery force which is recorded to have sent the marble chips flying in a cloud about the impetuous sculptor—to note the wide range of delicate atmospheric effects which a Claude could command out of a sheet of blue paper and a few touches of black and white chalk, or the magic of light and shadow which Rembrandt could evoke with a fine point and a little bistre.

We have at hand, while we write, a detailed criticism of every one of these 260 drawings, with learned conclusions, as, for exam-

ple:—"No. 24—not by Luini, but a fine drawing of Lorenzo di Credi, very Leonardesque in manner." "No. 27—well observed; a lady with a dish in her hand, seen in profile. Attributed to Fra Bartolommeo, but more like Andrea del Sarto; in fact, it reminds one of the female heads by Andrea in his beheading of the Baptist, in the cloister of the Scalzo, at Florence." But we shrink from inflicting too much of this sort of catalogue upon readers who don't care a penny whether every drawing that Ridolfo Ghirlandajo ever made is attributed to Pietro Perugino, or whether Michael Angelo gets the credit of the worst imitations of him ever palmed off by an Italian charlatan on the greenest of British tourists.

It will be more profitable, we apprehend, to direct attention to some drawings which are unmistakably fine and genuine examples of the masters whose names they bear, and to warn visitors against being misled by big names into believing Raphael capable of certain atrocities which have here been allowed to figure under his name.

For grace and tender beauty, the "Two Angels" (5, 6,) which bear the name of Philippino Lippi, deserve notice. They recall the manner of Perugino, but we know from the history of the picture of the "Deposition from the Cross" in the gallery of the Belle Arti at Florence, begun by Philippino and finished by Perugino, how impossible it may be to distinguish between the work of these two masters.

No. 7 is the drawing for one of Ghirlandajo's lovely frescoes, which every visitor to Florence must remember, looming in their dim beauty through the twilight of the chapel behind the high altar of Santa Maria Novella, but visible only in their perfection by an early morning sun.

12 (Lorenzo di Credi). Two draped figures, almost fine enough to pass for work of Michael Angelo.

14 (Donatello). Design for one of the statues of the Apostles, on the lovely campanile of Giotto, which rises, in its delicate diaper work of parti-coloured marbles, by the church of Santa Maria of the Flowers, at Florence.

16. A genuine study by Michael Angelo, for the St. Bartholomew of the "Last Judgment."

19 is a lovely cartoon of the Virgin and Child, but yet a certain coldness in the execution leads one to doubt whether it be from Leonardo's own hand. It may be Luini's. It has suffered, and shows restoration in the head.

31 is a fine and genuine cartoon of Gaudenzio Ferrari, that little-known Lombard master, who, more than any other of the school, combined the best points of the teaching of Leonardo and Raphael.

32—36. Certainly, in their present state, these cartoons have no right whatever to the name of Raphael. Of some, we may confidently assert that they never knew touch of his hand. Of the best we may say, as certainly, that if ever he touched them, his touches have been effaced by the coarse and clumsy operations of the restorer.

“Non ragionam di loro ; ma guarda e passa.”

40. This is a genuine work of Perugino, of the date 1494. The hardness and angularity of the draperies are deserving of notice, as indicating his earlier manner. The white lights have disappeared, and the effect of the drawing suffers in consequence.

44 is a fine and genuine example of Pinturicchio, the friend and fellow-worker with Raphael, at Sienna. Raphael himself executed the cartoons for some of the series of frescoes, for one of which this drawing was executed.

46. A lovely, and undoubtedly genuine, work from the hand of Raphael ; probably of about 1505, when he was still filled, without being fettered, by the purity of Peruginesque influence.

47. This is another apparently genuine work of the youthful Raphael, and recalls, in its execution, the drawing of himself in the Taylor collection, at Oxford. It is full of sweet virginal feeling.

48. Another genuine and beautiful work of Raphael's.

49. A charming study, by Raphael, for the “Holy Family,” at Vienna. On the reverse is a male figure slightly drawn in with the pen.

51. The reverse of this beautiful drawing of “The Entombment” contains a drawing of three children and three of dead bodies—one carried by a man—perhaps studies made in one of the

hospitals or cemeteries of Rome, with a view to the subject of the picture, for which the design was made.

55. (Raphael.) An admirable and unmistakably genuine drawing, for all its slightness. The style indicates the date of 1507 or 1508; that of the smaller of the two Panshanger Madonnas, now at Manchester, for which 55 is the very study.

57. We may say of this precisely what we said of the other Christ Church drawings 32 and 36.

58. A genuine piece of work of that confirmed classicalist Guilio Romano, who is less offensive in distemper than in oil; but even here his inveterate blackness and coarseness peep out.

61. (Timoteo della Vite.) A genuine work of this early collector and pupil of Raphael.

61A. (Raphael.) This pen and ink sketch for the "Massacre of the Innocents" should be compared with the engraving by Marc Antonio, and the photograph from a red chalk sketch of the same subject, in Her Majesty's collection, which are hung on the end of the screen facing the stairs.

It will be seen that the one sketch includes only the figures forming the outside of the composition, leaving the centre a blank. In the other sketch this blank is filled up. Raphael seems to have been satisfied with the central part of his composition, but to have felt that some alterations were wanted in the figures to the sides and at the back; and by comparing the two sketches, these alterations may be discovered. On looking to Marc Antonio's engraving, a dead child will be seen in the centre of the foreground. On referring to the sketch, it will be seen that Raphael has torn away the paper at the part occupied by this figure, and a sketch of the fore-shortened head, with which he was not content, will be found near the top of the paper. A curious question arises as to these sketches, whether Marc Antonio himself made up, from Raphael's two sketches, the design from which he executed his engraving, or worked from a completed design by Raphael.

The drawings by Titian (62-85), though they include some doubtful examples, are, on the whole, well deserving of close attention. They show the innate vigour of this great artist; his rapidity and careless power of hand.

62 reminds one, in its masterly light and shadow, of Corregio.

66 is a design for a fresco by Titian, which still exists at Padua, not in the scuola of St. Antonio, but in a church near the cathedral.

69 is one of the figures in a little battle piece, by Titian, now in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. The large picture for which this small one is a study, once ornamented the hall of the great council at Venice, where it was burnt.

70. One of the very finest and grandest drawings in the whole gallery.

76 and 80, are interesting examples of the large and yet not careless manner in which Titian executed the tree studies for his unequalled landscape backgrounds.

The Canalettos (87—92, and 94—101), are interesting as showing the careful way in which Canaletto got in the lines for his topographical pictures. He is said to have used the camera lucida. There is evidence of the scene painter's use of the straight edge in his firm and continuous outlines. Not a few of the weaker works of his imitator Guardi have found their way into this set of drawings under his name.

103 and 104 are more like Schidone than Corregio. The drawings of the latter are rare, and even the angels' heads (116) have been doubted by competent judges, though it may be considered heresy to hint as much.

119 has all the attractiveness which blinds so many to the essentially namby-pamby quality of Carlo Dolce.

120. Indubitably not by Giorgione, but by some Bolognese or Florentine imitator of a century later.

121, 122, 123, are genuine works by Guido; the first, however, a weak example.

The Murillos (127-131), with the exception of 128, are fine and of undoubted authenticity. The Christ on the Cross (129) is a peculiarly beautiful drawing in red chalk, from the collection of Richard Ford, Esq.

Equally genuine appear the four drawings (133-136) ascribed to Albert Dürer, and they show the extraordinary capacity of the man for delicate manipulation. It was this quality which gave his engravings, and indeed the productions of the German burin generally, their great popularity in Italy. The mechanical work of the Italian engravers was always as far below that of the

Germans, as the Italian feeling for beauty was above the Teutonic.

133, 134, 135, are all signed drawings by Dürer. The last bears the well-known monogram of the painter, and the date 1517. The first has the monogram only; the second has the signature in full.

By Rubens we have a chalk profile of his first wife (137), and a free and facile design for the soffits of a ceiling (140). What an architect Rubens would have made, in the flamboyant style of his time! How his buildings would have overflowed with exuberant ornament and symbolic detail of design!

143 to 145, 147 to 151 are all good and genuine examples of Vandyck. The last is interesting as a sketch of the painter's mistress, whose portrait may be seen in the Manchester Exhibition.

We could have wished Rembrandt more worthily represented in this collection than by the two insignificant drawings (154, 155), under his name. The same thing may be said of Cuyp and Vandervelde.

Sir P. Lely had a remarkably free and masterly hand with chalk. It was his practice, as it seems to have been Vandyck's before him, and Kneller's after, to begin with a chalk study from his subject. Here are seven of these studies (161—167), for female heads, including two of Charles's mistresses, Nell Gwynne (161), and Mrs. Middleton (162).

A few slight but spirited touches from the hand of Kneller preserve for us the imperious face of the "Grand Monarque," with the date 1684. Kneller was the very man to paint Louis XIV. He had a kindred relish for bombast, and an almost equal sense of his own importance.

The two Janets (169-170) are curious examples of the timid, painstaking manner of the 16th century, seen side by side, as they are, with the free, bravura-like work of Kneller. The portrait of Mary's first husband (170)—the husband of a short, happy honeymoon that deepened soon into bloody cloud and black night—will be examined with interest by most; for who but feels a lingering, lurking sympathy with Mary, even after all we have had revealed of her treachery, her stony heart, and her complicity in bloody deeds?

In no master's works is the collection so rich as in Claude's.

Here are not fewer than 61 drawings from his hand, most of them beyond question as to authenticity, and many bearing strong testimony against the condemnatory judgment passed upon the master by Ruskin, as one who neglected the study of nature. These drawings give evidence of the most careful observation—of that minute kind, too, of which Ruskin would have us believe Claude had no conception. Take, for example (173 and 174), studies of tree tops and way-side vegetation; or (175) the interior of a wood. They show the closest and most careful, and affectionate labour from nature.

Part of this collection may have been originally comprised in those six collections of drawings, which Claude called his "Books of Truth," not because they were faithful studies from nature, but because they testified to the pictures he had executed, their sizes, prices, and possessors. These volumes were intended to guard both the painter and the purchasers from the danger and discredit of having spurious works foisted upon them. One of the volumes, still complete, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The others, we presume, have been broken up, and the drawings, dispersed. 189 is probably one of these drawings. The picture is in the marquis of Exeter's collection. By a commendable arrangement, the drawings for complete compositions have been hung separate in this collection from the studies for parts of pictures. Altogether we conceive it to be impossible for any one who has imbibed the Ruskinesque prejudice against Claude, to examine this series of drawings without an increase of respect for the painter as an observer and labourer from nature.

Some of Gainsborough's unfailingly graceful chalk studies; cartoons by Romney, Fuseli, and Dyce, and a few pen drawings by Hogarth, complete this most interesting collection.

THE ENGRAVINGS.

ALL visitors to Manchester who have opportunity or desire to make a systematic study of the treasures of the Exhibition should devote careful attention to that unequalled series of engravings, which, more than any other department of this collection, deserves to be called "complete." Without a survey of this collection it is impossible to form an adequate notion of the great distinction, in respect of art, between the 15th and 16th centuries, and those that succeeded them.

Now-a-days engraving is a special craft. Those who follow it rarely combine the command of the brush with that of the graving tool. Although the Royal Academy so far recognises the claim of the engraver to the rank of artist as to admit associates of that profession, and although there have been conspicuous modern examples of men who have combined the callings of painter and engraver,—as Hogarth, Martin, Blake, and Barry,—the practice of our time has drawn a very wide distinction between the man who paints pictures, and the man who translates them into black and white by lines engraved on wood or metal. The result of this separation has not been a happy one for the subordinate art.

Whatever mechanical dexterity may have been attained by the entire devotion of the engraver's time to his special handiwork, his productions have lost all the peculiar qualities of truth, spirit, and sentiment which render the engravings of the first hundred years after the discovery of Finiguerra—from 1450 to 1550—still unrivalled in all the highest merits that can belong to a work of art.

The great distinction of these 100 years is that most of the engravings then produced were either the works of painters, or produced in their schools, and under their immediate and close

superintendence, by men who combined the knowledge of painting with mastery of their graving tools.

Until a man has risen to the perception of the peculiar qualities in the early engravings which resulted from this union, he may be assured that his artistic judgment is still incomplete; and yet these qualities are of a kind to which verbal criticism can hardly guide the student. He must ascertain them from study of the works in which they are exhibited, and for this purpose such an opportunity as Manchester now affords has never before been placed within the reach of Englishmen. Mr. Holmes's introduction to the catalogue of the engravings gives a succinct account of the processes of engraving, to which we will content ourselves by referring our readers. They will gather from it how the art of transferring impressions from metal to paper was accidentally suggested, about 1450, in the course of the practice of Tommaso Finiguerra, an engraver of designs in *niello* (*nigrum*, *nigellum*), a black composition used to mark the convolutions of ornamental designs, with which the taste of that time ornamented arms, armour, ornaments of apparel and articles of domestic use.

Of such *nielli*—now almost priceless—the Manchester collection contains some 28 specimens, which begin the series of its examples. The "Adoration of the Magi" (4), with its borders, has been valued, we believe, at 400*l*. For some time after the discovery of Finiguerra, engraving in Florence seems to have made little progress beyond preserving impressions from *nielli*. Baccio Baldini is the next great Florentine engraver. He was a pupil and friend of Botticelli, and an ardent disciple of Savonarola, the great ecclesiastical reformer of the last quarter of the 15th century—the Wiclif of Tuscany. The collection contains a most valuable series of examples of Baldini's works (30-49), including one of the illustrations (30) from Lorenzo della Magna's edition of Dante of 1481, probably from the design of Botticelli, to whom also may be attributed the series illustrative of the triumphs of Petrarch (35-40). Very remarkable, also, are the examples of a peculiar description of playing cards, called "Tarocchi" (41), on which the best designers of the time were employed. To Botticelli's well-known bent towards subjects from heathen mythology we may attribute such subjects—either

from his or Baldini's hand—as the “Theseus and Ariadne” (43) and the “Cupids in a Vineyard” (44). Similar to the Tarocchi cards is the series of prophets and sibyls, of which three are here exhibited (45-47). The “Preaching of San Marco” (34), and the prints from the curious tract entitled “Il Monte Santo di Dio,” published at Florence in 1477, point to that reformatory movement under the fervent oratory of Savonarola, with which Baldini, Fra Bartolommeo, and many other artists of the period so passionately identified themselves. One of the great sources of Savonarola's unpopularity with the money lenders, who formed so influential a section of the mercantile community of Florence, was his encouragement of the “Monte di Pietà,” or public pawn-broking establishments, intended to relieve the poor from the exorbitant interest charged by usurers. One of these establishments may be seen represented symbolically in one of these plates. The “Assumption of the Virgin” (49) is another fine example of the early Florentine devotional school of engraving.

In all these works may be found glaring technical deficiencies: hard outlines, weak and uncertain shadings, and rude printing. It was this lack of mechanical perfection in the early Italian work, probably, which led to such a high value being set upon the much more mechanically perfect productions of the early German school of Dürer, Schön, and Lucas van Leyden, which were extensively sold, and even pirated in Tuscany and Venice.

But no mechanical inferiority should be allowed to blind us to the immeasurable superiority of the rudest Italian engravings over the most finished German, in feeling, grace, and spirituality. In addition to the works of Baldini, the early Florentine school of engraving is here illustrated by one of the favourite subjects (51), of Pollajuolo, “Hercules combating the Giants,” and by six works from the hand of Robetta (148-153), one of that craft of goldsmiths, which produced so many of the most celebrated Florentine painters and engravers. Besides the school of Florence, that of Northern Italy, including Padua, Verona, and Brescia, with its offshoots, at Modena and Bologna, and that of Venice, with its collateral branches at Ferrara and Vicenza, claim especial notice before we pass to the great Roman school, of which Marc Antonio is the great engraver, and Raphae

and Michael Angelo the principal designers. Andrea Mantegna is the leading master of the school of Paduan engravers. He was the pupil of Squarcione, who was the first to base his teaching on the remains of Greek art, of which he made the earliest collection. Mantegna married the sister of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and the relationship forms an important link in the chain which so closely connects Paduan with early Venetian art, alike in painting and engraving. None of Mantegna's prints—which this collection contains some seven examples—are dated; but the authorities on the history of engraving are inclined to place them before 1488, just before the artist's final return from Rome to Mantua, where he died in 1506. Mantegna's designs are marked by singular firmness of outline, great effect of *chiaroscuro*, obtained by close working of the shadows, bold foreshortening, and good drawing. Of those here exhibited the "Descent into Limbo" (52) and "The Entombment" (53) rank among the very finest representations of these subjects in power, variety, and force. Gerolamo Mocetto (1454), though born at Verona, must be classed among the Venetian artists. He was one of the earliest pupils of Gian Bellini, and probably died before 1500. He excels Mantegna in richness of effect, due to the dawning glories of Venetian colour, of which he had caught a ray in the school of Bellini; and to the use of an ink and a paper suited to enhance the quality of his engravings. The design of his magnificent "Judith" (61) is attributed to Mantegna. There is great dignity and grandeur in his compositions of the Madonna and Saints (59 and 65*), in which we may trace distinctly the influence of his master, Gian Bellini. Mocetto is the solitary example of the early Venetian manner. In the works of Giulio Campagnola—a Ferrarese by birth, but a Venetian in style (179-184)—we shall find an altogether different method, more resembling mezzotint, in which a singular richness of *chiaroscuro* and softness of effect are obtained by a kind of stippling peculiar to the master. His landscapes have a peculiar charm, for an example of which we may refer to No. 181 in this collection. Of his inimitable softness, and beauty of *chiaroscuro*, as well as of his grace of design, the "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" (179) is an exquisite illustration. Domenico Campagnola, the

brother of Giulio, was a pupil of Titian's. His best works date about 1517. In him we may trace a manner almost identical with that of his brother, with even more animation and spirit in action, and a *chiaroscuro*, if possible, more consummate in its harmony. His "Shepherd and Old Warrior" (187) in an earlier manner, is properly described by Mr. Palgrave as "worthy of Giorgione, not only in design, but in felicitous execution."

Brescia furnishes two masters in Gian Antonio (170-172) and Gian Maria his brother. The former is, probably, identical with the Zoan Andrea, classed among the Venetian engravers by Bartsch (173 and 174). Gian Antonio has something of the academic character which attained its full expression at a later date. He ranks rather as an engraver from the designs of others than as a designer as well as engraver of his own subjects. The master of the *Caducée*—so called from the caduceus introduced as his mark—has been identified by Brulliot with a certain Jacopo Antonio de Barbary, the painter of a picture with the date 1504, seen by Brulliot at Augsburg. Here are five of his engravings (175-178*), illustrating his characteristic qualities of grace, spirit, and brilliancy, with something of a German character in the drawing. The "Judith" (175), and "St. Catherine" (176), are selected by Mr. Palgrave for commendation for "a grace peculiarly Grecian; a statuesque treatment of drapery, modelled to repeat the figure; a curve and glow of line to which everything, as in Corregio, is subordinate; delicate and truthful study of foliage, a merit in engravers among the very rarest; and, lastly, power over expression—limited, indeed, in range, but within the artist's limits—as it seems to me, of peculiar refinement and graciousness."

The school of Modena is represented by Nicoletto de Rossi (164-169*), whose works date between 1500 and 1512, and who is characterised rather by skill in borrowing than by original power either in design or workmanship. The influence both of Mantegna and Campagnola is apparent in his works, as well as that of Albert Dürer and Martin Schön. The "St. Sebastian" (165), "St. George" (167), and "The Punishment of the Evil Tongue" (166), are the works of his selected by Mr. Palgrave as best displaying his own manner.

Benedetto Montagna, of Vicenza (about 1504), like Nicoletto, availed himself both of German and Venetian models. His small prints are the most original and best of his compositions.

Lastly, the school of Bologna furnishes us with the illustrious names of Francesco Francia, and his son Giacomo. Of the latter, few works are known, and most of those ascribed to him are included in this collection. But it is not easy to distinguish the productions of father and son. Four of the five works of Francesco Francia here (192-196) are marked by all the sweetness and purity of that painter's design, as we know it from his pictures, especially the "Holy Family" (194) and "Female Saint and Four Saints" (192).

Before passing to the great master of academic engraving, Marc Antonio Raimondi, the friend and pupil of Raphael, we must turn from Italy to Germany, for the engravers of that country had almost as much influence on Marc Antonio as Raphael himself; and he even devoted himself, occasionally, to elaborate re-productions of their works. In these German works, from the hands of the two Israels von Mecken,—of Mechlin and Bocholt, father and son,—Martin Schön or Schöngauer, of Colmar, and Albert Dürer, of Nuremberg, we shall find certain general characteristics which mark them out with great distinctness from the contemporary Italian engravings. All combine extraordinary perfection of execution with the national German relish for contorted and angular drapery, caricature in secondary heads, great fulness and profusion of accessories, and a disposition to carry certain features and facts of low life into the most solemn and dignified incidents. For exquisiteness of workmanship, and brilliancy of effect, no line engravings ever executed can compare with the best examples of Albert Dürer, Martin Schöngauer, and Lucas von Leyden. All these early German masters are most abundantly exemplified in this gallery—Martin Schöngauer by twenty very fine examples, the Von Meckens by seventeen, Albert Dürer by twenty-seven, including a splendid example of the "Knight of Death" (127), and the "Melancholy" (124), and Lucas von Leyden by eleven examples, including that almost rarest of all prints, the "Eulenspiegel (280)." It was once thought that only one copy of this existed in the royal collection of France. It is now believed that five or

six survive. It is very inferior to many others of the engraver's works, but its rarity gives it a value far beyond any of the others.

Martin Schöngauer dates between 1445 and 1499. He was at once painter, engraver, and goldsmith. He was the contemporary of Albert Dürer, who revered his skill so deeply that he made a journey to Colmar to see him in 1492—the friend and correspondent of Pietro Perugino, and an object of admiration to Michael Angelo, who drew and coloured a copy of his engraving of “St. Anthony tormented by Demons” (78). There is often in the works of Schön, besides unrivalled skill with the graver, a peculiar grace and beauty rarely to be found in German designs. Examples of this will be found in “The Six Wise and Foolish Virgins” (88), and in many of his Holy Families. Several of the plates in this collection are from his two famous series of twelve—the one representing the “Life of the Virgin,” the other the “Passion of our Saviour.” The amount of labour in these crowded compositions is incredible. The Meckens (94-109) were two, a father and son; the elder a contemporary of Martin Schön. Like him, they were goldsmiths as well as engravers, and their work will be found characterised by many of the same mechanical qualities as that of Schön, though inferior in delicacy and beauty.

Albert Dürer was the most distinguished and influential German artist of the 15th and 16th centuries, alike distinguished for his oil pictures, his drawings in water colour, his designs for engraving on wood, his designs and engravings on copper, and his carvings in soft wood. Of the vast variety of his subjects, his fertility in composition, his imaginativeness, and his marvellous skill of hand, the fine series of examples of him here exhibited affords abundant evidence (110-136). He was born in 1471, and died in 1528; and he has left, besides his works, interesting contributions to our knowledge of the artistic life of the beginning of the 16th century, in the journals of his tours to Venice and in the Low Countries, and his letters to his friend Pirckheimer. Raphael appreciated his merits, and exchanged friendly letters and drawings with him. His engravings were so popular in Venice and Northern Italy that they were repeatedly pirated. Marc Antonio did not disdain to reproduce his series of the “Life of the Madonna,” with such closeness, even to the imitation of the signature, that a lawsuit

was the consequence, and a prohibition from repeating the piracy. Altogether Dürer may be said, for a time, to have influenced the art of Northern Italy little less than that of Germany, and, but for the gradual predominance acquired by the new manner of Marc Antonio, after his intimacy with Raphael, it is probable that this Teutonic influence would have operated still more widely in Italy.

Lucas van Leyden was a rare example of precocity in art. Born in 1494, he had already engraved plates from his own designs at nine, and by twelve, painted his first picture of St. Hubert. At fourteen he produced his print of "Mahomet drunk after the murder of the monk Sergius." He was the contemporary and intimate friend of Albert Dürer, and rivalled him in his mastery over all branches of art. His engravings shared the popularity of Dürer's in Germany and Italy, and are marked by equal perfection of technical skill, though they are inferior in imaginative power, and in massiveness of *chiaroscuro*. We have elsewhere narrated the story of Lucas's death, brought about by the excess to which he gave way, in an excursion on board a "trekschuyt," which he had fitted up as a floating house, with John of Mabuse and other joyous companions. His pictures are rare, but of his engravings accounts of not less than 110 are preserved. They comprise subjects from the Old and New Testament, compositions of holy families, saints, &c., moral and mythological subjects, themes from common life, and portraits. The selection here (273-282*) includes examples in all these classes.

The art of engraving, in the hands of Marc Antonio, may be said to run almost a parallel course to the art of painting in the hands of Raphael. In him it culminated, and in him it began a downward progress, which was never afterwards arrested.

Marc Antonio was born about 1480, and about 1500 was apprenticed to Francesco Francia, not as a painter, but as a goldsmith. He wrought under Francia and his son, Giacomo, and owed to this his early designation, "Marc Antonio de' Franci." Traces of the influence of Francia may be found in his earlier works; as an example of which, in this collection, we may refer to the fine plate of "St. Catherine and St. Lucia" (232), from the collection of Mr. Hawkins. The spirituality and grace of the figures and gentle cheerfulness of the landscape backgrounds in

the specimens of this, the engraver's earliest manner, are derived from the sweet and elevated school of Francia. But the power of drawing and the mastery over the graver are still imperfect. From Bologna, Marc Antonio passed to Venice, where he devoted himself especially to the imitation of Albert Dürer, of which some of the direct fruits may be seen here in the copies from that great German master (271, 272, 272*a*), while the indirect effects are traceable in increased mechanical dexterity and greater perfection of finish. From Venice he proceeded to Florence, and here he is thought to have made acquaintance with the works of Lucas van Leyden, as well as with that great performance of Michael Angelo, the Cartoon of Pisa, then in the Palazzo Vecchio, from which we have here a study, "The Bathers" (260). From Florence, about 1510 or 1512, he passed to Rome, and there engraved for Raphael—as a proof of competent skill in his art—the "Lucretia," of which a particularly fine example is included in this collection (234). From this time dates the great productive period of Marc Antonio's life. He lived in Raphael's house, and till the master's death, in 1520, worked under his eye, sometimes from Raphael's designs, and as often, probably, from designs of his own, first submitted to Raphael. The "Lucretia" was followed by the "Judgment of Paris," and the "Massacre of the Innocents," which excited, as Vasari tells us, "the admiration of all Rome," and of which three fine examples, in various states (207-209), with Raphael's original drawing, adorn this inestimable collection. We have already referred to this composition in an article on the drawings. Baviera, Raphael's colour grinder; assisted in the working off of the plates, and to his co-operation Mr. Palgrave attributes the brilliancy and admirable taste with which the plates were printed * on their firm and pure paper, and with a clear and mellow ink. Mr. Palgrave divides the works of Marc Antonio, executed at Rome, into three classes. It is worth while to refer to examples of these in this collection, as this will enable all who may be anxious to give close study to the engravings to discover and compare the characteristics of the different manners.

* See that gentleman's admirable monograph on the first century of Italian engraving, appended to the "Hand-book of the Italian Schools of Painting," 2 vols. Murray, 1855.

We have already referred to examples of the first, and to our taste the most attractive, of the three. Others in this earlier manner are the "Adam and Eve" (202); the Virgin—called from the two states of the print "the Virgin with the naked arm" (215), and "the Virgin with the draped arm" (216), the first being the earliest and rarest; and the "Triumph of Titus" (237), Marc Antonio's only known engraving from the Siennese painter Razzi.

To a later, but transitional, period belong the "Galatea" (251), the "Three Doctors" (255), and the "Judgment of Paris" (249), which Vasar tells us, was, when first produced, the amazement of all Rome, and which is unequalled, Mr. Palgrave maintains, by any other work of the engraver, for variety of figure, perfection of line, expression, and force of *chiaroscuro*. The impression here, from the fine collection of Mr. Johnson, is a peculiarly perfect one, and not inferior to either of the other two, generally referred to as the finest,—that in the British Museum, and that in the Imperial Library at Paris. In the works of Marc Antonio executed up to this time, we may trace a perpetually increasing skill, with little, if any, sacrifice of expression and character to mere display of handling or parade of academic dexterity. In the works of the next, or second, period—properly so called—we find the higher qualities still present, with an evident encroachment, however, of that tendency to the parade of nude form, which led the Roman school more and more towards mythology and away from Christian themes and spirituality of expression. The "Noah" (203), the "Massacre of the Innocents" (207), the various Virgins (218, 219, 220, 224, 225), the "St. Cecilia" (230), the "Dance of Cupids" (238), the "Two Fauns" (239), the "Venus and Cupid" (246), the "Philosophy" and "Poetry" (252, 253),—two exquisite impressions of exquisite designs,—"the Pest" (256, 257), the "Amadeus" (267), and the "Portrait of Arétin" (263), said to be from the design of Titian,—all belong to this consummate period of the engraver's power. In none does he appear more masterly in his command of handling and effect than in the vision of the glorified Saviour, known by the name of the "Five Saints" (228), of which here are impressions from the unfinished and the finished plate. The last and least satisfactory period of Marc Antonio's working life falls after the death of Raphael. In

the plates of this period there is a visible decline in the power or will to render feeling and expression, with a constant rise, however, in mere skill and mastery of the graver, and a fuller and fuller command of all the material resources of *chiaroscuro*. Fine examples of this final manner are "Alexander and the body of Homer" (236), the "Cassolette" (262), and, especially, the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," here shown in its two states, one exhibiting the figure of one of the executioners with two forks in his hand (226), which the engraver subsequently altered by striking out one fork and lengthening the handle of the other (227). The design of this martyrdom is Baccio Bandinelli's. It has little merit as a composition, and has been, perhaps, rather harshly described by Mr. Palgrave as "placing before our sight a subject of all that can be set before human eyes the most revolting—the fiendish cruelty of man, and a death which the artist has been unable to dignify with the glorified expression of triumphant faith or the solemnity of martyrdom." Marc Antonio incurred the censure of Pope Clement VIII. by engraving some indecent designs of Giulio Romano, illustrative of the foul sonnets of Pier Aretin; and the sack of Rome by the Spaniards in 1527 drove him into poverty and exile. He retired to Bologna, and from this moment we know nothing of his life or works. Marc Antonio was the instructor of a large body of pupils, of whom the best known are Agostino de' Musi, commonly called Agostino Veneziano, and Marco Dente, more frequently designated as Marco da Ravenna. Of the former here are eight examples (287-294), including the group from the school of Athens, the "Ananias" and the "Elymas;" of the latter seven examples (295-309), chiefly of those classical subjects which, in the later years of Raphael's life, already furnished so much employment to the master's pencil, and which utterly ousted themes from Christian history in the practice of Giulio Romano and his school. Vico (1520-1570), the elder Ghisi, and Bonasoni (1498-1580), were all celebrated pupils of Marc Antonio, abundantly illustrated in this series. Bonasoni devoted his graver especially to the designs of Michael Angelo and Parmegiano. Giovanni Ghisi, of Mantua, was at once painter, sculptor, architect, and engraver. Here are twelve of his engravings, principally mythological. He instructed a family of two

sons and a daughter in his art, and the mannerism already apparent in the father is visible more and more clearly in the work of the children. Besides these named engravers, here are works of several of the same period, known only by the symbols with which they marked their plates, as the "Master of the Dye," the "Master of the Crawfish," the "Master of the Unicorn," and so forth. By their aid we may follow the art of Italian engraving down to the times of the Carracci, who were all engravers as well as painters, especially Agostino, who is unrivalled among the engravers of the second or eclectic period for boldness, freedom, and command of the resources of the graver. Here are ten of his works, including the "St. Jerome" in its unfinished state, so rare and valuable. It was afterwards finished by his pupil Villamena. Of Ludovico, whose engravings are rare, and all from his own designs, we have here a "Holy Family" (437), first etched and then worked up by the graver, in his peculiarly free and masterly style. Included in the five examples of Annibale is the very rare "Susannah and the Elders" (452) from the noble collection of St. John Dent, Esq. The method of Annibale closely resembled that of Ludovico. All the works of the Carracci deserve careful examination, as the latest and finest examples of engravings by painters—of translations, by the authors of the work translated, into a language of less copiousness and resource, it is true, than that of the original, but of which the translator is as complete a master. If the paintings of the Carracci had been as true a product of the spirit of the men and their times, as that of Francia and the youthful Raphael, there would be no reason why their engravings should not be as interesting. It is no wonder, however, that we feel the same lack of real sympathy before both.

Turning from Italy to Germany, we may here study the school of Albert Dürer, who had an influence not less marked to the north of the Alps, than Marc Antonio exercised in Italy. Among Dürer's pupils, whose works are here profusely exemplified, may be mentioned H. Beham (374, 380), Aldegrevier (382, 387), and Pencz (389, 393), all belonging to the class generally described as "petits maîtres," and distinguished by much of the same delicacy and perfection of technical skill which marked the work of their great instructor.

Contemporary with the school of Nuremburg, flourished the school of Dutch engraving, which originated with Lucas van Leyden. Coornhort, of Amsterdam (born in 1522), has left few works behind him, and those of no merit, but he was the master of Crispin van der Pass and Goltzius. The former came to England during the reign of Elizabeth, and worked here, as well as his sons Crispin, William, and Junius. Here are portraits of English worthies by all four (399-413), neat and clear, though stiff, and altogether deficient in the ideality of the earlier Italian work, as well as in the microscopic delicacy of the earlier Dutch and German productions. Goltzius was one of those who most tended to spread a false and exaggerated style, caught from Michael Angelo,—the straining of frogs in the vain effort to reach the bulk and stature of the bull. There has never been a more complete master of the graver than Goltzius (462-467), and he imitated, with equal success, the manner of the most dissimilar masters. His series of six plates, here called the master-pieces of Goltzius (462), shows how completely he could ape Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden, as well as Raffaele, Parmigiano, Bassano, and Baroccio. Here, too, is the “Boy and Dog” (4671), usually ranked as the engraver’s master-piece, and the very scarce oval head of Henry IV. of France (4661). Goltzius left behind him not less than 500 plates; and may be cited as an instance of great but ill-directed powers, running into every form of vicious excess. Jerome Wierix (1552) is another meritorious Dutch engraver of this time, here exemplified by fourteen impressions (416-429). The schools of Rubens and Vandyck produced a host of engravers, who reproduced (on the whole, with great fidelity) the works of these great masters. Pre-eminent among these is Bolswaert, the engraver of the landscapes of Rubens, of which there are here very fine examples (484, 485, 486), as well as a magnificent impression (487), of the famous “Lion Hunt,” after the same great master, which may be compared with an engraving of the same subject by Soutmann (494). Vischer (1610-1670), a pupil of Soutmann, deserves notice as having engraved as well from his own designs as from the pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters. His works from his own designs, as might be expected, are infinitely the best; and they have furnished all the examples of

him here shown (500-509). In clearness and delicacy, and the perfect fusion of the work of the etching tool and the graver, he has never been surpassed. Impressions such as these here exhibited are of very great value. The "Winius" (500) has been sold for 1660 francs; and the "De Bomna" (501, 509), is hardly less valuable. Of one of his designs, called "The Small Cat," only one impression is known. The "Mousetrap" (508), the "Gipsy Family" (506), and the "Pancake Woman" (503), are all rare, and much sought after in their finest states. The portrait painters about this time furnished the engravers with the great bulk of their subjects; Müller, Vosterman (479-481), Droeshout, (517), Elstracke (518-521), Hole, Delaram, Cecil, Vaughan, and Faithorne (534-544—the last five Englishmen—are principally known as engravers from the designs of Mytens, Jansen, Vansomer, Vandyck, and Lely. Blooteling, of Amsterdam (1639), White (1645-1704), Vertue, and Houbraken (1654-1756), followed in the same track, and have perpetuated the English worthies down to the close of the 17th century. Contemporary with these men flourished a numerous school of French portrait engravers—Fornazieries, Firens, De Son, Gautier, Lombard, Nanteuil, Larmessin, Boulanger, and Drevet—all of whom are here exemplified. Audran, Rouillet, De Poilly, and Dorigny reproduced the works of the Italian masters, and Callot (472-474) stands alone in the region of the fantastic—as in his temptation of St. Anthony (472)—a very madman's nightmare, and in his subjects from camp and vagrant life. Wille (1717-1809) is the greatest engraver after the Dutch masters of the 17th century, who, however, wisely chose to perpetuate their works by means of etchings from their own hands. Strange, Woollett, and Sharpe, in England; Raphael, Morghen, Longhi, and Andersoni, in Italy; Von Müller in Germany; and Bervic, Desnoyer, and Richomme, in France—bring the art down to the threshold of our own times. In their hands we may see the utmost of which the engraver is capable, when dissociated from the painter. Our own Hogarth stands unrivalled for the combination of the two arts in modern times.

It is unnecessary to trace the succession further. The names and works of our contemporary engravers are familiar to us from the shop-windows.

We must now turn to the collection of etchings, which is not a whit less complete in its links, nor less fine in the quality of its examples, than that of engravings, properly so called, while it has an interest only paralleled by that of the Italian engravings of the 15th and 16th centuries, as exhibiting the painter's work translated by his own hand into black and white.

The series begins with Albert Dürer. Of his five etchings here (941-945)—all rare and fine,—the rarest is "The Holy Family." An impression in the British Museum cost 100 guineas. This one, from the Holford collection, is considered equally fine. The "Female contemplating," of Parmigiano, is a remarkably characteristic example of the affected grace of the master. Of the Claudes (950-975)—of which here are not fewer than twenty-five admirable impressions—all but one are from the unrivalled collection of Dr. Wellesley.

There are no etchings better calculated to show the inimitable spirit which the painter can communicate to the etching needle than those of Vandyck, of which the "Ecce Homo" (979), the "Philip le Roy" (981), and the head of Snyders (984), are examples that cannot be surpassed. We may compare the two latter with the pictures here exhibited. We should startle our readers by a statement of the prices commanded by some works of this class; and, above all, of the marvellous difference in value created by the presence or absence of some almost imperceptible indication of the exact state of a particular plate. Take, for instance, the portrait of Rembrandt, with a sword, called from this accompaniment, "The Sabre Print." Here are impressions of the plate in three of its states (1000*)—the first with the whole figure, the second and third with the figure cut away and only the head left. Of the first state, only four impressions are known; and for the one here exhibited Mr. Holford is said to have paid 400 guineas. The "Christ Healing the Sick" (1007)—called "The Hundred Guilder Print," as having once fetched that price, about 10*l.*, then considered enormous—now commands as many guineas as it did guilders a hundred years ago. Even in the present century the value of these works has risen enormously. The father of Mr. Colnaghi was empowered by Sir Abraham Hume to go to an unlimited price for an impression

of the "Burgomaster Six" (1045), about to be sold by the late Mr. Christie. That gentleman had a similar commission from a rival collector. The two bid against each other till the bids had run up to the then unprecedented sum of 80 guineas, when Mr. Christie, in alarm, stopped the bidding, and, explaining the circumstance to his equally astonished auditory, declared it would be madness to go on, and offered, if Mr. Colnaghi would rise at once to 100 guineas, to surrender him the etching and quit the field. Mr. Colnaghi at once bid the required sum, and bore off the prize, amid the cheers of the excited room. Such a price would be an everyday matter in a London sale-room now-a-days, when a good collection is passing under the hammer. Only three impressions of the first state of this plate are known to exist; one of them is still in the collection of M. Six, the representative of the burgomaster's family, at Amsterdam. Here are not fewer than sixty of these precious etchings, including some of the very rarest, as the "Ephraim Bonus with the black ring" (1039)—the blackness being caused by the burr or little burrow turned up by the etching point, the presence of which shows that the impression is an early one—and the same head with the white ring (1040), taken after the burr has been worn off in working the plate. On the question of "black or white ring" in an impression, turns the difference between a value of 150*l.* and one of 40*l.* or 50*l.* for this etching. Here are impressions of the "Gold Weigher" (1041), in all four states; the first with the face still a blank, the second with the face touched in on the impression by Rembrandt's own hand, to try the effect before etching in the head; the third with the head etched in, and perfect; the fourth in a still later state, when the plate has been more worked upon and spoiled. It may, indeed, constantly be said that the last state of these plates is worse than the first. Here is "the shell" standing out fresh and bright from its white back ground (1018), and the same with its brilliancy diminished by the addition of darks behind it. Here are the masterly little landscape etching, known as the "Three Trees" (1024), and the "Wood Landscape" (1026), into which Rembrandt is said often to have washed a little effect of colour, and then disposed of the washed etching as a drawing. Here is an unfinished proof of Rembrandt's own mill, at Koukerk, in which he was born

and first studied the magic glamour of light and shade in its upper chamber, lighted only by one ray falling from the lofty window-hole. The "Gold Weigher's Field," (1034) on thick India paper, is an exceedingly rare etching, in still rarer state of perfection.

Of Hollar (1667-1679), that master of mechanical skill with the etching point, here are 24 impressions, including the almost unique James, Duke of York (1060), the Earl of Surrey (1064), in the rare state, before the finishing of the drapery, and the Princess Mary of Orange (1074), absolutely unique in this state of the plate. We mention these examples less for any peculiar merit an untrained eye will see in such rare impressions over the other works of the master—indeed the value depends on rarity, and not on merit, though the one sometimes implies the other—than to show the extraordinary richness of this collection in what collectors call "*pièces marquantes*." Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott command such confidence among connoisseurs and collectors that the most precious gems of the most jealously-guarded portfolios have been fearlessly entrusted to them, and they have made their selection with consummate judgment. In works of Ostades—whose etchings command prices not inferior to Rembrandt's, and who is Rembrandt's rival in mastery of the etching needle—the collection is equally rich, including 29 examples of his most valued plates. The choicest productions of Waterloo, Swanevelt, De Heusch, Berghem, C. du Jardin, Ruysdael, Both, Roos, Béga, Stoop, and Paul Potter,—the last the most highly valued—here hang side by side. These men have doubly perpetuated the common life of Holland, once in their pictures, and again in their etchings; and these last furnish incomparably the best examples of translation from colour into black and white.

The history of mezzotint and wood engraving is as fully illustrated by examples as that of steel engraving and etching. The dashing productions of Prince Rupert (1192-1196), in the former mode of engraving,—we do not explain it, assuming our readers to have got that knowledge up from the introductory notice in the catalogue,—will be examined with interest. He is often called the inventor of mezzotint, but it was practised in Holland by Louis von Siegen, before his time. Von Siegen was a soldier, and the popular story is that he got the idea of

mezzotint from seeing an impression of the arabesques on an old gun barrel, which a soldier was cleaning, taken off on the paper he had used for the purpose. This is the parallel in the history of mezzotint to the story of Maso de Finiguerra in that of line-engraving. Here (1184) is the plate of Amelia, landgravine of Hesse, considered to be the first production in the newly-discovered method. Impressions in the first state bear date 1642, in the second 1643; when Prince Rupert was still harrying the fair fields of England with fire and sword. The prince's "Standard Bearer" (1192) is just such dashing piece of work as one would expect from that beau ideal of gentlemanly swash-bucklers. Mezzotint attained perfection in England, where it was in its prime during the reign of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works have been best rendered in this style by Watson (1213, 1214), Dixon (1220-1225), M'Ardell (1228-1230), John Deane (1234), John Raphael Smith (1242-1246), Green, Fisher, Jones, Ward, &c. Turner and Constable liked this mode of engraving, and Lupton was a favourite engraver with both (1311, 1312). Here is a precious collection of proofs from the great master's "*Liber Studiorum*," touched in by himself, with the etchings and successive impressions,—in itself a subject for long and profound study by the artist, and to go into which in detail would occupy more space than we can allot to all the engravings together. Our contemporary, Samuel Cousens, has invented a combination of etching, mezzotint, stipple, and line, which unites the felicities and peculiar secrets of effect belonging to each mode. Thomas Landseer is another engraver who seems to have come into the world with just the gifts necessary to re-produce the works of his illustrious brother Edwin.

The fourth part of this great collection includes a complete history of wood engraving by examples, from the rude block books of the early part of the 15th century to the magnificent early Italian woodcuts of Gian Andrea (1358, 1359); the wonderfully elaborate designs of Albert Dürer (1374-1381), including the triumphal arch, of which only two complete sheets are known to have been set up before, one at Berlin, the other at Bowood—and the daring works of the Venetians who wrought on wood after the designs of Titian and Tintoret (1385-1395). It is

probable that these great masters themselves designed on the wood these unrivalled specimens of manly and large rendering of effect and colour. Their style is like sketching with a tool instead of a pencil; and we know no better corrective of the tendency to namby-pambyism and prettiness which our present style of wood-engraving is too likely to encourage than study of the early woodcuts of Vecellio and Andreani (1385-1412). Of especial interest are the glimpses some of these works give us into the daily life of magnificent Venice—her solemn processions, her joyous festivals, her magnificoes in their scarlet robes, her gilded galleys with their hundred oars, her population of veiled damsels, sturdy gondoliers, frocked priests, and stately merchant princes. The collection of Mr. William Russell is especially rich in this class of works. Equally full of effect, though differently obtained, are the fine woodcuts in colour, by Ugo da Carpi, and those who imitated his manner. His works resemble drawings rather than wood engravings, and render the effect of their originals, perhaps, better than any more laboured version. Very curious are the old Venetian and Nuremberg portraits on wood (1418-1422). The four sheets of the Wise Men's Offering, by Rodü, from Dr. Wellesley's collection, are especially deserving of attention. J. B. Jackson was a not very successful English imitator of Ugo da Carpi. His works (1432-1435) lack the spirit and power of the Roman. Bewick is a genuine glory of our school, and merits on every ground the title of the father of English wood engraving, which till his time scarcely rose above the level of chap-book and penny-ballad illustration. Here (1437-1440) is an unrivalled collection of his works, numbering 167, many very scarce, and in the finest condition. He brings us to our contemporary wood engravers, Thompson, the Williamses, Llandells, Linton, Jackson, and Dalziel—the worthy continuators of British reputation in this branch of the arts. We miss here examples of the fine wood engravings which Riethel of Dresden has lately produced, especially the "Dance of Death" and the "Death the Friend," and "Death the Destroyer," works in which all that we can desire of expression and delicacy of drawing is combined with a largeness of manner and breadth of effect, recalling the early woodcuts of

Venice. What we have to desiderate for our modern English school of wood engraving is an infusion of this very largeness, and we feel satisfied that the public taste is ripe for something manlier than now proceeds from the hands of our wood engravers.

We must now give up the task we have so inadequately performed, with an exhortation to all who have leisure really to study the Manchester collection, not to fail to give due attention to what is certainly not its least valuable department—the gallery of engravings.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS TO THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION,

WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

A HANDBOOK

TO THE

BRITISH PORTRAIT GALLERY

IN THE

Art Treasures Exhibition.

BEING A REPRINT OF CRITICAL NOTICES ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED
IN "THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

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1857.

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OF all portions of the Exhibition this is the one which most requires the aid of a *catalogue raisonné*. These portraits, for those who know the great points of the lives of their originals, have a great interest; for those who do not, they have little or none. It is impossible within the narrow limits which, in a series of newspaper notices, must be assigned to each part of the Exhibition, to do more than take the most cursory survey of this large gallery. It is, therefore, to be especially regretted that the promised official guide or handbook to the Portrait Gallery is not yet published. We cannot pretend to supply its place in the flying comment on these pictures, which is all we have room for. But we would most respectfully press on the committee, and on Mr. Cunningham, that so long as the promised handbook to the Portrait Gallery is delayed, a public want is left unsatisfied. This is the more necessary because, so far as we can judge from these pictures, no very definite principle has guided the selection of them. We do not, throughout the series, find grouped under the portrait of the sovereign, the representations of the real notables of the time—the men who set their stamp on the reign by statesmanship, arts, arms, or letters. This has, it is true, been done in an imperfect degree for the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and her successors; and, no doubt, it was easier to do it for them than the sovereigns who preceded Elizabeth. What there is earlier than Elizabeth is not only fragmentary, with reference to its illustrative value, but is also hung on the walls,

and numbered in the catalogue, without chronological sequence. This throws two additional obstacles in the student's way. We are not aware of the difficulties which have impeded Mr. Cunningham in the collection of his materials. Judging by the collection itself, we should infer that from some houses he has been altogether excluded; from others permitted to take sparingly; while in others, again, he has been allowed *carte blanche*, and would seem almost to have stripped the walls. Cashiobury, Hatfield, and Petworth—three of the houses which contain the most valuable treasures of historical art in England—contribute nothing. There are here only three pictures from the unrivalled collection at the Grove—the remains of the gallery of English worthies formed by the great Lord Clarendon—and which still numbers no less than 25 or 26 Vandycks, besides Honthorsts, Jansens, and Lelys, even after all it has suffered by Lord Cornbury's forced sales to pay his debts—in the contracting of which, and breaking his promises to pay, he had what Burnet calls "a particular art,"—and by the dispersion of the collection, which followed on the death of the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q."), by which so many were transferred to Bothwell Castle. But *en revanche*, the Duke of Portland has given Mr. Cunningham the fullest liberty at Welbeck, and the vast historical collections of that huge house have been rummaged—not the reception rooms, or bedrooms, or corridors only, but the attics, and still-rooms, and grooms' and coachmen's lodgings over stables—and some of the most interesting transferred to these walls. Besides this unexampled liberality in putting the Welbeck pictures at the service of the committee, the duke has sent here his unrivalled collection of miniatures, which may be seen in the gallery to the left of the orchestra, and which will repay the closest examination. We cannot help thinking it a pity that Mr. Cunningham, in making this collection, should have allowed considerations of art to interfere with those of history. He should not, according to our view of the matter, have hung even a Vandyck if the original had not some historical importance; still less should he have hung inferior pictures of unknown people by unknown painters, as the "Sir John and Lady Langham" (161 and 162), from Lord Stamford's collection.

There is no country in the world so rich in historical portraits as England, except Italy. But there is this difference between the countries,—the Italian portraits are confined to the galleries in the palaces of great families, and have, many of them, been transferred to collections of pictures all over the world, to aid the needs of their impoverished proprietors. In England, on the other hand, our counties are filled with old families and ancestral houses, many of them dating back to the Tudors, and earlier still; and every one of these old houses is filled with old pictures, some as early as Henry VI.; but abounding especially from the reign of Elizabeth downward, and becoming still more overpowering in amount when we get to the times of Charles II., Anne, and the earlier Georges. For, during the first half of last century, there seems to have been a race of travelling portrait painters, workmen of very fair skill, trained as assistants in the ateliers of Kneller and his Dutch contemporaries, whose practice it was to go from country house to country house transferring to canvas the faces and figures of two generations—the setting and the rising—sometimes in huge family groups, oftener in separate pictures. The means of historical illustration by portraiture in England may be called almost inexhaustible; and rich as this historical portrait gallery is, there is no part of the Manchester Exhibition which gives a more inadequate notion of the real value and bulk of the art treasures of the country. This, however, is a way of expressing the wealth of England, and not the poverty of our gallery, which includes far more than we can hope to indicate to our readers in the space at our command, and far more than most visitors of the Exhibition will ever contrive to see. There is nothing earlier than Richard II., and it would be difficult, except in the shape of monumental effigies, paintings on glass, or illuminations in manuscript, to find any genuine portraiture of an earlier date. From one or the other of these sources, are derived the traditional portraits of our earlier kings, familiar to us all in the shape of those circular illustrations in the school histories of England. The Richard II. here (15), from Westminster Abbey, though Walpole may choose to describe the picture as preserving the person of the king “in the most lively manner,” has been reduced by the repaintings of generations to a state in which nothing but

the contour of the original can be said to survive. It exhibits those regular and handsome but weak and insipid features, of which we see the germs, really well-conveyed, in the curious Wilton picture (42, Saloon A). If the gallery could have been complete, we should have had the portrait of Chaucer here. The only contemporary likenesses of the poet, however, are two, one by Occleve himself, in a manuscript in the British Museum, and the other, probably also contemporary, not by Occleve, but in a copy of Occleve's poems in the same collection. The greatest figure of Richard's reign, after Chaucer, is Wicklif—the father of protestantism, the opponent of priestcraft and papal tyranny, and the true precursor of Luther. Here he is (4), the plain Yorkshire scholar of Queen's and Merton, who stood against friars and pardons, more than 150 years before Luther nailed his articles on the church door of Wittemberg,—the sturdy controversialist, who was borne down neither by the Anglican episcopacy, when it cited him to answer charges of heresy, in St. Paul's, in 1377, nor by the four papal bulls launched against him in the same year,—the parish priest who, in his quiet parsonage at Lutterworth, held up to scorn the pretensions of the rival successors of St. Peter by his "Schism of the Popes" in 1381,—the scholar who made the first complete translation of the Bible into "the vulgar tongue,"—the reformer who, by the establishment of his order of "Poure Priestres," spread through the land a body of faithful preachers and teachers, preaching the word unbeneficed, in their grey gowns girt about them, a staff in their hands—such men as Chaucer has described in his admirable picture of the "poure persone;"—

He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught.

In this very garb Wicklif is here painted,—whether by a contemporary hand may be doubtful—staff in hand, with a mild but firm face, and a venerable white beard. What was it to

him that Oxford condemned his opinions, deprived him of his divinity professorship, and banished him the university? He had his work to do and his word to speak. He wrought the one, and wrote and spoke the other, fearlessly and faithfully, and died in 1384 in his parish of Lutterworth, at the age of sixty-four. Forty years later the Council of Constance condemned his doctrines, and ordered his bones to be dug up and burnt. It was done, and the ashes flung into the Swift, a little brook that runs by the foot of the hill on which Lutterworth stands, and "thus," says quaint Thomas Fuller, "this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And so the ashes of Wickliff are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

Here hangs the shrewd, sad, stern face of Henry IV. (1), "an undoubted original"—from the gallery of the Earl of Essex—the king whose best historian is Shakspeare, in whose reign parliament rose to importance under the influence of the sovereign's pecuniary embarrassments and defective title, which compelled him to reign by the aid of the Commons. Henry V. is absent; but here are his two luckless successors, Henry VI. (23) and Edward IV. (5), the Kings of the Roses; the first in two heads, equally marked by that weak irresolute expression which is reflected in his unhappy life and death; the second handsome and voluptuous, hanging here, as he did in life, by the side of one of his mistresses, Jane Shore, not represented, however, as the unhappy heroine of the old ballad and Rowe's Tragedy should have appeared, with wan face, and white penitential robe, and the candle of expiation in her hand, or sinking for lack of bread in Shoreditch, but naked, save for the circlet of jewels round her neck. This portrait is sent by Eton College, of which foundation she was an early patroness. This face has no beauty, certainly, nor indeed any of the three expressions we might choose for it from the King's description of his three mistresses,—“One the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the third the holiest, for she is always in a church but when he sends for her.” The popular myth of Jane Shore's death, under the cruel penance imposed on her by crook-backed Gloucester, is without foundation. She lived many years after, and was seen by Sir Thomas More, in the reign

of Henry VIII. in extreme old age,—poor, decrepit, shrivelled, and with no trace of the beauty that had won the love of the voluptuous Edward. Here, too, hangs one of the many portraits of Richard III. (7), sent by James Gibson Craig, Esq.; how proved authentic we know not, but looking as crafty and as cruel as we could desire the bloody king to look. Whether Shakspeare was right in his conception of the crook-back, or Walpole in his re-instatement of him as a wise, politic, and rather ill-used monarch, is a “historic doubt” not yet solved. This portrait has the characteristic action of drawing off and on the ring, ascribed to this king in all the extant portraits of him. Beside him hangs the pale ascetic face (8) of the virtuous Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, the foundress of God’s House, afterwards Christ’s College, and of St. John’s College, both at Cambridge. She was a type of all the feminine virtues of her time, distinguished alike, as Fisher, bishop of Rochester, said of her in her funeral sermon, “for nobility of person, discipline of her body, ordering her soul to God, and, fourthly, in hospitality and charity.” She had thirty kings and queens within the four degrees of marriage to her, besides dukes, marquises, earls, and other princes. Her father was John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and her mother, Margaret Beauchamp. Thus, as Fuller says in his punning way, “*fair fort* and *fair field* met in this lady, who was fair body and fair soul, being the exactest pattern of the best devotion those days afforded; taxed for no personal faults, but the errors of the age she lived in.” She died June 29, 1509, not surviving to witness the completion of St. John’s College, from whose library this portrait comes. She saw, however, both her son and grandson on the throne. Of the former there is no portrait here. Of the latter there is one of the Holbein portraits (48) from the Duke of Manchester, a duplicate of the Warwick picture which hangs in the gallery of old masters. It is a pity that the personages of Henry’s reign have not been hung together. We should have liked to see the lustful king surrounded by his six ill-fated wives—of whom here are only “Anne Boleyn” (10, 11), “Katherine Parr” (16), “Jane Seymour” (50)—and “Anne of Cleves” (the last in miniature, in frame 17), and accompanied by his creatures and his victims,

or the large array of those who began by being the former to end as the latter. Why, for example, is Charles Brandon (14), the luxurious, accomplished, and unscrupulous husband of Mary (14), the wicked widow of Louis of France, so far from the master he served but too well? Charles Brandon was one of the most graceful gentlemen and most skilful jousts in the pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a leading member of the odious commission established to raise money for the royal needs, without resort to parliament—one of the most active and heartless of the persecutors of Queen Catherine—the messenger of death to Anne Boleyn, of separation to Anne of Cleves, of disgrace to Wolsey. He commanded the ill-starred invasion to France, and sat in Smithfield to see Friar Forest slowly burned, in the fire which consumed the wonder-working crucifix of David Darvel Gatheren; and, finally, he was the dexterous conductor of the intrigues which dissolved the rebellion of the north. That the accomplice in so many of the crimes of his royal master should have died quietly in his bed in 1545, two years before the king, shows a dexterity or a good fortune equally rare in those bloody days.

Here, too, by the side of luckless Anne Boleyn, hangs her eldest sister Mary (12), with whom also the King was accused of having intrigued, apparently not without considerable reason. She is not less fair than her sister, whom she nearly resembles, though fuller in face and fleshier in figure. Those who are inclined to feel with Mr. Froude, the last historian of the reign of Henry VIII. who has proposed to himself the Herculean task of cleansing the memory of that sovereign from the foul stain of lust and blood with which it is so deeply encrusted, may try to discover in this fair face of Anne Boleyn the sensuality and deceitfulness which Mr. Froude finds in it. We confess we see nothing of the kind, but rather the most engaging feminine sweetness and softness. At the same time it is evident that poor Anne was no heroine, but a weak girl, who succumbed to the mixed influence of terror and vanity, though she must have known the ruthless nature of the man into whose hands she was putting her fair and slender neck, and might have anticipated her own dark and dismal future from the fate of the poor queen whom she supplanted.

There is here no portrait of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the papist party in the reign of Henry, who, though he never forfeited his faith for royal favour, seems, in all else, to have been the willing instrument of the King's worst purposes, and inferior in every respect to his noble and accomplished son, Henry Howard,—the friend of the King's youth—the poet-lover of the fair Geraldine, whose image the great wizard, Cornelius Agrippa, showed to the enamoured youth in a magic mirror, at the court of the Emperor—the gallant tilter in the lists, at the jousts given in honour of the King's marriage with Anne of Cleves, in 1540—the wild feaster on flesh in Lent—the night brawler and window breaker, committed to the Fleet in 1543—a volunteer under his father in 1544, in the army that invaded France and took Boulogne—governor afterwards of that fortress for England—arrested in 1548, by the influence of Hertford, on the same day as his father—sent with him to the Tower, on a frivolous charge of having quartered the King's arms in his armorial bearings—found guilty and beheaded in his thirtieth year, in 1547, on Tower Hill, that scene of death, which so seldom went a week all through Henry's reign, without its block being baptised with blood. Altogether, Surrey is one of the most interesting figures of that singular time, by his various accomplishments in arts and arms, and by his premature and unhappy fate. Walpole believed this fine portrait of him (17) to be by Holbein, and we know not to what other hand it can reasonably be attributed.

The visitor should pause before the portrait of Sir John More (51), one of the justices of the Queen's Bench, in the reign of Henry VII., and father of the more illustrious chancellor. Sir John lived to the age of 90, dying in 1533, only two years before his son, who, when he passed as lord high chancellor of England through Westminster Hall to the Chancery, failed not on his knees to ask his old father's blessing, as he sat in his court. There is no portrait of the chancellor here,—a grievous want, considering the place he fills in the reign of Henry VIII.

William Warham (66) and Wolsey (49) should have hung side by side, instead of being separated by a whole range of Elizabethan portraits. Such historic "dislocation" materially impairs the

interest and instructional value of this gallery. This Wolsey (49) is described in the catalogue as "the earliest contemporary portrait of the founder of any college." But what are we to say to the portrait of the Lady Margaret (8), who surely founded Christ's and St. John's, before 1525, when Wolsey founded Cardinal College? Wolsey's is a wretched portrait now, whatever it may have been before it was ruined by repainting, and represents the cardinal in profile, as he would always be painted, to conceal his blind eye.

Archbishop Warham's portrait (from Lambeth) purports to be a work of Holbein's, and is an inferior repetition of the head in the Louvre. The face has a good deal of the patient shrewdness one might look for in this sagacious opponent of Wolsey's, "the prime advocate," as Fuller calls him, "for Queen Catherine, who carried it so cautiously, that he neither betrayed the cause of his client nor incurred the King's displeasure." He long foiled and eventually survived Wolsey, and was archbishop twenty-eight years, dying in 1533.

In frame 17, in the transept gallery, is the very miniature of Anne of Cleves which Holbein painted at her father's court, and which was despatched by Cromwell to the King in the same ivory box in which it is still enclosed. This picture precipitated, if it did not cause, Cromwell's downfall. The King decided to contract the marriage on the faith of this portrait; but was so disgusted with the original on her arrival, that he broke out in full council at Greenwich, abusing Cromwell for bringing him a "great Flanders mare," coarse, clumsy, and "unfit to nourish love." This was in January, 1540, and in June of the same year Cromwell was attainted of high treason, without being heard in his defence, and beheaded on Tower Hill. There should have been a portrait of him in this gallery.

The portrait by Holbein of Sir Henry Guildford (52), the accomplished master of the horse to Henry VIII., is a noble work of the master.

Here (53) is the portrait of Lady Grey (Margaret Wooton), wife to Sir Thomas Grey, and grandmother, by the father's side, to Lady Jane Grey. Lady Jane Grey's maternal grandmother was the Princess Mary, daughter to Henry VII., the wife, first of

Louis XII. of France, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, whose portrait (14) we have already referred to. We would willingly have spared the paternal grandmother, at all events, to have had a portrait of sweet, ill-starred Lady Jane herself. But why four portraits of Edward VI. (54, 55, 55A, and 56), besides that by Gwillim Street, in the Gallery of Old Masters? The Holbein (54) would surely have been record enough of this gentle boy-king—especially as his reign is otherwise unrepresented. We have neither the ambitious protector Somerset, nor the crafty Northumberland, nor Cranmer, nor Latimer, nor Bonner, nor Gardiner, nor Ridley.

The reign of Philip and Mary is illustrated only by the curious small full-lengths of the Queen and her consort (58), representing two very ugly and ill-proportioned people. Could not a single portrait of a protestant martyr have been found? One, at least, of Sir Antonio More's pictures should have been hung here, to represent the art of Mary's reign. The half-length of the bloody Queen, by De Heere (59), is characteristic. To us, that face of Mary's seems full of sadness and perplexity, as of a woman striving at once to satisfy and stifle conscience.

If, however, the reign of Mary be sparingly illustrated, that of Elizabeth is even profusely represented. All the painters who worked at her court—Zuccherro, Ketel, De Heere, Marc Gerhard, Hilliard, and the elder Oliver, may be studied here; the first, in the curious portrait of the Virgin Queen, standing on the map of England (18), with her noblest favourite, the ill-starred Essex (19), at her side. Another picture, still more odd in respect of costume, represents the Queen in a kind of Persian dress, standing in a forest, the trees of which are inscribed with verses and mottoes, the import and application of which it is not easy to discover. Queen Elizabeth was very vain, and loved to be painted, though she would trust her face to none but "special cunninge painters," and forbade all persons, by royal proclamation (the original draft of which is extant in Cecil's own hand-writing), to attempt the royal physiognomy, until some special person that shall be by her allowed shall have first finished a portraiture thereof. This was in 1563, when she was only 32, and still handsome enough, one would have thought, to have rendered such precautions unnecessary.

We may refer one of these portraits of her by Zuccherò (18) to about the date of this proclamation. Both have, however, suffered so much, that it is difficult to say anything in their praise, as pictures, now, whatever they may have been once. Zuccherò was an accomplished painter, and may be judged by a better specimen than any of these grotesque likenesses of Elizabeth, his portrait of Don Carlos, when young (226), in the Gallery of Old Masters. Nothing can be more unbecoming than the dress of both these portraits of the Virgin Queen. She was one of the most coquetish of women, though her taste in dress, judging by the specimens here, does not seem to have been equal to her love of it. The "Book of the Queen's Wardrobe" is still extant. Exclusively of coronation, mourning, and parliament robes, and of the Garter robes, 99 in all, it enumerates "French gowns, 102; round ditto, 67; loose ditto, 100: kirtles, 126; fore-parts, 136; petticoats, 125; cloaks, 96; safeguards (query, crinolines), 13; jupes, 43; doublets, 85; lap-mantles, 18; fans, 27; pantoufles, 9." But to estimate properly the incredible ungracefulness of the female Elizabethan fashions, we must go to Marc Gerhard's picture of the Queen on her progress to Hunsdon House (64). This picture is of great interest for its likenesses as well as its costume. Henry Carey, created Viscount Hunsdon on the Queen's accession, was Elizabeth's cousin, the son of Mary, sister of Anne Boleyn. The Queen bestowed upon him Hunsdon House, built by King Henry VIII. as a nursery for the royal children, with £4,000 a-year in land. He was "a valiant man," says Fuller, "and lover of men of their hands—very choleric, but not malicious"—a rough, tearing, swearing, honest soldier, "who might have been with the Queen whatsoever he would, but would be no more than what he was." He suppressed the first northern rebellion in 1569. He had served the Queen faithfully from boyhood, and she loved and trusted him, addressing him in a letter, under her own hand, as "my Harry."

Robert Dudley, the first and most unworthy of her favourites, is represented in this picture walking near the royal litter; Lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state; Lord Burleigh the white staff as lord treasurer. The character of the cold and cruel Dudley is more clearly written in the portrait (69), which seems

to us to have a better claim to be called a Zuccherò, than most of the pictures here which go under that name. The face wears even a low brutal expression, in spite of the regularity of the features. This might be the murderer of poor Amy Robsart (to the real facts of whose history Sir Walter Scott has added no circumstance of cruelty), and the deceiver of the scarcely less unhappy Lady Douglas Howard, wife of Lord Sheffield. That lord died suddenly of the mysterious disease then well known as "Leicester's rheum," because it was wont to fall strangely and suddenly on the favourite's enemies. Tired of Lady Sheffield, and anxious to clear his way to marriage with Lettice, countess of Essex—whose husband also died of "Leicester's rheum"—Dudley administered a slow poison to the unhappy Lady Douglas, whom he had wedded by the rites of the church at Esher; but who, to save her life, was compelled to renounce her wedded rights, and to marry again during Dudley's lifetime. Leicester was hypocrite, too, as well as seducer and poisoner. Amy Robsart was cold in her grave, and Lady Douglas was pining at Offington, in Sussex; when, in 1575, Dudley received the Queen at Kenilworth, with the magnificent hospitality recorded in Scott's novel. He lived to be supplanted in the Queen's affections by his own step-son, the Earl of Essex (19),—a worthier favourite than himself—and died suddenly at Cornbury, in 1588, not without suspicion of poison, accidentally administered by his own hand, but prepared by some of his enemies. A more detestable character does not figure in English history.

We seek in vain, in Ketel's portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton (20), for any indication of the grace which made the Queen single out the briefless young barrister in a court mask "for his stately dancing"—though the picture shows the "proper person" for which he was famous, and the face bears the stamp of those great abilities which enabled him to discharge the duties of chancellor without knowledge of the law, in spite of the sullen serjeants who refused, at first, to plead before him.

Here hangs Zuccherò's Raleigh (27), with the map of Cadiz at the back of the picture, in allusion to Sir Walter's services, which mainly secured the destruction of the Spanish fleet in that harbour in 1596; and by his side his wife, Elizabeth Throgmorton, to

whom he was privately married in 1595, thereby incurring the grave displeasure of the Queen, and a short imprisonment in the Tower. She was a woman worthy of such a husband. We have always fancied in Raleigh a likeness to Shakspeare, and have often imagined that if the latter had pursued a life of action, no likelier parallel could be found for what he might have been than Raleigh—so dextrous in all his undertakings, whether in court or camp, by sea or by land, with sword or with pen, that “he seemed to be born to that only which he went about,” and is perhaps the most brilliant figure in that time of great-hearted and large-brained men. With all its coarseness, and all its crimes, the age of Elizabeth is one of which the study must fill every English heart with pride. Such statesmen, soldiers, navigators, scholars, merchants, philosophers, poets have never before or since flourished together. Think of a galaxy in which Burleigh, Raleigh, Drake, Howard, Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare shone at the same time. The only likeness of Burleigh here is an atrocious picture of him (73) riding on a mule, from the Bodleian, destroyed by repainting, and utterly unworthy of a place here, either as a likeness or as a work of art. The Duke of Richmond’s picture of Burleigh in the Court of Wards is interesting, but too small to supply the want of a really satisfactory portrait of the politic Cecil, the man who, for forty years, bore the chief burden of administration in most difficult times, and of whom the historian of his life tells us, that—“Besides all business in council or other weighty causes, and such as were answered by word of mouth, there was not a day in term whereon he received not three-score, four-score, or a hundred petitions, which he read at night, and gave every man an answer the next morning as he went to the hall.” Truly, in business, in war, in poetry, in love, in ambition, in craft, and in crime there were giants in those days. The magnificent Howard, the lord high admiral, who conquered the Armada and took Cadiz, should surely have been here, surrounded by a cluster of those gallant captains, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, Drake, and Grenville, who, with their comrades, made the name of England so mighty upon all seas, and added so much to the known world by their daring voyages of discovery. It is mortifying to find these gallant hearts entirely unrepresented here, except by Sir A. More’s por-

trait called Drake (500), in the Gallery of Old Masters, but not in the least resembling the well-known face of that sea-scurge of the Spaniard. It is much to be lamented that the Gorhambury portrait gallery should have contributed nothing to the Exhibition. To this, we presume, must be ascribed the singular dearth here of portraits of the Verulam family. Here is neither the lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas, nor his more illustrious son, Francis Bacon, Viscount of St. Alban's—an irreparable *lacuna* in such a collection as this. The gallant adventurers who corresponded on land, to such men as Blunt, Cary, Fennar, and Willoughby at sea—deadly enemies of the Spaniard, and fearing neither man nor devil, when there was gold or honour to be won—and who constitute so characteristic a feature of the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, are here represented only by Sir Francis Vere (75), and his younger brother, Horatio (76), who survived him, and was created Baron Vere of Tilbury in 1625. Sir Francis Vere's is a keen sharp face, but with none of the sternness and ruggedness one would expect in the look of one who "served on the scene of all Christendom where war was acted." The Englishmen he commanded were so ill-provided that they were christened "the ragged regiment." But they did good service against the Spaniard, through the Low Country wars, especially at the battle of Nieuport, and in the gallant three years' defence of Ostend. Sir Horace "had more meekness," says Fuller, "and as much valour as his brother; so pious, that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man: one of an excellent temper, neither elated nor depressed with success or failure. Had one seen him returning from a victory, he would by his silence have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit." This is a noble character, and it is reflected in this calm face.

Here, too, is the noble head of Thomas Howard (68), which fell on the scaffold in 1572, for its owner's partisanship of the desperate cause of Mary Queen of Scots, into which he was urged by the double motive of love and ambition. And here (61), is that old fox, William Paulet, who, from a simple knight, rose to be Marquis of Winchester, holding his upward path, without

once forfeiting favour, under Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Mary, and for 30 years officiated as lord treasurer to Edward VI. and Elizabeth. His own key to his rare success was summed in the words, "I was the willow and not the oak." He lived to be 97, and of his 103 descendants not one died upon the scaffold—a remarkable distinction in those bloody days, and which seems to show that something of the ancestor's craft had passed to the stock. He built Basing House, and received the Queen there with a splendour which must have taxed the careful old treasurer's purse severely. Elizabeth was so delighted with her reception that she is said to have declared, "If my lord treasurer were but a young man I could find in my heart to have him for a husband before ever a man in England." The Earl of Lincoln (70 and 71), lord high admiral and K.G. was scarcely a person of such distinction as to entitle him to two portraits, though he was member of the wisest privy council that ever sat round a table. We must say, generally, that in a gallery where space was so precious, we should have preferred a little less of this sort of reduplication. Two Henry the Eighths, five Edward the Sixths, two Marys, seven Elizabeths, and five Charles the Firsts is decidedly an overdose of sovereigns.

Sir Henry Lee (72) is interesting as an example of the gallant loyalist—the ancestral stock of the men who sacrificed life and fortune so cheerfully for Charles the First. One delights to imagine this venerable old gentleman appearing year after year armed and mounted in the tilt yard at Whitehall to maintain the Queen's honour against all comers. For the anecdote which explains the dog and the lines in the picture we refer our readers to the catalogue. As an example of the "Royal Merchants," who make the reign of Elizabeth not less memorable in the annals of commerce, than in those of literature, war, and statesmanship, we have here Holbein's fine portait of Sir Thomas Gresham (67A), the builder of the first Exchange or Bourse, of which, however, the idea was his father's, Sir Richard Gresham's, who was Lord Mayor in 1537. Sir Thomas was the greatest financier of his time, and was sent for, in 1551, to restore the ruined credit of the King, then in the hands of the Protector Somerset, to whose rapacity, and not to any fault of poor young Edward's, the royal

embarrassments of that time were owing. For this purpose, Gresham went to Antwerp, and most amusing were the shifts he was reduced to to keep up the weekly payments to lenders, and transmit enough to satisfy the cravings of the English court. Most of the fine old church bells in England are said to have been melted down at this time, and transmitted to Gresham to raise money upon. The history of Gresham's expedients and projects in this business is a summary of all the ludicrous politico-economical blunders of the time. He continued to act in the same capacity for Queen Mary; for he was a supple courtier, and made small scruple of shifting even his faith to suit court winds. Accordingly, the zealous papist under Mary appears as a zealous protestant under Elizabeth, for whom he continued to negotiate foreign loans. He was made ambassador to the court of the Archduchess governing the Netherlands in 1560. All this while, however, he kept open his mercer's shop in Lombard-street, with its sign of the Grasshopper, which afterwards figured on the pinnacle of the Exchange, built at his suggestion and under his care, by aid of subscriptions among the merchants of London, between 1565 and 1569. Sir Thomas seems rather to have made "a good thing" out of the Exchange than to have bestowed any gift on the city; for at his death the rent from the shops outside and above the building was 700*l*. When the Exchange had been finished for more than a year, Sir Thomas, finding that most of the shops still stood empty, procured tenants by the ingenious "dodge," new at that day, but since worn threadbare, of inducing the Queen to pay a visit to the edifice in 1571. After getting the Queen's intention well noised about, Sir Thomas went round to the few shops that were already let, and promised their occupiers that they should have rent free for the year as many shops as they would light up and furnish with goods on the occasion of the royal visit. The Queen came accordingly, and after dining at Gresham's house, in Bishopsgate-street, went round the Exchange, admiring especially "The Pawne," or upper storey of shops, "richly furnished"—thanks to Sir Thomas's little ruse—"with all sorts of the finest wares in the city," and "caused the same Bourse by a herald and trumpet to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from henceforth and not other-

wise." This building was burnt in the great fire in 1666, and its successor shared the same fate in 1838, the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, strange to say, escaping on both occasions.

Sir Thomas, at his death, in 1579, left his great house in Bishopsgate-street, where he long had as his prisoner poor little Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane, as the seat of a college to be called by his name, with four professorships of divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry—almost the old "quadrivium"—endowed with the rents of the Exchange. It is a pity, considering the way this bequest has been turned—or, rather, not turned—to account, that he did not put his money to some better use. Old Fuller has his quip as usual, when he describes Sir Thomas "as the founder of two stately fabrics, the old Exchange, a kind of college for merchants; and Gresham College, a kind of exchange for scholars." Gresham built Osterley House, in Middlesex, where he magnificently entertained the Queen. "Her Majesty," says Fuller, "found fault with the court of the house as too great, affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night time sends for workmen to London (money commands all things), who so speedily and silently apply their business that the next morning discovered that court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen, next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof; whilst her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions, some avowing 'it was no wonder that he could so soon *change* a building who could build a '*Change*;' others (reflecting on some known differences in the knight's family), affirmed 'that any house is easier divided than united.'" In explanation of the last joke, we are sorry to inform our readers that the good knight's lady was a shrew.

As records of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, here, we may mention the Cavendish and Harley portrait of her (25),—not one of the handsomest, though in truth none bear out Mary's traditional renown for beauty; the curious full lengths by Lucas de Heere (13) of the unhappy Darnley and his brother Charles Stuart, father of that innocent sufferer Arabella Stuart, whose

touching history must be noticed when we come to the reign of James I.; and the very interesting picture (29), containing the cenotaph of the murdered Darnley, with the Earl of Lenox and his wife, Charles, the victim's brother, and Darnley's son James, afterwards King of England, kneeling beside it. In connection, also, with Mary, visitors should notice here the portrait of Bess of Hardwick (33), the "Building Bess," of Derbyshire tradition, who was for a while gaoler of the Queen of Scots, at her magnificent seat of Hardwick. It is a legend of the Cavendish family, that a fortune-teller prophesied of this masculine lady, that she should not die while she was building, so she spent the best part of three great fortunes, inherited from her leash of husbands—Sir William Cavendish, Sir William St. Loe, and George Earl of Shrewsbury—in erecting the stately mansions of Hardwick, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Worksop, but died nevertheless in a hard frost, when the workmen were forced to suspend their building—thus saving the gipsy's credit, and immortalising her own weakness for bricks and mortar. Hardwick still remains furnished as she left it, one of the grandest, and certainly the ghostliest of old English manor houses. It is easy to imagine the ghosts of Elizabeth and Mary still pacing the sixty yards length of that noble old gallery, when the moon shines in at the great windows, and the tattered arras waves along the walls.

The worthies of the reigns of James and Charles next engage our attention.

Painting in England during the reign of James was still chiefly in the hands of foreigners. Among the principal artists of this period is Nicholas Hilliard, who deserves special notice as being an Englishman. He was a native of Exeter, born in 1547, and brought up as a jeweller and goldsmith, to which callings he added that of a miniature painter. He rose to the highest repute under Elizabeth and her successor, and imitated, on a minute scale, the individuality of Holbein. Queen Elizabeth sat to him often; as did Mary Queen of Scots, James I., and Prince Henry. Under James he had a patent, giving him a monopoly of "making, gravings, and imprinting any manner of picture," representing the King or royal family. He died in 1619. Works of more than

miniature size by him are rare. Here is a head of Sir Oliver Wallop (60), life size, from his hand, of little merit as a picture. Many of his miniatures will be found in the Duke of Portland's collection, and in frame 8 of the Buccleugh collection. Isaac Oliver a pupil of Nicholas Hilliard, also painted miniatures during the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, dying before his master, in 1617, and leaving a son Peter, who became famous in the same style of art. Works of both father and son are numerous in the miniature gallery. Vansomer and Mytens were both natives of Antwerp. The first painted here between 1606 and 1620. He was an honest heavy painter, who had but little power of imparting vitality to his portraits, and belongs to the school which Rubens superseded. Daniel Mytens painted here till the appointment of Vandyck as painter to King Charles I. is said to have so disgusted him that he begged permission to return to Flanders, and was with difficulty induced to remain by the King's assurance that he would find sufficient employment for both. Mytens was a tame painter in comparison with Rubens or Vandyck; but his colouring was warmer than that of Vansomer, and he shows more decidedly the influence of the new school of Antwerp, founded by Rubens.

Cornelius Jansen was a native of Amsterdam, who painted in this country between 1618 and 1648, when he retired, under protection of a speaker's warrant, first to Middleburgh, and finally to Amsterdam, in which city he died in 1665. We read also of two English painters—Peake and Marquis—during this reign, but their works cannot now be identified. There are two portraits of James I. here, the one a small full length seated (80), the other in armour, by Mytens. "The wisest fool in Europe," as Sully called the British Solomon, has just that vague, round characterless face we might expect in one whose vices even were mean and petty. Inconstant, pusillanimous; slobberingly tender in his unmanly affections; implacable in his groundless hates; a bigot, without genuine beliefs; a pedant, in whom scholarship served only to make learning contemptible; a profligate, without the excuse of strong passions; a lover of pleasure, without grace or gallantry; mean, vindictive, and false,—history has few more hateful figures than James I. who, as he was first of the Stuarts,

summed up the worst faults of the race, with none of their redeeming qualities.

Here are no fewer than three portraits of his noble son, Henry Prince of Wales (38, 38A, and 39)—another instance of the useless reduplication to which we have already referred. Prince Henry was the idol of the popular affections; but the splendid promise of his youth was nipped by premature death—not without suspicion of poison—in his 19th year, in 1612. Good, gay, gallant; full of martial fire, yet not averse to letters; generous, yet not profuse; as noble in his friendships as his father was nauseous; the staunch friend of Raleigh, of whom he said, “none but his father would keep such a bird in a cage,” and who, while a prisoner in the Tower, wrote for the prince’s reading, his noble *History of the World*, Prince Henry seems really to have deserved the character which the popular favour has affixed to his memory.

There is no likeness here of Charles in his youth. His portrait is said to have been painted by Velasquez in 1623, during that romantic visit to the court of Spain, of which a record is to be seen here in the picture of the Infanta (97), said to be the very one brought back by the prince. Howell’s description of her “as of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed,” hardly does her justice. She is by far the prettiest infanta whose portrait has come down to us. Here is no portrait of the most infamous of the King’s minions—Carr, Earl of Somerset—though there is one (24) of his almost equally infamous wife, the beautiful Frances Howard. Married at thirteen, to the son of Elizabeth’s favourite, Earl of Essex, she was soon after her marriage seduced by Carr, then Lord Rochester. His friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, though he aided him in the seduction, opposed the favourite’s project for a divorce of the countess, in order to a marriage with Carr. Overbury, by this beautiful devil’s contrivance, was sent to the Tower, where, the day before the divorce was obtained, he died by poison. This was in September, 1614, and before the year was out the King’s favourite, now Earl of Somerset, and Frances Howard were man and wife. But Somerset never held up his head after the murder of his friend. Eager to overthrow the favourite, his enemies at court, headed by Abbot, Archbishop of

Canterbury, threw George Villiers into the King's way. What *he* was in looks, the visitor to Manchester may judge by no fewer than three portraits—one by Mytens, representing him when young (44); another, by Jansen, a full length, in black, more advanced in years (46); and a third, by the same hand, with the date 1624 (98), near the Infanta. There is no darker or more disgusting tale in all that evil reign than the whole story of Somerset:—his favour with the King; his marriage; the murder of Overbury; the loathsome secrets, by virtue of which both the miserable minion and his bloody wife were allowed to escape their just doom, and retire to the country, where they are said to have spent the rest of their guilty lives, in mutual hate, recrimination, and remorse, abandoned by all, in spite of the 4000*l.* a-year which the earl wrung from the master whose foul secrets were his safety. Their only child was the mother of the Lord William Russell, who died on the scaffold in the reign of Charles II.; strange ancestry for such a man. Carr's predecessor in the King's favour,—Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery (99), took a blow on Croydon race-course from Viscount Haddington, a Scotch rival in the King's good graces, without offering to return it; a piece of cowardice which was felt at the time as a national disgrace. The mother of this poltroon was Mary Sidney, Sir Philip's sister, celebrated in Ben Jonson's famous epitaph:—

“ Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

Her portrait hangs here (74), as she would have wished it to hang, far from that of her unworthy son. She is said to have torn her hair with rage when she heard of her boy's baseness. And yet it should not be forgotten that Philip Herbert, with his nobler brother, was the friend and patron of Shakspere. With too many of those who rejoiced in the King's infamous favour, here are some who pined under his cruelty. Chief among such sufferers is the ill-fated Arabella Stuart (37). This most unhappy victim of the royal jealousy was the daughter of

the King's uncle, Charles Stuart, brother to Darnley. Her elevation to the throne was said to have been one object of the plot for which Raleigh, Cobham and Grey narrowly escaped death on the scaffold in 1603. But it is certain that she was not privy to such a design, if ever it was really entertained. The charge, however, was enough to excite the cowardly fears of James, to whom this lady was, from the first moment of his English reign, an object of dislike and suspicion. She loved and was beloved by William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, in whose veins flowed the blood of Henry VII. They were privately married in defiance of the royal prohibition. On discovery of the marriage Seymour was sent to the Tower, and Lady Arabella was consigned, first to the custody of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and afterwards to that of the Bishop of Durham, at Highgate, whence she fled in male attire, with the view of joining her husband, who had also contrived to elude his gaolers. Their escape was soon discovered. They missed the appointed rendezvous. The ship in which the Lady Arabella had sailed for France was overhauled and captured by an English ship of war in mid-channel, and the lady taken and re-committed to the Tower. Her husband had effected his escape into Flanders. The Lady Arabella remained a prisoner for four years, in spite of the most piteous appeals to the King's mercy, and the state of her health, which soon sank under captivity and despair. She died a broken-hearted maniac in 1615.

Of George Villiers, to whose numerous portraits we have already referred, everyone knows that his beauty won for him the maudlin tenderness of the King, and secured his rise, from the low estate of a Leicestershire squire's young person, first to the post of cupbearer to the King (1613); and thence, by quick steps, to the dignities and offices of knight and gentleman of the bedchamber (1615); master of the horse, knight of the garter, baron and viscount (1616); Earl of Buckingham (1616-17); Marquis of Buckingham (1617-18); high admiral, chief justice in Eyre, master of the King's Bench Office, high steward of Westminster, and constable of Windsor Castle (1617-18). The King nick-named him "Steenie," from his supposed resemblance to some picture of Saint Stephen, the proto-martyr. He accompanied Prince Charles on his romantic journey to Spain in 1623,

and was created Duke of Buckingham during his absence on that occasion. In 1625, he went to Paris to bring over Queen Henrietta Maria. Buckingham retained over Charles almost as absolute an empire as he had established over his father. It was owing mainly to his pernicious counsels that the young King met with haughty denial the prayers of his first three parliaments for redress of grievances and limitation of the prerogative, and plunged England into wars with France and Spain. The knife of Felton—exhibited at Manchester—on the 23d of August, 1628, ridded the country of one of whom Warburton not undeservedly describes as “a minister the most debauched, the most unable, and the most tyrannical that ever was.” Not far from Villiers the vainest hangs Cecil (84) the craftiest, if not wisest of the councillors of James, nick-named by James his “little beagle;” a name well-earned by the lord treasurer’s keenness, sureness of scent, and power of patiently following up his object. It is rare that such a father as William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, has been succeeded by a son so nearly his father’s equal, in all that shrewdness and sagacity can supply of statesmanship or rather statecraft. Robert Cecil died in May, 1612, worn out with disease, mortified by the unexpected resistance of the parliament of 1611 to the encroachments of the royal prerogative, and apprehending the worst consequences from what he called “the desperate hardness of the prejudiced people.” He seems, at the hour of his death, to have had some foreshadowing of the struggle between king and commons which reached its consummation 30 years later on the scaffold at Whitehall.

Here, too, conspicuously among the nobler figures of the reign, is Henry Wriothesley (31), the Earl of Southampton, and his wife, Elizabeth Vernon (32). This earl was the friend and first patron of Shakspeare. To him the poet dedicated his “Venus and Adonis,” in 1593, and his “Rape of Lucrece” the year after, in language betokening both gratitude and affection. Imprisoned for his participation in the mad rising of his friend Essex, in 1606, Southampton remained a prisoner in the Tower, till released by James. He made a friend of his cat during his imprisonment, and the cat figures in this picture.

Vansomer’s full-length portrait of Henry Carey, the first Lord

Falkland (411)—appointed lord deputy of Ireland in 1620, and father of the great Lord Falkland,—which belonged to Horace Walpole, is celebrated as the picture which suggested to him the incident of the portrait walking out of the frame, in the “Castle of Otranto,” as he writes to Cole, in March, 1759. Does anybody read the “Castle of Otranto,” now-a-days? We remember the impression made on our own youthful imagination by the gigantic armour,—the helmet dropped in the courtyard,—the huge mailed hand seen on the balusters of the great staircase. It was a dream of such an apparition of a gigantic hand that suggested the romance,—so Walpole tells his correspondent Cole, —and he sat down and wrote on that hint, without plot or plan, getting more and more engrossed with his story as he went on. Poor Horace Walpole flattered himself that in the tale he was “retracing with some fidelity the manners of ancient days.” In truth the life described in his “Otranto” is about as like the life of feudal times as Strawberry Hill is like Carnarvon Castle. Here, by Mytens, are the founders of the fortune of the Cavendish family—Sir Charles and his wife Lady Ogle (42 and 43), father and mother of the first Duke of Newcastle, whose portrait we shall notice in his proper place, as a notable of the reign of Charles I.

And near them,—of more interest for ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred than all these lords and courtiers,—are a batch of worthies, glories of the reign of James, and inheritors of fame for all time, Camden (34), Shakspeare (85), Ben Jonson (86), Fletcher (86A), and Harvey (165). The last, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was born in 1598, and died in 1657. He was appointed physician extraordinary to James in 1623, five years before his great discovery was given to the world. In 1630, he was named physician to Charles, whose fortunes he followed, having been appointed by him warden of Merton in 1645. He always maintained that his discovery ruined his practice. It was lucky it did not cost him his professorship of anatomy in the Royal College of Physicians.

Camden, the most learned and sagacious of antiquarians, whose “Britannia” still remains a model for all topographical histories, was born in 1551, and died in 1623. His portrait here (34),

comes from the Paper Stainers' Company, of which his father was a member, and to which he bequeathed a silver cup and cover, out of which, every St. Luke's Day, the old master of the Company drinks to the new one. Whether as St. Paul's boy, servitor at Magdalen, student at Christ-church, second master of Westminster school in 1575, or head master from 1593 to 1598, Camden employed all his leisure in amassing the materials for his great work, the "Chorographical Description of Britain," first published in 1586, of which no less than six editions appeared in this country during the author's lifetime, to say nothing of foreign reprints. Up to this day, within the limits which Camden himself assigned to his work, his "Britannia" is unrivalled for accuracy and sagacity. Camden was the pearl of antiquarians. Good sense is as prominent in him as love of the past, and he seems to value facts and objects really according to their importance, not their antiquity. As a piece of scholarship his book deserves the highest credit, both for range of research and purity and force of style. In 1598 Camden gave up the head mastership of Westminster for the less laborious office of Clarenceux King of Arms. He died beloved and honoured as a noble type of the scholar, in 1623, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Here is our own Shakspeare—the Chandos portrait (85)—surrounded by a cluster of contemporaries, and fellows in his art of the stage—Burbage (87), the actor, his fellow-townsmen, his predecessor in the theatre, and afterwards joint shareholder with him in the Blackfriars and Globe, his friend through life, and the first actor of Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, and no doubt the other principal tragic parts of Shakspeare's plays—Ben Jonson (86), with his sturdy, stubborn, honest face, scarcely visible through the smoke and soot which have been allowed to blacken this interesting portrait—John Taylor, the waterman poet (91), — the "gentleman-like sculler," as he was called,—who must often have answered Shakspeare's hail of "Oars, oars," from the Blackfriars stairs, when the play was done, and pulled him over to the Falcon, on the Bankside, for a merry supper with his fellows, Dekker and Chapman, Jonson and Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, Drayton and Daniel. Who knows how often those

meetings may have been graced by the statelier presence of Essex and Southampton, Raleigh and Spenser?

Here, too, are portraits of Nathaniel Field and John Lowen, both known to have been actors in Shakspeare's plays, and the portrait of Fletcher from the Clarendon Gallery at the Grove, inscribed "Poet Fletcher." Evelyn, in his catalogue of the Clarendon Gallery, mentions portraits of Beaumont and Fletcher, "both in one piece;" but this picture has disappeared, and there is now no portrait of Beaumont at the Grove.

Shirley (90) belongs chronologically to a later date; but as he closes the great gallery of the dramatists, of which Shakspeare is the central figure, he is perhaps most fitly placed among them. With Dryden opens a new and baser epoch in the dramatic art, when the muse of the theatre puts on a dress tagged with rhyme, bedizened with French finery, and bedaubed with French filth, from the entanglement of which she has never since quite extricated herself. The Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, of the many so-called likenesses of the poet, is perhaps the one possessing most claims to authenticity after the portrait prefixed to the edition of 1823, the accuracy of which is vouched by Ben Jonson's lines:—

"The figure that thou here seest put
Was for the gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the Life.
Oh! could he have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look,
Not on his picture, but his book."

The Chandos picture, here shown, is now the property of the nation, having been the first gift to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery by the late Earl of Ellesmere. It was well that the foundation of the gallery of national portraits should have been laid with Shakspeare. This picture belonged to Davenant, the successor of Ben Jonson as poet laureate, and afterwards to the great actor Betterton; from whose hands it passed to those of Mrs. Barry, and subsequently, by marriage, became the property of the Duke of Chandos. It was bought at the Stowe sale by Lord

Ellesmere. We may surely presume that Davenant, as one who knew Shakspeare, would not have kept a portrait of him unless it had considerable claims to be considered a good likeness.

This portrait was copied for Dryden by Kneller, and the poet, in return, sent to the painter these lines:—

“Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight,
With awe I ask his blessing as I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold, with dauntless breast,
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best:
Like his, thy critics in the attempt are lost,
When most they rail, know then they envy most.”

It is a pity Dryden did not stop at the end of the second couplet. It was not worth invoking the inspiration of Shakspeare's portrait to pay a roundabout compliment to Kneller. It must not pass without a kindly word, by brave, burly old Ben Jonson; the honest man who, between 1574 and 1637, fought his way roughly upwards through a rough life, from bricklayer's boy to poet laureate; who was to the comedy of manners what Shakspeare is to the comedy of character; the richest of all mines for illustration of Elizabethan manners and humours; the independent spirit who, in all his struggles with hard fortune, even when reduced to four-pound loans from prosperous Philip Henslow, that most money-making of Elizabethan managers, still held his head high, and guarded it, at need, with his rapier, with which he killed Gabriel, the actor, in a duel, in Hogsden Fields; the king of good fellows, who ruled the roast at the Apollo room, in the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, where every well-bred town wit was sealed of the tribe of Ben, and was proud to call Jonson “father;” and author of the noblest lines that have been written commemorative of Shakspeare, including that ever to be remembered one,

“He was not for an age, but for all time.”

The concise epitaph on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey, —“O, rare Ben Jonson,”—we owe to the accidental kindness of “Jack Young, afterwards knighted,” as Aubrey tells us, “who,

walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it." It has often struck us that there is more than one point of striking resemblance between Ben Jonson and his namesake of a century later—the great Samuel. When we read Aubrey's account of the pitted face, "punched full of holes like the cover of a warming-pan,"—he, himself, speaks of his "mountain belly and his rocky face," of the eyes one lower than the other, and bigger, and the huge coat, like a coachman's, with slits under the armpits—and add to it other contemporary accounts of Ben's blustering, overbearing manner, his good-fellowship at bottom, his clubableness, his power of conversation, his learning, and his love of canary, we have recalled to us at almost every point, some closely corresponding trait of the immortal lexicographer.

Not the least remarkable among the worthies of James the First's reign whose portraits are here exhibited, are Sir Hugh Myddleton (104), the public-spirited and bold projector, who brought the New River to London in 1613, to his own ruin, but the benefit of the capital for ages to come—a service cheaply purchased by a baronetcy. And lastly, Sir Henry Wotton, the learned and accomplished foreign ambassador who served James so well in many of the European courts, and to whom we owe the celebrated definition of an ambassador, "*Vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ*" ("A good man sent abroad to lie for the sake of his country"). There is an acuteness and sly humour in the face of his portrait (103) which fits the authorship of this well known *mot*, which was written in a friend's album at Augsburg, but which, reaching the King's ears, very nearly cost Wotton the royal favour for the rest of his life.

Before dismissing from the stage the actors in that miserable tragi-comedy, the reign of James I., we must call attention to the portraits of two more of those magnificent minions, who, like Carr, Herbert, and Buckingham, owed their advancement to beauty and not to brains. These are, James Hay, the Earl of Carlisle (120), and Henry Rich, the Earl of Holland (126), whose portraits, if the historical gallery had been arranged with attention to sequence, should hang rather among the figures which illustrate the reign of James than among those personifying the struggle between King and Commons, under his successor. James Hay

was a fair-haired, regular-featured, good-tempered young Scotchman, a gentleman of the Scotch body guard, which had been maintained in the French court since the time of Louis XI. Presented to James by the French ambassador, by his good looks, graciousness, and affability, he rapidly rose to rank, first as Lord Hay of Sawley, afterwards as Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle. In 1616, he was selected for the embassy to Paris, to convey the congratulations of James to the King of France on his marriage with the Spanish Infanta. Here the magnificence for which Hay was noted had full scope. Besides providing his retinue with the most splendid liveries, he had his horse shod with silver shoes, so slightly fastened on, that as he curvetted from his lodgings to the Louvre, ever and anon one of these silver plates would be cast loose, and left for the crowd to scramble for; while one of his footmen, from a tawny velvet bag, replaced it with another, to be in like manner flung off and fought for. In 1619, on an embassy to Germany, Hay displayed equal splendour. It was on this occasion that the Prince of Orange, on being told of the necessity of doing something to rival the splendour of his magnificent visitor, called for the bill of fare for the day when Lord Carlisle was expected at the Hague, and finding only one pig in the bill, magnanimously ordered his steward to put down another. Hay was in Spain during the wild scamper of Prince Charles in 1623, and in Paris on the conclusion of the match with Henrietta Maria. For missions of state and ceremony he was, probably, not ill selected, provided James were able and willing to pay the bill when Carlisle's means ran short.

His honest and admiring historian, Andrew Wilson, tells us that "the meanest of his suits was so fine as to look like romance," and there are curious examples recorded of such fantastic luxuries at his entertainments, as pies of ambergrease, that cost ten pounds a piece, and fishes "brought from Muscovy, so huge that dishes had to be made to contain them," like the famous turbot of Tiberius. James did his best to supply the means for this mad extravagance, by finding rich wives for his favourite; Lady Denny first, and afterwards the lovely Lucy Percy, daughter of the stern and straightforward Earl of Northumberland, whose proud stomach resisted even a life's imprisonment in the Tower, for

suspicion of his privity to the gunpowder plot. He refused to consent to his daughter's marriage with a "beggarly Scot," though he knew his own liberation would be the first consequence of it. James is believed, on Clarendon's estimate, to have given this favourite not less than four hundred thousand pounds. But James Hay was far from the worst of the King's minions. Henry Rich added to frivolity and folly a baseness of ingratitude to which Hay's career furnishes no parallel. Raised rapidly by his beauty, within a few years, to the knighthood of the Bath, the captaincy of the King's Guard, and an office in the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; created successively Viscount Fenton in Scotland, Baron Kensington and Earl of Holland, Rich accompanied Hay on his embassies, and rivalled even his splendid follies. For him, too, James found a rich wife, in Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who brought him the manor and house at Kensington, built by her father in 1607, and still known as Holland House. Rich was sent to Paris in 1624, with Hay, to negotiate the marriage of Henrietta Maria with Charles, and there is little doubt that on this occasion he won the affections of the beautiful young princess, and that this passion of hers led to those outbreaks of aversion to her husband which rendered the earliest years of Charles's wedded life so unhappy. Rich was the basest of men. When the King's star began to wane in 1641, he joined the party of the opposition, carrying with him the secrets of the court. In 1642, the Queen, now despising as much as she had ever loved him, insisted on his dismissal from the post of first gentleman of the bedchamber. In 1643 Rich turned traitor to his new friends and joined his royal master at the siege of Gloucester, but afterwards deserted again to the parliament from Oxford. In 1648 he was guilty of his last act of apostasy, if it should not rather be called of remorse, drawing the sword for the King, when his cause was hopeless, at Nonsuch House. His defeat, flight, and arrest were followed by his death on the scaffold, before Westminster Hall, in March, 1649, in company with the Duke of Hamilton and the gallant Lord Capell, who neither of them deserved so base a companion in their deaths.

And now the stage is clear for the actors in a very different strife from that of rival minions in the ante-chamber—for the dark and

earnest men—Strafford and Falkland, Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Fairfax, and Cromwell—who in the terrible struggle of the Great Revolution decided the question between the prerogative of the King and the liberties of the people. As if that this mighty political drama might be pictorially set forth as it deserved, Vandyck is the painter of its principal personages.

Though Rubens visited England in 1629, and painted, during that visit, the picture called "Peace and War," now in our National Gallery, he was here in the character of a diplomatist, not a painter. The knighthood which he received from the hand of Charles in 1630, before his return to Spain, was the reward for his negotiation of a treaty, not for the decoration of Whitehall. The ceiling of the banqueting-house was commissioned during this visit, but not painted till some years after, and sent over finished from Antwerp. The portrait of the Earl of Arundel, the great collector of objects of art and antiquity (107), is the only English portrait here from the hand of Rubens, and this may have been painted during his nine months' residence in this country. He had already painted a picture of the earl and his countess, at Antwerp, in 1620, but the two portraits were on the same canvas. Thomas Howard, first Lord Arundel, was born in 1586, and was made earl marshal in 1621. He incurred the displeasure of Charles, and an imprisonment of some duration in the Tower, by the marriage of his son, Lord Maltravers, with the Lady Elizabeth Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, without the King's consent, in 1626. He was general of the army sent to Scotland by Charles in 1639, presided as earl marshal at Strafford's trial in 1640, accompanied the Queen and her daughter to Holland in 1641, and died in exile at Padua in 1646. He employed agents on the continent collecting whatever was rarest in the way of pictures and antiques, whether statues, gems, or medals, and was instrumental, probably, in bringing about Vandyck's second visit to this country. To him we owe that fine collection of marbles now at Oxford, known as the Arundelian marbles. To this portrait of him (127), we may apply the words employed by Clarendon in describing his character:—"He had in his person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and

motion." At the same time, Clarendon tells us "this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity."

Vandyck was the true painter of the cavaliers. That quality in his work which justifies the description of him as "*pittore cavalieresco*," peculiarly fitted him to delineate those stately figures, set off by the most graceful of all dresses that have ever been worn in England; those proud and regular faces, with their flowing lovelocks; those high-bred hands, strong only for the sword-hilt; those proud, self-possessed, yet easy attitudes.

Vandyck had risen to an eminence only second to his master, Rubens, in 1620, the year before he paid his first visit to England. He stayed but a few months in England on that occasion, and we cannot point to any work of his executed during these few months. Between 1621 and his next visit to England in 1632, Vandyck had travelled through Italy, studying and leaving numerous records of his pencil in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Florence, and Turin, and had spent five years in diligent and successful labour at Antwerp, while Rubens was more engrossed by his diplomatic employment at Madrid and London, than by his painting. The Earl of Arundel and Sir Kenelm Digby were the earliest and warmest English protectors of Vandyck. He rapidly displaced from favour Jansen and Mytens, and soon secured a monopoly of court employment—living luxuriously and profusely during the winter in the Blackfriars, and during the summer in a suit of apartments fitted up for him by the king in the old palace at Eltham. He left England for a short visit to Paris in 1640, and returned in broken health to witness the outbreak of civil war. He did not long survive the execution of his friend and patron, Strafford; dying at the close of 1641. His works are characterised by very unequal degrees of merit. Immeasurably the best, are those of his period of Italian travel, and his five years at Antwerp, from 1626 to 1631. To this period belong the fine pictures of the Hertford collection (6 and 7), and the portraits of Snyders and his wife (662, 663), in the gallery of old masters, which are worthy of the painter of that masterpiece of portraiture—the "Gevartius" of the National Gallery, and his group of the three children from Earl de Grey's

collection (660). No work of his painted in England can for a moment stand comparison with these admirable productions. Among the best here are the portraits of Charles I.—the half length (661), and the full length on horseback (736). The “Killigrew and Carew” (667), and the “Royal Family” (683). To the secondary order of merit belong all his pictures in the historical portrait gallery. They vary in excellence, but in no case reach the highest range of the painter’s power. Besides Vandyck we may mention, as contemporary painters, Sir Balthazar Gerbier—though he early abandoned the art for diplomacy—and Dobson, an Englishman, and pupil of Vandyck’s. Dobson’s picture (106), representing Gerbier, Sir Clement Cotterill, and the painter himself, shows the pupil little inferior to his master. King Charles used to call Dobson “the English Tintoret.” Vandyck found him labouring in a garret, and recommended him to the King. Like Vandyck, Dobson was profuse in his habits, and died at thirty-six, in the year 1646.

And now, let us turn from these painters to their works. Here we may find most of the conspicuous names of the greatest struggle of English history. Of the royal party here are the King, his three arch-evil councillors, Buckingham, —already noticed,—Strafford (110), and Laud (94), besides a long list of the beauties, captains, wits, and courtiers, who marked the few festive years of that troubled reign, and its long continued civil discords. Of the heroes on the side of the parliament here are Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym, Selden, Hollis, and Eliot; but neither Bradshaw, Strode, nor Hazelrigge, Freimes, Vane, nor Grimston; and the parliamentary generals, Fairfax, Essex, and Manchester; but neither Ireton, Ludlow, nor Harrison. To comment on every one of these pictures, at the length to which their importance tempts us, would be to write a volume and not an article.

We shall probably best prepare visitors for appreciating this part of the gallery by a rapid survey of the principal incidents of the great rebellion in their succession; noticing, as we proceed, the portraits of the chief actors in the drama here represented. King Charles I. (96; 109, 186, &c.) was born with the century, and succeeded to the throne in March, 1625; marrying, in the

May of that year, his beautiful queen, Henrietta Maria (108, 116). All through the preceding reign, the strife between king and parliament had been going on; but Charles, by the pernicious influence of Buckingham, had been blinded to the lessons which that conflict should have taught him. His first parliament met in June, 1625. Hampden (131) sat in that parliament for Wendover. The King wanted money to carry on the war with Spain. The parliament, instead of voting supplies, arraigned the conduct of Buckingham; and, refusing all subsidies, was dissolved, after three weeks' sitting. In February, 1626, the second parliament met, and appointed committees for religion, for redress of grievances, and for secret affairs. In May, articles of impeachment were exhibited against Buckingham, when Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot, who brought up the articles, were committed to the Tower; and in June this second parliament, still stubborn, was dissolved without passing a single act. Wentworth was among the leaders of opposition in this parliament, and was committed to prison for his conduct in that capacity. Hampden shared his captivity, for resistance to the payment of illegal taxation. In the same month was published a royal declaration of the causes of the dissolution of these two parliaments; and an order for the levying of tonnage and poundage, by means of which, with arbitrary loans and ship money, the King endeavoured to raise the supplies which his parliament refused him. The third parliament of 1628 granted five subsidies; but with them passed the celebrated petition of right, against taxation without consent of parliament, imprisonment without legal process, the billeting of soldiers on people against their wills, and commissions of martial law. The parliament was prorogued in June. In August, the Duke of Buckingham was murdered by Felton; and in March, 1629, the King dissolved his third parliament, in a speech in which he called the patriot members, Hollis (177), Pym (132 A), Eliot (132), Selden (149), and their supporters, "common vipers." For eleven years after this no parliament was called, and the King carried on the government by the unconstitutional exercise of his royal prerogative. Hollis, Eliot, and Valentine were sent to the Tower in the same year, where Eliot, the bosom-friend of Hampden, remained

till he died. In 1633 the King held a Scotch parliament in Edinburgh. In 1634, the first writ of ship money was issued; Wentworth restored order as Lord-deputy in Ireland; and in 1636 John Hampden refused to pay his assessment of thirty-six shillings for ship money—now extended to the inland part of the kingdom—on the plea that the tax was illegally imposed. The influence of Laud was all this time in the ascendant. He was with the king in Scotland in 1633. During the same year he was appointed Archbi-hop of Canterbury, on the death of Abbott, his old enemy, (93); in 1635, he was of the foreign committee of the privy council, and in 1636, he got his creature Juxon, Bishop of London, appointed Lord High Treasurer. The tyrannical proceedings of Wentworth, as president of the Northern Council, were of earlier date; but down to his creation as Earl of Strafford in 1639, he was the chief prompter of the royal resistance to the Commons. In 1638 had been passed the order in council prohibiting emigration to New England without royal license, which arrested in the river the ship, on board of which Hampden and Cromwell had taken their departure for North America. In 1638, too, the solemn league and covenant was subscribed in Edinburgh, under the provocation of Laud's efforts to force the episcopal liturgy on the church of Scotland, and in 1639 broke out the war with Scotland, the King giving Strafford the chief command of the army destined to oppose his rebellious Scottish subjects. In 1640, by advice of Laud and Wentworth, the King, in desperate want of resources to carry on the war, determined to summon a parliament which met in April, after eleven years continued silence of the Commons, and uninterrupted tyranny of the King. Of this parliament Hampden (131), Pym, St. John, Denzil Hollis (177), Cromwell, Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon,—175), Falkland (173), and Digby (123), were leading members.

The King asked for an immediate supply of money, promising, if it were granted, to give up the prerogative of ship money. But he had deceived his third parliament which coupled the subsidies it gave with the Petition of Right, and it was felt unsafe to trust him afresh. Besides, the Commons denied the existence of the very prerogative the King offered to surrender. Hampden moved

the question—"Whether the house would consent to the King's offer?" Hyde moved the question—"Whether the house would grant or refuse a supply?" If the first motion had been carried against consent, the court would have been defeated; by carrying the grant on the second, the court would have gained a victory. The house separated without voting. Next day the King dissolved the parliament in an angry speech.

By this dissolution the die was cast. The royal tyranny became more active than ever. Ship-money was extracted more rigorously than before. Forced loans were again resorted to. There was even a project entertained for debasing the currency. In August the King marched a second time against the Scots, while the leading members of the opposition invited them southwards. The royal army was disaffected, and gave way before the enemy. No shift remained even for the shifty King. He made a truce with the Scots, and summoned a parliament. This was the long parliament which met on the 3rd of November, 1640—a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen. The minds of the opposition were embittered. The tone of the House of Commons was very different from that of the short Parliament of the year before, when, with honesty and moderation, the King still had the game in his own hands. The gulf had widened now—was rapidly becoming impassable—and yet there was still a hope, had the King's eyes not been, as it were, judicially blinded. In the first session of the long Parliament, Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. The Lord Keeper fled to France. The instruments of royal oppression,—even the judges who had decided for the legality of the writ of ship-money,—Bramston (176), chief justice of the King's Bench, at their head,—were summoned to answer for their conduct: the Court of Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, and the Northern Council were dissolved as arbitrary and unconstitutional tribunals; Laud's victims were released from prison; the old feudal jurisdictions of the King were abolished; it was provided that Parliament should not be prorogued or dissolved without its own consent, and that parliaments would be held at least once every three years. Laud and Strafford were beheaded, after condemnation, by bill of attainder,—the former in January, the latter in March,

1641. Both executions were clearly justifiable on the strongest of all pleas—the necessities of public safety.

On the faces of these two great prompters of all that was most fatal in the conduct of their master, in church and state, we quote the well-weighed remarks of Macaulay:—"Never were faces more strikingly characteristic of the individuals to whom they belonged than those of Laud and Strafford, as they remain portrayed, by the most skilful hand of the age. The mean forehead, the pinched features, the peering eyes, of the prelate, suit admirably with his disposition. They mark him out as a lower kind of St. Dominic, differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition, as we might imagine the familiar imp of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness. When we read his grace's judgments, when we read the report which he drew up, setting forth that he had sent some separatists to prison, and imploring the royal aid against others, we feel a movement of indignation. We turn to his diary, and are at once as cool as contempt can make us. . . . But Wentworth—who ever names him without thinking of those harsh, dark features, ennobled by their expression, into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein as in a chronicle are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years; high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne; of that fixed look, so full of serenity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forebode and defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyck." During the autumn of 1641 the long parliament adjourned. Before it re-assembled in November of the next year, the Irish rebellion had broken out, and had been generally attributed by the Puritans to indirect encouragement afforded to the rebels by the King. When the House met, the breach, not only between the Court and the Commons, but between the more moderate and more thorough-going oppositionists in the House itself, was wider than ever. In the debate on the remonstrance setting out all the grievances of the last fifteen years, and calling on the King to employ no ministers in whom the parliament could not confide, which lasted from nine in the morning of November 21 to two of

the following morning, party feelings were so exasperated that "but for the sagacity and calmness of Mr. Hampden," says an eye-witness, "we had sheathed our swords in each others bowels." The remonstrance was carried by a majority of nine only, and at this the eleventh hour, by honestly and heartily joining with Falkland (173), Hyde (175), Digby (123), and Colepepper, the leaders of the moderate constitutionalists, in the Commons, and with Bedford (123) in the Lords, Charles might still have rallied the nation to his cause. Negotiations were actually on foot for nominating these men to important posts of the Government, under Bedford; but again the suicidal councils of the supporters of the prerogative prevailed, and the fatal attempt to arrest the five members—Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, and Strode—in January, 1642, was, in effect, a declaration of civil war. Charles left London for York, and after this month never visited his capital again but as a prisoner.

On March the 2nd, the Commons resolved to embody the militia without the royal assent; and ordered the Duke of Northumberland (124), as Lord High Admiral, to equip the navy for the service of the Parliament. This was war, however disguised by constitutional forms. In this gallery we shall find most of the heroes who took part on either side in that war—a war such as no other country has ever witnessed: in which the noblest qualities of courage and conduct were displayed on both sides; where the patriotism of the parliamentary party was balanced by the loyalty and devotion of the partisans of the King; and where, in the very fiercest heat of an internecine struggle, the power of law and the principles of social order were never once suspended.

Taking, as the first overt act of the struggle, the raising of the royal standard, at Nottingham, in August, 1642, we may divide the conflict into two great acts. The first ends with the defeat of the royal army of the west at Stow-on-the-Wold, and the taking of Harlech Castle, early in 1647. This division includes the battles of Edgehill and Brentford, the storm of Cirencester, by Rupert; the skirmish in Chalgrove Field, the taking of Bristol, the siege of Gloucester, the battle of Roundway Down, the siege of Hull, the actions of Nantwich (in which Monk, then an officer in the royal army, was made prisoner), Cheriton Down, and

Selby; the more decisive battles of Marston Moor, Newbury, and Naseby, each of which decided the fate of the royal cause in its own quarter of the island; the taking of Lathom House, Welbeck, Bolsover, Bletchington, Basing, and numerous other manorial strongholds. The war was waged—for the King—in the north by the Earl of Newcastle, in the west by Rupert, Goring, Grenville, and Hopton, and in the midland counties by Lord Capel; and by Essex, Manchester, and Fairfax, successively for the parliament. Cromwell, during this period does not rise above a secondary command of cavalry, under all three generals. During this period the King's head quarters were first at York, afterwards at Oxford. He paid a visit to Bristol, and moved about the west, and up and down the southern and midland counties towards its close.

The second great division of the civil war includes the events between the rendering up of the King to the commissioners of parliament, by the Scots, at the beginning of 1647, and his execution in January, 1649. He was all this time a prisoner, or a fugitive, at Holmby, Hampton Court, Newport, and Carisbrook, returning to London only for his trial and execution.

Of the chief actors in the first division of the war, we have here—besides the parliamentary notabilities already mentioned, as Hampden, Eliot, Pym, Denzil Hollis, and Cromwell—Sir John Pennington (133), the admiral of the fleet, appointed by Charles, in lieu of the Earl of Northumberland (124), who had been named to the same post by the parliament; Sir John Byron (141), a black-browed, coarse-featured cavalier, with a slash across his nose, a malignant of the most hard-riding, hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-hitting kind,—to whom, as constable of the tower in 1641, the King mainly trusted for arming the forces with which he then hoped to overcome the parliament; but who was forced by the parliament to give up that most important post, when he joined his royal master at York. Sir John commanded a reserve of horse at Edgehill, the first important action of the war, on the 23d October, 1642. Essex was the parliamentary general in that battle, which might have been a victory for the King but for the impetuosity of Prince Rupert (115), who, breaking the parliamentary horse, pursued them so far, besides allowing his men to

turn aside from fighting to plunder, that the tide of the battle had turned decisively in favour of the parliamentarians before he reappeared on the field. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice (114), the King's nephews, sons of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Princess Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, are characteristic types of the dashing, daring cavalier; with all the courage, and impatience of control, that distinguished their class: irresistible in a charge, but incapable of improving an advantage. Trained in the bloody wars of the Palatinate, they carried on hostilities, not with the fierce religious fervour of the roundhead captains, or with that sad sense of a terrible duty which weighed upon such royalists as Falkland, but with the wild license of partisans, plundering, burning, and slaughtering, more like chiefs of condottieri than like captains of a king in arms within his own dominions against a parliament resisting his authority. These princes move athwart the bloody scenes of the civil war, like bright but baleful meteors, perpetually winning unavailing advantages, but unsuccessful in every decisive encounter, and, indeed, the main cause of the loss of every action in which they held high command,—witness Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby,—by their impetuosity and incapacity to obey. To Rupert, also, was due the surrender of Bristol, in 1645, one of the last and one of the heaviest blows to the royal cause. Of all the servants of the King, these two princes most widened the breach between him and his people, by their reckless forays and harryings of the country. Reduced at last to take refuge on board the fleet, Rupert long kept up a desultory piratical warfare under the royal flag, in both hemispheres, survived the war, and saw the Restoration, dying quietly in 1684, in his 63d year, at his house in Spring Gardens, where, for the last ten years of his life, he had been busying himself with chemistry and mechanics. He invented the art of mezzotint, but did not discover the philosopher's stone, though he wasted the best part of his fortune in looking for it. Prince Maurice,—like, but less than, his brother in all things,—carrying on the same piratical warfare, went to the bottom in the West Indies; none knows precisely when, where, or how.

The Earl of Bedford (123) was the first commander of the

cavalry, for the parliament, under Essex. After a brief defection to the King in 1643, he returned to the cause of the parliament, and abided by it for the rest of his life.

Lord Brook (134) was another peer who adhered to the parliamentary cause, and was killed at the siege of Lichfield in March, 1643.

When Essex, by his slackness, and evident want of hearty zeal in the parliamentary cause, had roused the suspicions of the parliament, the Earl of Manchester (172) who, as Lord Kimbolton, had been the leader of the opposition to the King in the house of lords, and, as such, had shared the danger of the five members of the commons, was appointed serjeant-major of the associated counties in 1643, with Colonel Cromwell for his second in command. Under them the army of the commonwealth was remodelled—substantial yeomen and sober citizens being substituted gradually for “drunken tapsters and decayed serving-men,” till at length a force was created composed, as Carlyle says, “of men that had the fear of God, and gradually lost all other fear.” Manchester commanded the parliamentary army of the north, which, in 1644, fought the decisive fight of Marston Moor, where the King’s northern array, under the brave Marquis of Newcastle (121), was shattered never to unite again. Lord Fairfax, and his son, then Sir Thomas Fairfax (138), afterwards commander-in-chief for the parliament, led the Yorkshiremen in that action. The victory of the parliamentary army was due, mainly, to the rashness of Rupert, who, as usual, broke the force opposed to him, and, as usual, pursued it so far that he gave time to the enemy—thanks chiefly to Cromwell and his Ironsides—to retrieve the fortunes of the day. From that date, however, Manchester began to fall under the same suspicion of “slackness” which had led to Essex’s gradual retirement from command. Cromwell, in November, 1644, exhibited before the commons a charge against the earl “of indisposition and backwardness to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword,” which, though the earl made a sufficient answer to it for the time, was one main motive of the self-denying ordinance of 1644, by which the members of both houses declared themselves ineligible to all offices, civil and military, during the war. In pursuance of this ordinance, both Essex and Manchester

disappeared from command under the Parliament, which from this time fell into the more vigorous hands of Fairfax and Cromwell, in whose favour the self-denying ordinance was suspended. Between 1642 and 1644, the latter had been rising, step by step, in power and influence. By his admirable organisation of the Eastern Counties Association, which included Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, and afterwards Huntingdon and Lincolnshire, these parts of England were kept free from civil war. Hampden (131), fell early in the struggle, in a skirmish with Rupert, on Chalgrove field, in June, 1643. Less than three months later, the King's party had to lament the death of Falkland (173), who, in despair at the prospects of the country, rather threw away than lost his life, in the battle of Newbury. Aubrey, however, attributes his recklessness of life less to public griefs than to sorrow at the death of Mrs. Moray, a handsome lady at court, whom he loved tenderly. Among the cavalier captains of this first epoch of the war, of whom here are portraits, we may mention Sir Charles Goring (166), who, after a short period of hesitation between the cause of King and parliament in 1641—during which he alternately played traitor to both parties—redeemed his credit afterwards by strenuous service under Charles, and showed himself one of his bravest and best captains, especially in the war of the west. He ultimately escaped beheading, by the Speaker's casting vote, when Hamilton, Capel, Holland, and Owen perished on the scaffold in 1649.

The Earl of Digby (123) is another of those who, at the commencement of the struggle, sided with the parliament, but went over to the King when he found that civil war was inevitable. It was he who formed, and offered to execute, a plan for seizing the five members, when under the protection of the city; and he was, throughout the war, the most dexterous and daring of the King's political advisers, and one of the boldest of his captains. He escaped over the sea, after the battle of Worcester, and lived to see the Restoration.

The gallant Sir Jacob Astley—represented here not by his portrait only (148), but by his breast-plate, buff coat, and sword, exhibited in the collection of armour—was one of the staunchest of the King's friends. He was major-general at the battle of

Edgehill, under the gallant Lindsay, who, though he held the command, was so disgusted with the overbearing petulance of Rupert, that he declared his post only a nominal one, and carried a pike in the action at the head of his own regiment. Sir Jacob took active part in the war, till he was defeated and taken prisoner as the last distinguished royalist in arms, on the 22d of March, 1645, in the battle of Stow-on-the-Wold. The force he commanded was the last that kept the field for the King in England. As he surrendered, he said to his adversaries, "You have now done your work, and may go play—unless you will fall out among yourselves." Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart, sons of Lodowick Stuart, the first Duke of Richmond, kinsman to the King, look a gallant pair of brothers (117) on Vandyck's canvas, and fell, as loyal gentlemen were wont to fall in those days, fighting for King Charles,—Lord John at Cheriton Downs, near Winchester, in March, 1644, when Sir William Waller defeated the King's army under Lord Hopton; and Lord Bernard at Rowton Heath, in 1645. We should notice, too, among the most gallant and characteristic illustrations of this sad but stirring time, two ladies, who held, the one her husband's, the other her father's, house for the King, as stoutly as husband or father could have done. These are Jane Cavendish (150), eldest daughter of the brave Duke of Newcastle, who, as befitted the daughter of such a father, kept garrison at Welbeck, until it was taken by the parliamentary army under Manchester, in August, 1644; and Charlotte de la Tremouille, the noble Countess of Derby, and Queen of Man, whose sad and stately figure all the readers of Scott must remember in "Peveril of the Peak." While her husband (140) defended his territory of Man, she stood the siege of Fairfax, in Lathom House, for three months of hard fighting,—from February to May, 1644,—when Fairfax was fain to draw off his baffled leaguer to Bolton, leaving two thousand dead under those well-defended walls. The house was surrendered by the King in December 1645, when the heroic countess joined her good and loyal husband in his kingdom of Man. His answer to a summons to surrender the island from Cromwell, is worth quoting:—"I scorn your proffers, I disdain your favours, I abhor your treasons, and am so far from surrendering this island to your advantage,

that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages on this occasion, I will burn the papers and hang the bearers." The royal standard still waved on the battlements of Peel Castle, till, after the loyal earl's death on the scaffold at Bolton, in 1651, Major Christian basely betrayed the island to the parliament. The countess was taken and thrown into prison, where she languished till the Restoration. Charles refused to this noble woman his consent to a bill which had passed both houses for the restitution of the family estates; and then "her great heart," which had borne up against danger, treachery, a husband's loss, and the sufferings of a protracted imprisonment, "overwhelmed with grief and endless sorrow, burst in pieces." In these terms the family historian of the Stanleys describes her death at Knowsley, where the loyal services of the earl and his countess, and the base ingratitude of the King, were commemorated on a tablet, subsequently placed in the front of the house.

It would have been well could the portraits of Winchester and Worcester, the staunch defenders of Basing House and Raglan Castle, have been hung near the Stanleys. Those sieges of mansions and manor-houses, held generally for the King—of which twenty were taken by the parliamentary avenger in the summer of 1645 alone—are among the most exciting and picturesque incidents of our civil war, and gave occasion for some of the noblest among its many manifestations of loyalty, endurance, and daring.

The Earl of Northampton (146) is another cavalier general, killed at Hopton Heath.

Here, too, are not wanting some of the beauties of the graver court of Charles, and the poets and artists who celebrated or handed down their graces, or invented opportunities for the display of them. Here is Henrietta Maria herself (108), in one picture with her favourite dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, by Vandyck; again in a family group with the King and their children, by the same painter (116); and again in Lord Galway's interesting picture by Mytens, representing the King and Queen, dressed, and about to mount for a ride. This beautiful woman, there is reason to believe

was not true wife to the King, whom her counsels did much to encourage in that Jesuitical policy with his parliament, which rendered all faith in him impossible. There seems little doubt that she loved the magnificent Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who was the King's proxy at the celebration of the marriage; and that still later, when the royal fortunes had become desperate, she found consolation at Paris in the arms of Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord St. Albans, who is said to have treated her harshly and contemptuously. Madame de Bavière describes him as "keeping a good fire in his chamber, and a sumptuous table, while she had not a faggot to warm herself with." Henrietta Maria was very beautiful. Howell writes to his brother-in-law in raptures with this "most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta—for she is of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped and somewhat heavy-eyed: but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion—a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection." Even grave, sour Symonds D'Elwes, going to see her dine at Whitehall, describes her as "a most absolute, delicate lady; her face much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment amongst her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I will not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." And yet these radiant eyes could flash angry fire too. "With one frown," writes an eye-witness, "divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the room; I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl." The King had great difficulties at first with her imperious temper, and sometimes appears to have almost despaired of procuring from her the respect due from a wife to a husband. At last, when he had summarily dismissed all her huge French household, she was brought into a more manageable frame of mind,—or perhaps the quick-witted woman saw she had mistaken the road to empire over the King, and from that moment changing her tactics from those of self-

assertion to those of management, guided her weak husband at her will—to the scaffold. And yet, even after this change of tactics, she knew well when to apply the spur pretty sharply to the lagging sides of the royal intent. “Go, coward,” she is reported to have said to Charles, when he shrunk from seizing the five members, “and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again.” Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle, is the authority for the story. Henrietta Maria fled to Holland in 1642 with the crown jewels, which she employed in the purchase of arms and ammunition for the King’s service. In 1643 she landed at Burlington Bay, through imminent dangers. The house she slept in was bombarded. She had to leave it “barefoot and bareleg” and take shelter in a ditch behind the town. While here, discovering that her favourite lap-dog had been left behind, she ran back through the fire and returned in triumph with her pet. The Earl of Newcastle conveyed her to York, where, so long as she remained, her intelligence, no less than her grace and beauty, greatly helped the progress of the royal cause. She subsequently separated from the King, and fled to France, returning to England in 1660, after suffering neglect and even privation at the court of her nephew, Louis XIV. She left this country for the last time at the breaking out of the plague in 1665, and died at the castle of Colombe, near Paris, in 1669. Of her dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson, the readers of “Peveril of the Peak” need no description.

Here from Vandyck’s hand, is one of the loveliest women (164), who ever inspired poet, or turned lover’s head—Lucy Sidney—the wife of the magnificent Lord Carlisle—him of the silver horse’s shoes, mentioned in our last article but one—whom Warburton calls “the Erinnyes of her time.” To youth, beauty, rank, and wit, she was determined to add political influence, and reckless how it was acquired, she was successively the mistress of Strafford,—even before her husband’s death in 1636,—and afterwards of Pym, his deadliest enemy. It was to her secret information that the five members owed their timely intelligence of the King’s intentions; and as she betrayed this, so she betrayed every secret of the mistress who loved and trusted her. Alternately the gayest beauty of the court—be-rhymed by Davenant,

Suckling, Carew, and Waller—or in Puritan hood and pinnars, taking notes of a conventicle discourse by Pym's side—she is one of the most unstable figures of that eventful time, so fertile in apostasies and treasons. She just lived to see the Restoration, dying in November, 1660, at Little Cashiobury House.

The wife of Lord Mandeville (169), is gayer than beseems the lady of a Puritan generalissimo. But she wears her wedding dress.

Mrs. Kirk (118), was the most faithful and the most trusted, by her master as well as her mistress, of the Queen's bedchamber women. The picture has an artistic interest. It was bought at Sir Peter Lely's sale, and those who are conversant with his colour will see how much use he made of the *feuille morte* satin dress of this picture.

The charming Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles, afterwards the ill-fated Duchess of Orleans (111), belongs to the succeeding reign.

Lady Cotterill (145), a fine head by Dobson, hangs by the side of her husband, Sir Charles, master of the ceremonies to the King, in the times that preceded the civil war, while there still were ceremonies to marshal at Whitehall—one of the most decently and nobly ordered courts in Europe while it lasted. The Countess of Oxford (142), and Lady Betty Sidney (157), are two of its not very conspicuous ornaments. More conspicuous is (147), the Duchess of Richmond, Frances Howard, who, though the fairest and proudest woman of her time, with the blood of Howards and Staffords in her veins, by some strange and unexplained chance, married as her first husband one Trannell, a London vintner's son. On his death, in 1599, after Sir John Rodney had killed himself for love of her—his farewell letter, written in his own blood, still may be read in the British Museum—she married the Earl of Hertford. Left a second time a widow, she was wooed and won by the first Duke of Richmond; wooed in disguise, however, and in all manner of romantic accompaniments. After her third husband's death she is said to have aimed at the tough old heart of James himself, but in vain. We hear of her in 1634, drooping very much, “but still keeping her state of

sermons and white staves ;" for she had private preaching in her household till Laud put it down in her third widowhood. She vowed never to sit at table with a subject, and used to seat herself in public alone, with crowds standing around, at a table spread with costly silver dishes which, if the covers had been lifted, would have been found empty !

Of the poets of the court here are Sir John Suckling (83—there is a portrait of his friend Carew, in the gallery of old masters), Waller (154), and Lovelace (146), Cowley (143), and Butler (155), the author of "Hudibras." Suckling was a true court poet, and preludes in his loose, easy, flowing love verses, the more licentious strains of Rochester and Dorset; while Carew, a gentleman of the chamber, love poet and dramatist, is the more graceful forerunner of the Sedleys and the Etherages. Sir John Suckling's "Lines on a Marriage" will live as long as English poetry, for their sweet and artless description of a rustic English beauty. Every one knows the description of the bride's cheek :—

"The streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear
The side that's next the sun."

And that tempting picture of her mouth—

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

And the pretty homely comparison of the feet—

"—— That 'neath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

Suckling seems to have been a worthless fellow—a gambler, and card-sharper, and worse still, a coward, who, with his gay regiment, ran away from the Scots in 1639, and pocketed a beating from Sir John Digby, for maligning a lady. He was found guilty of treason, for his participation in a plot for the release of Strafford from the Tower, and died in France, whither he had made his escape, in 1641. Carew, a poet of the same light, graceful, amatory wit, did not live to see the commencement of

civil war, having died in 1639. His masque of "Cœlum Britannicum" was prepared at Whitehall in February, 1639, by the King, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, Elgin, and others, when Inigo Jones contrived the scenery and machinery, and Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, composed the music. Carew's song—

"He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires,"

is still popular, and indeed the short and troubled beginning of Charles I.'s reign, has produced the best love songs in the language. Lovelace (146) was one of the most brilliant of these poetic triflers, well born, beautiful, accomplished, and brave, the perfect model of the cavalier. His sonnet to Althea from prison, beginning—

"When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,"

is a sweet, almost heroic embodiment of the cavalier's religion, which, all compact of love and loyalty, leaves a higher reverence and deeper devotion to the puritan. The last stanza—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty,"

will long be quoted by many who know nothing of the writer.

Lovelace's Lucasta—Lucy Sacheverell—will go down to posterity with Waller's Sacharissa—the fair Lady Dorothy Sidney. When Lovelace, after serving the King in both his expeditions against the Scots, left England, he raised and commanded an English regiment in the service of France. He was desperately wounded at Dunkirk, and the news of his death being generally believed, his Lucasta married on the strength of the report, and poor Lovelace returned to England to find her the wife of another. Reckless and broken-hearted, he fell into melancholy and misery, was long imprisoned, and after his release died in abject wretchedness, at the age of forty, in 1658.

Waller (154) is a political as well as a poetical personage of the period. Born in 1603, he was a member of Charles's first parliaments, and though originally a courtier, inclined from his first conspicuous appearance in public life in the parliament of 1639, to the cause of the Commons, greatly to the annoyance of the King, who had relied on his support. In the long parliament he was one of the members chosen to conduct the prosecution of the ship-money judges. But he afterwards fell away from the Parliament, as the breach between parties widened. He sent 1000 broad pieces to the King, when he set up his standard at Nottingham in 1642; and when appointed as one of the parliamentary commissioners to treat with Charles for peace, after the battle of Edgehill, he was already in heart a traitor to the Parliament. Immediately afterwards he engaged in the plot, known by his name, and, when it was discovered, basely purchased his own life by turning informer. He was expelled from the house, and, after spending the best part of his fortune in bribes, obtained a commutation of his sentence of death, to one of perpetual banishment, and a fine of ten thousand pounds. He returned to England by permission of Cromwell, in 1652, and employed on panegyrics of the Lord Protector the same pen which after the restoration was as active in fulsome adulation of Charles II. He died in 1687, after serving in the only parliament summoned by James.

Of the second epoch of the civil war, among the most conspicuous personages here is the gallant and loyal Duke of Richmond (128), who stood by his dying master on the scaffold, and was one of the scanty band that followed the body of Charles, through the falling snow, to his hurried and irreverent interment at Windsor. Here, too, is the Duke of Hamilton (129), the leader of the Presbyterian party in Scotland, who invaded England in 1648, at the head of the Scottish forces, which took up in arms against the independent party. Defeated by Cromwell in the battle of Preston, he was beheaded on the same scaffold with the brave Lord Capel and the inconstant Holland. Capel was captured by Fairfax, along with Lord Norwich (formerly Sir Charles Goring), Sir Charles Lucas (135), Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoyne, after their heroic defence of Colchester, in August, 1648. Lucas

and Lisle were shot, the officers having surrendered without conditions for their personal safety. Lord Capel and Lord Norwich were tried for high treason, and their original sentence of banishment having been reversed by the commons without the concurrence of the lords, they were again tried by a high court of justice specially erected for the purpose, after the execution of the King. Capel had escaped from the Tower before the trial, but was retaken and suffered death with Hamilton and Holland, on March the 9th, 1649. His closing hours were marked by admirable courage, unflinching loyalty, and Christian resignation. Of the many noble deaths of that terrible time, there is none nobler than Capel's. One cannot but lament that the casting vote of the Speaker, which saved Goring, was not sufficient to turn the scale for Capel, whose sentence was confirmed but by three or four voices. Had it not been for the stern determination of Ireton and Cromwell, all would probably have been spared except Hamilton, for whom, as an invader of the kingdom, there was no pardon to be expected. There can be no question that these men were all traitors against the Parliament, the only *de facto* authority in the kingdom at that time.

To this second epoch belongs the great rise of Cromwell from his post of commander of the Parliamentary cavalry under Fairfax, to the chief command in the Scotch and Irish campaigns, and, later still, to the lord-generalship of all the armies of the Parliament, and finally, to the lord protectorate of Great Britain. Of his efficient instruments—Ireton, Fleetwood, Hammond, Pride, Whalley, and the other major-generals formed under his eye—there are no portraits in our gallery. Only Blake (151), the great sea general, is here; a bluff, burly man; of such a lion-like port as we might look for in the unwearied assailant of the Dutch and Spaniards; a worthy right hand for Cromwell on the sea, where he died, worn out by scurvy, in sight of Plymouth, after his victory of Santa Cruz, in 1657. The omission of a portrait of George Monk is serious. Altogether, we could have wished that in this part of the collection had been included more portraits of the earnest and resolute men who composed the court which condemned Charles, and those who so stoutly supported Cromwell in his troubled protectorate. Mr. Peter Cunningham seems to have

laid under contribution the galleries rather of royalist than of roundhead families ; at all events, the leading figures of the protectorate are altogether wanting, as well as the fifth monarchy men, Vane and his followers, Cromwell's most bitter and dangerous antagonists. Nor is there even a portrait of Milton, Latin secretary to the Parliament, who wore his eyes out in that service.

We have now exhausted our illustrations of the civil wars and the protectorate, and must pass to a very different stage,—the gay and dissolute court of the Restoration.

We have but to cross the nave of the Old Trafford Gallery, and we are in a new historical world. The period of the Protectorate, which lies between the first and second Charles, is comparatively unrepresented, as we have said, and thus there is nothing to weaken the force of the contrast between the physiognomies of the two reigns. Instead of the noble Charlotte de la Tremouille, and the heroic Jane Cavendish—women who encouraged the defenders of their castle walls against the cannon and pikes of Fairfax and Cromwell—we must be content, now, with a luxurious Louise de Querouaille (180-198), a full-blown Barbara Villiers (184-185A), or a roguish Nell Gwynne (197)—heroines of the matted gallery and the alcove, whose warfare was with nothing nobler than a rival favourite, and whose best-fought field of battle was the basset table. From the sad, sober, resolute heroes of the mighty struggle between King and commons, we must descend to the intriguers of the Cabal, the titled pensioners of the French King, the sharpeners of Whitehall, the sots, bullies, and rake-hells of Covent Garden and Drury Lane—to such ignoble parodies of the statesman as Bennet (186), or Brouncker (230)—such apes of the poet as Rochester (227A)—such scholars as Busby (228A)—and such divines as Spratt (228B). If we have here but two of the five members of the Cabal, the politic and versatile Shaftesbury (229), and the plausible and pretentious Arlington (186), have we not *en revanche* personages whose influence was for that vile reign beyond the power of ministers—Jacob Hall, the rope dancer (226), the favourite of the favourite, and a whole covey of royal mistresses—Madame Carwell (180-198), and La Belle Stuart (181), in the costume of Britannia, as she may have been

attired when the King imagined that delicate compliment of taking her handsome face and figure for the representation of the national nymph, on the copper coinage of the realm—the impetuous imperious “Bab Villiers” (184, 185), better known by her first title of Lady Castlemaine than by her later addition of Duchess of Cleveland, and “pretty witty Nell” (197),—the most loveable—or, rather, likeable of that wanton troop of brazen beauties. A royal mistress in the costume of Britannia, is the aptest symbol of that reign. It typifies the life of Charles II. (182), in little. His mistress was ever to him more than his kingdom; and all he loved and cared for in the royal dignity was the means it afforded of an easier and more liberal supply of money to squander on the pimps and prostitutes by whom he loved to surround himself. He would have sold his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. He *did* sell himself to the French King, and became the hired servant of Louis XIV. to escape the annoyance of a parliament that was always making difficulties about money.

It was natural in Mr. Cunningham to represent this reign mainly by the lazy, loose-draped, luxurious beauties with whose memory its ignominious annals are most closely interwoven. Besides those we have enumerated, here are, of De Grammont's heroines, La Belle Hamilton (216) herself—one of the most respectable of that brilliant bevy—and the Countess of Southesk (217), the Lady Carnegie of Antony Hamilton's lively memoir. Of the former, the story is well known, that, after she had been wooed and won by the lively Philibert Chevalier De Grammont, that worthy, having received his pardon from Louis XIV. was in such a hurry to return to his beloved Versailles, that he forgot poor Elizabeth Hamilton, vows, marriage promise, and all. Luckily, the lady had brothers, who followed and overtook De Grammont, at Dover, just as he was going to embark. They entered the room where he was with stern faces, “Chevalier de Grammont,” they said, “have you forgotten nothing in London?” The witty Frenchman read British earnest in the looks, which gave point to the question. “I beg your pardon,” was his reply, “I forgot to marry your sister.” They returned together, and Elizabeth Hamilton became Madame, afterwards Countess de

Grammont. The story of Lady Carnegie, and the revenge taken by her brutal, bull-baiting, cock-fighting husband, for her infidelity to him with the Duke of York, is too foul to sully our columns. Here, too, is Anne Hyde (206), daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, whose secret marriage with the Duke of York, at Breda, so discomposed her father and so disgusted the royal family, when, in 1660, the pregnancy of the lady rendered longer concealment impossible. The Duke of Gloucester used to leave the room when she entered it, swearing "she smelt so strong of her father's green bag;" and the impetuous Queen Dowager declared "whenever that woman should be brought to Whitehall by one door, she would instantly quit it by another, and never enter it again." Anne Hyde, however, was a woman of much sounder sense, and more good qualities, than ninety-nine out of a hundred in that blackguard court. There is not an incident in all the *chronique scandaleuse* of Whitehall in which one can more completely sympathise than the duchess's triumph over Sir George Berkeley and the other libertines who had maligned her as the duke's mistress, when the duke presented her to them as his wife. To conceal their surprise and astonishment, Clarendon tells us, "they fell upon their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life." Her daughters Mary and Anne were successively queens of England. The duchess died a Roman catholic. That is a striking anecdote in Burnet, of her deathbed, when Blandford, Bishop of Rochester, entering the room suddenly, found Queen Catherine of Braganza sitting by the dying woman. "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth;' upon which she asked, 'What is truth?' and then, her agony increasing, she repeated the word, 'Truth! truth! truth!' often; and so died." She was but thirty-four when she expired, with that awful question on her lips.

No personage of that reign has so good a claim on our sympathies as poor Catherine of Braganza, who sits here (215) by the

side of La Belle Stewart, as she must often have done sorely against her will, while she lived. The letter in which Charles gives Lord Clarendon an account of the first impression she made on him is preserved in the British Museum, and is, on the whole, favourable to the Queen. But to his intimates Charles held a very different language, telling Colonel Legge, that when he first saw her, he "thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman." We may fancy the poor little shy secluded foreigner, standing timidly in the midst of those flaming favourites, surrounded by her only friends, her Portuguese women, with their olive faces, and huge fardingales, as Lord Dartford's harsh pen has described her "short and broad, of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore teeth standing out which held up her upper lip; exceedingly proud, and ill-favoured." Those nearer her person, however, give a very different account of her, both as to face and character. Her portrait here does not at all bear out Lord Dartford's repulsive word-painting. She appears in it in the Portuguese costume, which the ridicule of her husband afterwards persuaded her to change for the loose low gown, showing the bare bosom and naked arms, which did not suit her swarthy skin quite so well as it did the alabaster charms of La Belle Querouaille, or the healthy red and white of pretty Nelly. Every manly heart must feel for this poor Queen, when she read the name of Lady Castlemaine, in the list of her ladies of the bedchamber, and indignantly drew her pen through it. But she was not to be spared even a worse insult, when, a little later, her husband—shame on him—led up the flaunting favourite to Catherine, at Hampton Court, and formally presented the acknowledged mistress, to the young, strange, unfriended wife. Catherine first grew pale; then burst into tears; then the blood gushed from her nose, and she fainted. It is sad to follow the gradual breaking down of this natural disgust, under the combined influence of the King's coldness, the open neglect of the Court, the solicitations even of Clarendon, the most respectable of the royal advisers, and—stronger than all—the recklessness of despair. We may conceive what we will of the bitter struggles that must have wrung that lonely and friendless heart, in the interval between that fainting-fit at Hampton Court and her sharing the same coach with Charles and Lady Castle-

maine. We shall not easily surpass the reality of Catherine's suffering. Almost more touching than even the thought of these sorrows, are her awkward little efforts to win some place in her husband's cold and callous heart, by acts and arts such as he loved—by dressing loosely, and low; by breaking out into rude frolics, and practical jokes and excesses, which, however they might become La Belle Jennings, or Winifred Wells, must have looked strangely out of place on the part of the grave, dark-browed, sad-eyed Portuguese. And what a past of suppressed sorrow is revealed in that reply to the Duchess of Cleveland, when, entering the Queen's closet while Her Majesty was under the hands of the hairdresser, she expressed her surprise that the Queen could sit so long. "I have had so much reason to exercise my patience, that I can bear it very well." She must have learnt to bear most indignities than can be laid on a woman. La Belle Stewart was one of her maids of honour; but the Queen never ventured into her dressing-room, it is said, without listening to hear if the King were there.

The distance that separates the England of the Protectorate from the England of the Restoration is not ill measured by the difference between the first and the second Duke of Albemarle; between George Monk, the stern, silent, thoughtful soldier, never wasting a word, or doing an act, without ulterior meaning; the sturdiest assertor of English glory on the sea; the rescuer of his country from the perils of anarchy, at the risk of his own head;—and Christopher Monk, the second and last duke, known only by his extravagance, his amours, and his love of the bottle, to which he fell a victim, for he is said to have died drunk in 1688, the year after he had realised 90,000*l.* of the 300,000*l.* fished up by Captain Phipps, from the wreck of a Spanish galleon off Hispaniola. When he died he held the governorship of Jamaica, the conquest of which was so largely due to the prestige and power which his father and Blake had given to the British navy. There must have been in the second duke more of his mother,—the coarse, tipsy, foul-mouthed Anne Clarges, the ex-laundress and farrier's daughter,—than of his sagacious, silent father. Let us record, at this point, one anecdote of the first duke. When the plague of 1666 reached its height, and all

that could had fled from the doomed city to the pleasures of the court at Oxford, three men staid behind, visiting the pest-houses, guarding deserted property, comforting and aiding the sick. These three were George Monk, Sheldon Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Craven (125), who deserved notice in our article on the reign of Charles I. as one of the most chivalrous of cavaliers, and the devoted and noble lover of the Queen of Bohemia. Lady Ogle (212), afterwards the contracted bride of Thomas Thynne, and eventually Duchess of Somerset, deserved a place here, as the greatest heiress of her time, the heroine of a bloody romance, and the wife of Charles Seymour, the proudest member of the proudest family of the British peerage. She was heiress of Jocelyn Percy, the eleventh Earl of Northumberland, and was left a "virgin widow," in 1680, by Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, the second Duke of Newcastle (187). She was contracted by her mother to Thomas Thynne, of Long-leat, better known as Tom of Ten Thousand, from his great wealth, the bosom friend of Monmouth, the Issachar of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophiel. In consequence of the bride's extreme youth her mother interposed a year's delay between the contract and the marriage. In that interval the young bride expressed a strong distaste of the inchoate union, and this, and her wealth, encouraged Count Konigsmark, the most brilliant type of the courtly adventurer, who, for this age, replaces the knight-errant of the days of chivalry to remove Thynne, in order himself to secure the young bride and her vast possessions. He employed three foreign assassins in his service—Vratz, Boroski, and Stern—who shot Thynne in his coach in Pall Mall, near the corner where the Opera colonnade now stands, on the night of Tuesday the 12th of February, 1682. Konigsmark was tried for the murder, but acquitted. The three bravos were hung on the scene of the deed. It was the younger brother of this Konigsmark who was the lover of the ill-fated Dorothea, Princess of Zell, the wife of our first George. The younger Konigsmark was waylaid and murdered, by the Elector's orders, while on his way from an assignation in the Electress's apartments; and the guilty wife was consigned to the prison in which she spent the rest of her life. Lady Ogle afterwards married Charles Seymour, the proud

Duke of Somerset, so long chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and one of the principal agents in bringing over the Prince of Orange, after his dismissal from the post of lord of the bedchamber by James, for his refusal to assist at the public reception of the Count d'Ada, the Pope's nuncio. He told the King he could not serve him on this occasion, being assured it was contrary to law. The King asked him if he did not know he, the King, was above the law? The Duke replied that, if the King was above the law, he himself was not; and so retired from his office with all the dignity of a Somerset.

The portrait of Antony Ashley Cooper is one which, if physiognomy were a perfect science, ought to find us long employment, in deciphering the puzzling lines in which such a character should be written on the face. One of the most active and valued members of parliament under the Protectorate—he was the centre figure in Oliver's great council; the principal agent in upsetting Richard Cromwell, and bringing back Charles II.; the soul of the Cabal, and the most unscrupulous of the court party, as he was afterwards the most daring and determined leader of the opposition. No hand less masterly than Dryden's should be called in to unravel the twisted threads of one of the most checkered webs of character ever woven in a human soul:

“ For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace.
 A fiery soul, which worketh out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest,—
 Punish a body which he could not please,—
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what he with toil had won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

* * * * *

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state;
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.

* * * * *

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws."

The cool unprincipled nature of the man is well illustrated by his reply to Charles, who said to him one day, "Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." "For a subject, sire," replied the earl, "I believe I am." The one bright point in his career is his having been the main instrument in passing the Habeas Corpus Act, in 1679, at the height of the dangerous days of Popish, Meal-tub, and Rye House plots.

Here, too,—by the ignominious figures of Arlington (238), Brouncker (230), and Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (227A), appropriately painted as crowning his monkey with a laurel crown, in scorn of poetry,—hangs one of the two noblest examples, which even that reign affords, of patriotism and public virtue,—William Lord Russell (227), who, with Algernon Sidney, expiated on the scaffold the crime of loving liberty in slavish times. For the sake of the protest involved in such lives and deaths, against the baseness of their contemporaries, Sidney should have been here, and Russell's noble wife, to remind us that all the statesmen of the Restoration were not Shaftesburys and Lauderdale's, and all its women not Castlemaines and Querouailles.

The short and troubled three years of the reign of James II. are scarcely illustrated here, save by portraits of James and his ill-fated Queen, Mary of Modena, and the brilliant, shallow Monmouth—who is represented in the Clarendon picture (174) listening to the pernicious counsels of the arch-plotter Ferguson. Nor is the reign of William much more fully illustrated by the full-lengths of that king and his wife (195 and 196)—the very portraits given by the monarch to his favourite Bentinck, who is himself represented in a bad picture of Kneller's (231E), of which nothing but the authenticity can excuse its stiffness and lack of vitality.

In common with the literature of Charles II., our quaint old friend, Pepys (224), will be welcome to all. Here he is in the original picture, by Hales, who,—after painting Mrs. Pepys, “poor wretch,” to Samuel’s satisfaction, “a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife,” his price being first duly ascertained by the cautious clerk of the Acts,—had the honour of painting Samuel himself. “To Hales’s”—writes Pepys, in that most inimitable of all diaries of his, under the date of March 17, 1666—“and paid him 14*l.* for the picture, and 1*l.* 5*s.* for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife’s, and I to sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck, looking over my shoulder, to make the picture for him to work by. Home, having a great cold; so to bed, drinking butter-ale.” Here is the very Indian gown which he hired to be drawn in, and in which he had many a pleasant half hour at the painter’s, with Mrs. Pierce—the sly old rogue—and the “musique,” Samuel’s own song, “Beauty retire,” in the hand, “painted true,” as the diary duly records. By the side of Pepys hangs his correspondent and brother diarist, the amiable, pedantic Evelyn (225). Here, too, are Newton (222-240), and Locke (223), and Wren (229*E*); and, further off, among the kit-cat portraits, Dryden (265), Vanbrugh (266), and Congreve (267)—all names too great in their respective walks of philosophy, art, didactic poetry, and wit, to be profaned by comment of ours.

The reign of Anne is like one of those meetings of tidal waters where the voyager is tossed in the hurly-burly of the opposing forces till he is sickened and confused, and only discovers the overmastering strength of the dominant current when it has borne him out of the broken water of the tide-way. In this reign struggled for the last time, as equal antagonists, the claims of prerogative and the powers of constitutionalism. It is an inter-regnum between the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts and the law-limited government of the house of Hanover. It is true that the former was put down by the revolution of 1688, but William’s whole reign was a struggle at once with those who repented of the share they had taken in the convention, with the non-jurors and Jacobites who regarded all the convention had done as deadly

sin, and with the rival ambitions which the Revolution had let loose. The strong will and iron self-control of the Dutch prince kept these enemies down, but during the reign of this weak woman who succeeded him the monarch disappears from the scene as a farce, and holds a place only as a puppet, the mastery of whose strings is the object of contention between the leaders of rival parties. Anne's reign was the hey-day of bed-chamber women and back-stairs influence. If under Charles II. and James II. we see a race of statesmen corrupted by the demoralising influences of a revolutionary time, we find under Anne a set of politicians whose baseness was engendered by the temptations and opportunities which a disputed right to the throne opened to men in office, and for which the peculiar weaknesses of a woman left a field open which, under the stern hand of William, had been closely barred from access. Here is Anne herself (230D)—fat, placid, irresolute—alternately the slave of the imperious Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, or of the more insinuating Mrs. Masham (why are neither of them here?)—the puppet at one time worked by the whig hands of Somers (263) and Godolphin; at another by the tory fingers of Harley (260), St. John, and Harcourt (246). In spite of the absence from the gallery of those central figures of the time, the two favourites, fierce Duchess Sarah and supple Mrs. Abigail—of such prominent politicians as Godolphin, Nottingham and Bolingbroke,—of such partisans as Sacheverell,—of such generals as Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough,—the reign of Anne may be said to be well illustrated here, in comparison at least with that of William which precedes, and that of the first George which follows it.

Kneller's half-length of the great Duke of Marlborough (242) gives but a faint image of that model of manly beauty. Yet, even on this canvas, we may trace something of that serene and sweet expression, which it is so difficult to reconcile with the current theory of Marlborough's character for baseness, sordid love of money, and utter lack of truth and honour. There is no historical hero about whom we find it so impossible to satisfy ourselves as Marlborough. That he was one of the greatest generals and most profound masters of statecraft England has ever had, is universally admitted. But every other conclusion on the subject of him,

is not only open to, but invites, dispute. We know of no romance equal to the facts of his life. His career as court page, his intrigues with the Duchess of Cleveland, his hair-breadth 'scapes from his royal rival; his dexterous use of his sister Arabella's influence over her lover the Duke of York, by which he obtained his pair of colours in the Guards; his nice playing for a lead in the Revolution, when he held the issue of the conflict in his own hand; his disgrace under William; his restoration to favour; his magnificent series of victories in the war of the Succession—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; his downfall before the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht; his complete triumph in less than three years after,—all combine to make up a picture unequalled for brilliance of colour, complexity of action, sharpness of contrast, variety and magnificence of incident. The court, the council-room, and the camp lend to it all they have of the brightest, subtlest, and most stirring. The life of Marlborough still remains to be written. We wish a biographer no better subject.

By Marlborough's side hangs the Duchess of Buckingham (243), daughter of James by Catherine Sedley, the one of his mistresses who said pleasantly of her royal lover, "I wonder why he chooses us. We are none of us beautiful: and if we have wit he is too dull to find it out." The Duchess of Buckingham affected royal state, and "never ceased," says Walpole, "labouring to restore the House of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it." She was, in fact, the very centre of the Jacobite intrigues all her life long. Through her, the Pretender transmitted letters, even to Sir Robert Walpole himself. He always carried them to the King, who used coolly to read, endorse, and return them. The Duchess of Buckingham hated Sarah Duchess of Marlborough with a perfect hatred; Sarah, we can well believe, returned the feeling. When the former, about to bury her son, wrote to Sarah for the loan of the funeral car, which had carried the great duke to the grave, "It carried my Lord of Marlborough," replied the Marlborough, "and shall never be used for anybody else." I have consulted the undertaker," was the Buckingham's rejoinder, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds." It is said that Pope, after writing his celebrated character of Atossa, communicated it

to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. "The Buckingham believed him," says Walpole; "the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it; and yet he left the copy behind him." Our readers should turn to the passage in the second epistle of the Moral Essays. The lines deserve to be remembered:—

"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

* * * *

Strange! by the means defeated of her ends,
By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers—without one distress,
Sick of herself through very selfishness—
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless, with all her children, wants an heir,
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven directed, to the poor."

The absence of a portrait of the fiery Duchess of Marlborough is, as we have said, a serious deficiency in the illustrations of the reign of Anne.

Here, however, is one of the allies of the Marlboroughs, during the most eventful part of the great duke's career,—Somers (263), as venerable a figure among the whig heroes of the robe as Lord William Russell is among whig parliamentary worthies—one of the counsel for the seven bishops, the foremost of the framers of the declaration of rights, the most stainless of all the members of the convention, impeached for his share in the partition treaties in 1701, and owing his escape less to the groundlessness of the charges against him than to the quarrels of the lords and commons. Here is another of the whig "glories of the gown," Cowper (234), twice chancellor. He presided as lord steward at the trial of the rebel lords in 1715, and stands only second to Lord Somers among the judicial notables of his party.

We may as well complete our leash of lord chancellors by Harcourt (246), as determined an assertor of divine right as Somers and Cowper were of Magna Charta; the opposer of the attainder of Sir John Fenwick for his share in the assassination plot, when Cowper was the foremost advocate for attainder; the attorney-general who conducted the prosecution before the jury

which sentenced Defoe to the pillory; the counsel of Dr. Sacheverell; the lord keeper on the return of the tories to power in 1711, and chancellor in 1713. Hewas a stately but amiable man, and a lover of letters. His face bespeaks refinement and high breeding.

Robert Harley (260) is more agreeably remembered as the friend of Swift and Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot—as the minister who could slip away from the cares and quarrels of the council board, to make a merry fifth in the concoction of a chapter of “*Martinus Scriblerus*,”—than as the fellow-plotter for power with the brilliant but unprincipled St. John, the head of the tory administration of 1710, and afterwards the Jacobite intriguer at the bedside of the dying Queen. There is no doubt that the party of which Harley was the head really contemplated the proclamation of the Pretender, as soon as the Queen’s breath was out of her body. But they knew they risked their heads in the game, and they cared more for their heads than for the rights of the house of Stuart. Atterbury (262), bishop of Rochester, the would-be LAUD of the expected grandson of Charles I. was for proclaiming James Edward at Charing Cross; and said, bitterly, when he found his bold counsel unseconded, “There is the best cause in England lost by want of spirit.” Atterbury died in that exile from which the mistaken and ill-rewarded leniency of Walpole allowed St. John to return.

And here are some of that bright cluster of wits, which shone around Harley and St. John, with a lustre which has invested that turbulent, intriguing, ignoble age of Anne with a certain Augustan air. We may not be disposed to go the length of our grandfathers in our estimate of the men who ate Kit Cat’s mutton pies in Shire Lane, or of their rivals round the more aristocratic board of “The Brothers” at the Thatched House. But still Addison (269), Pope (271, 273), Swift (272), Prior (270, 279), Gay, Arbuthnot, and Steele (268), among didactic poets and essayists; Vanbrugh (266), Congreve (267), and Wycherley, among comic wits, are names not likely soon to be ousted from the front rank of their respective divisions in English literature. These six portraits (263-269) are interesting memorials of that gay and witty whig society which met at Kit Cat’s, the mutton pie-man, in the unsavoury region of Shire Lane, while the high-flying

tories were drinking "The King over the water" at the October Club, in King Street, Westminster. We owe the Kit Cats two things—the use of the word "toast," as applied to a reigning beauty, and the name of a canvas of the particular dimensions used for these portraits. Kneller, as one of his last public works, painted forty of this club in this uniform size, for worthy old Jacob Tonson, Pope's first publisher, whom we see here (264), in his character of secretary of the club—looking very pompous and patronising, with "Paradise Lost" in his hand, in everlasting memory, perhaps, of the ten pounds, which is all, as far as we know by certain evidence, that the poem brought in to its author from the booksellers. The kit-cat club was at once convivial, literary, and political. Its glasses were inscribed with the names of celebrated beauties, and verses in their honour. In a room in that blind alley—"now tenanted by abandoned women, or devoted to the sale of greengroceries—Halifax has conversed, and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed."* The leaders of the whig party, as well as its wits and poets, were members of the Kitcat Club.

Swift (272) had forsaken the whigs in disgust, when the ministerial revolution of 1710 brought Harley and the tories to the top of the wheel. The portrait of the Dean of St. Patrick's here exhibited represents him, not in one of those frequent savage fits of his—when his dark blue eye, "rolling resentment," had something terrific in its intense fierceness and scorn—but in one of those milder moods, in which he exercised such fatal empire over the hearts of his poor victims, Stella and Vanessa. Thackeray, in his "Lectures on the Humourists," has painted Swift powerfully, but with a pencil dipped in unmixed gall and lamp-black. Swift's was a much more checkered character than Thackeray makes out. Much as he loved a lord, there was one thing Swift loved better, and that was power. For power, or in the exercise of power, he would snub and bully any lord that ever wore a ribbon. That he was foul and fierce in his invectives must be laid to the coarseness of the time rather than of the man. But he was firm in his private friendships, unselfish, and fond of doing kind acts, of which

* "National Review," No. VIII. April, 1857, "The Clubs of London."

many are recorded, with more self-contempt than self-praise, in his journal to Stella. As for his relations with the other sex they involve a mystery, under which two passionate hearts broke. But who shall say that Swift was not all his life conscious of the dark malady that "crept like darkness through his blood." He certainly anticipated madness long before it came, in his sad prophecy, "I shall die like a tree—at the top first." He may well have shrunk from involving a loving woman in the shadow of that black cloud. This has always appeared to us the kindest interpretation of his aversion from marriage, and at least as probable an explanation of his peculiar relation to Stella as any that has yet been offered.

Of the figures around which the statesmen and wits of the first half of the 18th century intrigued and plotted, squibbed and lampooned—the son and grandson of James II.—the first is wanting here. Of the second, and his morganatic wife, the Countess of Albany, here are the portraits from Gopsal, the home of that sturdy old Jacobite, Charles Jennens, Esq., who kept a bedroom always fitted up for the true heir to the throne, and who was known besides by his friendship for Handel. The *Messiah* was composed in three weeks, at Gopsal, in a room for which Hudson painted the portrait of the mighty composer (238), exhibited here.

But the young Pretender belongs to the date of the second George. Of the first King of the House of Hanover, there is no portrait here, except a picture of him in infancy, as a Cupid, bow in hand (214), by his clever mother, Sophia, electress of Hanover, youngest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, and a pupil of Honthorst's. Though a Jacobite in early life, Sophia became a staunch whig, when the crown was, by the act of settlement secured to her descendants, failing issue of Queen Anne. The picture is bad enough for a royal amateur. Of the celebrities of this reign here is Earl Stanhope (245), who succeeded the meteoric Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, as general of the English army in Spain, in the war of the succession, and was subsequently the most influential minister of George I. We should have wished for a portrait of that strange compound of craziness and genius, Mordaunt—the friend of Swift and Pope, the stormer of Barce-

lona, the general who, at the head of 1,200 men, drove the armies of France and Spain before him from Barcelona to Madrid, and who, had he not been thwarted by his impracticable allies, would have seated Charles on the throne of Spain, in the teeth of odds which it seemed past human skill and courage to struggle against. Nor is there here a portrait of Sunderland, Stanhope's rival for power under the first George—nor of Craggs—nor of any other of the politicians and projectors, who were implicated in the South Sea scheme, which exploded in this reign—nor, a more serious omission still, of Walpole, that most English of all ministers, who, in spite of the taint which participation in the work of parliamentary corruption has left upon his name, may safely be pronounced by far the most patriotic and clear-sighted statesman between Cromwell and the great Lord Chatham. The absence of his portrait is ill supplied by the presence of that of his first wife, Catherine Shorter (287), the sensible and amiable mother of Horace Walpole.

Under this reign, too, we may place Lady Mary Wortley Montague, here represented (274) by the Chevalier Rusca as the beauty who laughed Pope's love proposals to scorn, and not as the slatternly blue-stocking of her later years; though the date of the portrait, 1739, shows that the painter must have been representing rather what Lady Mary was twenty years before, than what she was when she sat to him. It was between 1718 and 1720 that her intimacy with Pope began and ended. The principal beauty of this face is in the bright black eyes—so celebrated in their time by Pope, and Prior, and Gay:—

“What lady's that to whom he gently bends?

Who knows not her? Ah—those are Wortley's eyes:

How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,

For she distinguishes the good and wise.”

Of all Lady Mary's titles to be remembered, one at least deserves still to be borne in mind,—the introduction by her from Turkey of the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, which, though now displaced by the greater discovery of Jenner, was not the less in its time a mighty blessing to Europe. At some distance from Lady Mary hangs the portrait of her luckless, dare-devil, spend-thrift son (254) in a Turkish dress, by Romney. His adventures

make one of the richest romances of rascality—something between Ferdinand Count Fathom, Cassandra, and Barry Lyndon. The portraits of Pope (171-273), which hang near that of Lady Mary, are by Richardson and Kneller. Pope's friend and master in art, the painter Gervas, is here represented by his portrait of the pleasant and amiable Duchess of Queensberry, the sweet Kitty of Prior, and the true friend and guardian angel of jolly, good-humoured, devil-may-care Gay. Of honest Mat. Prior here are two portraits—one by Rigaud, of interest for its date (1699), painted in Paris when Mat. was diplomatically busy in arranging the partition treaty. They made diplomatists of poets in those days ; Gay was secretary of embassy in Hanover, Prior filled the same office at the Hague, and afterwards rose to be ambassador at Paris, till Queen Anne's death unseated his friends in the ministry, and lost him his post. Of all the stars of that literary Pleiad, Prior and Gay are perhaps the pleasantest. Wit, good-fellowship, and easy temper in them were not dashed by coldness as in Addison, nor by fierceness as in Swift. Prior's own character of himself well sums up the man :—

“ Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
In public employment industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he !

“ Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither could trust ;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.”

The reign of George II. is represented by his own portrait, and that of his shrewd and excellent Queen Caroline, whose rare qualities we of this generation have learnt to appreciate from the *Memoirs of Lord Hervey*, recently published. Backstairs influence was still potent in this reign. Sir Robert Walpole was not too proud to profit by it. He owed his power quite as much to the wise favour of the Queen, as to any appreciation of his patriotism and good sense of which the King was capable. The second Lord Harley (249), to whom we owe the Harleian library and collections, may stand as an illustration of the *Mecænas-ship* of this period of titled patronage ; but Lady Sundon (275), better

known as Mrs. Clayton, the all-powerful bed-chamber woman of the Queen, is a more characteristic type of the time. This woman owed her influence not to the weakness of her royal mistress's will—like Sarah Jennings or Abigail Hill—but to her possession of the secret of a bodily infirmity which Queen Caroline was so anxious to conceal, that she dared refuse nothing to the person who might have revealed it. Poor Caroline bore her tortures like a Spartan, and the secret till her death was confined to the King, Lady Sundon, the Queen's German nurse, and Sir Robert Walpole, who found it out by the Queen's questioning him so closely on the death of his first wife about rupture, which he thus discovered to be the Queen's mysterious malady. Among the literary celebrities of this time here represented, we may distinguish Thomson, the author of "The Seasons" (278)—just the fat sensual face we might expect in that lazy poet, who loved a soft bed and good table better than aught in the world besides—and Young, the pompous mitre-hunting author of the "Night Thoughts" (277). The military glories of the reign find their fit representative in William, Duke of Cumberland (252),—whose genuine good qualities are somewhat obscured to us by the recollections of his stern persecution of the adherents of the Pretender, and in his aide-de-camp, Earl Stair (253) of the family so painfully connected at an earlier date with the bloody massacre of Glencoe.

And now we reach the long and eventful reign of George III. To do more here than to note, in the briefest catalogue fashion, the many illustrations of that reign here presented, is out of the question. Besides the King and Queen (288-289), full-lengths from the hand of Reynolds, here are the King's early favourite and most unpopular minister Lord Bute (290); his more glorious servant, Lord Chatham (281); the good Lord Lyttleton (282); and his unworthy successor (239), whose memory is embalmed for futurity by his addition "the bad," and by the ghost story connected with his death; Lord Chancellor Camden (314); Warren Hastings (291); and Chatham's greater son, William Pitt (319). Of the captains of that age, on land and sea, here are Wolfe (315); the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill (292, 293); St. Vincent and Howe (298, 299). The art of the reign is represented by Reynolds's own portrait by himself (307); by Gains-

borough's, also from his own hand (310); by those of West and Lawrence (301, 302); Raeburn, Wilson, and Hoppner (303, 311, 312); by Garrick and his wife (284, 285); charming heads, by Gainsborough; and by Mrs. Siddons at 29, and John Kemble (308, 309), less satisfactory examples of Lawrence. Its men of letters may fittingly be ranked under the noble presidency of Samuel Johnson (304), who hangs by the side of his faithful Bozzy (305), in the not very congenial neighbourhood of Gibbon (306); Hume (313) is not far off his brother sceptic. Gilbert West (295), and Mason (276), ought to have had the company of their friend and Magnus Apollo, Gray, of whom here is no portrait. Coming nearer to our own times, we may salute such familiar great ones as Burns (317), Scott (329), Byron (339), Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge, and Keats (331, 332, 333, and 337). Only Wordsworth and Campbell are wanting to the glorious group; Rogers (336) links these poets to the social life of yesterday. Gifford and Lockhart, successive editors of the "Quarterly," hang side by side (334, 335), their quarrels ended, their warfare done, their critic pens blunted, and the gall in their ink stinging no longer: while the science of the last half century is nobly recorded in Smeaton (296) and Stephenson (294), in Priestley (321) and Dalton (323), Davy (324), and Wollaston (325), and Banks (322). Linger on these last links of the glorious past, of which we are the inheritors, we feel proud to think that there were giants in our fathers' time also; and that whether we test their generation in arts or arms, in science or in letters, it can boast as great a treasure of memorable names as any period that has gone before.

Let us turn from the historical gallery of Old Trafford with the thought of the American poet:—

"Forms of great men, all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time."



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